JAN. 16,
1937

Liberty

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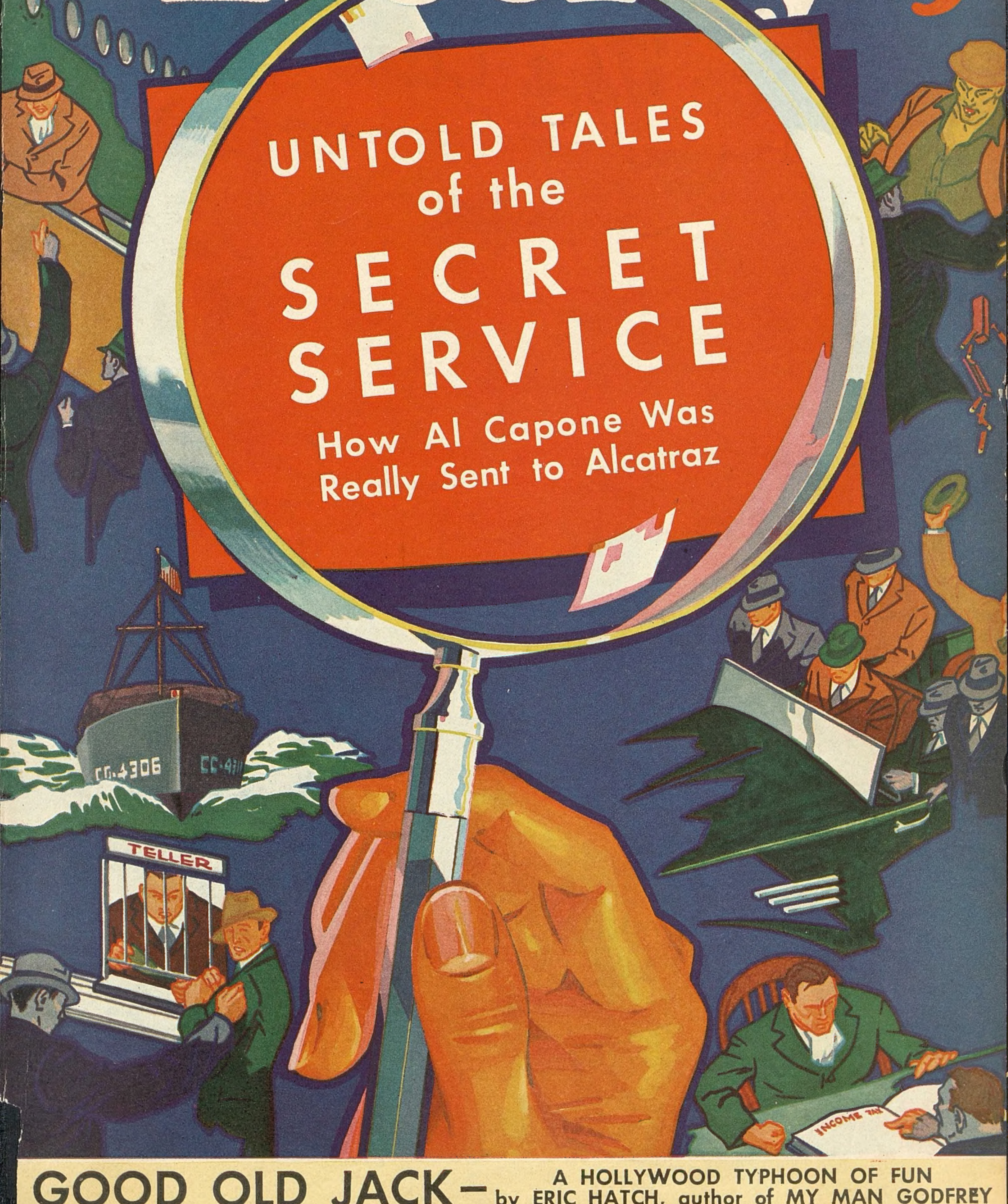
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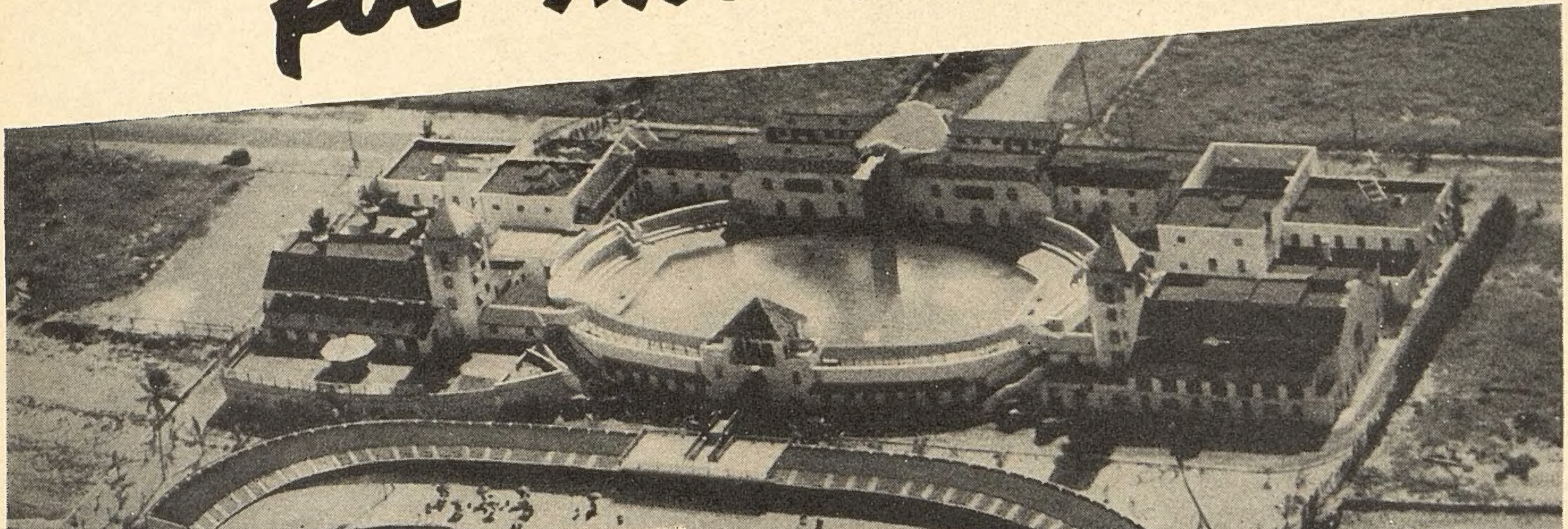

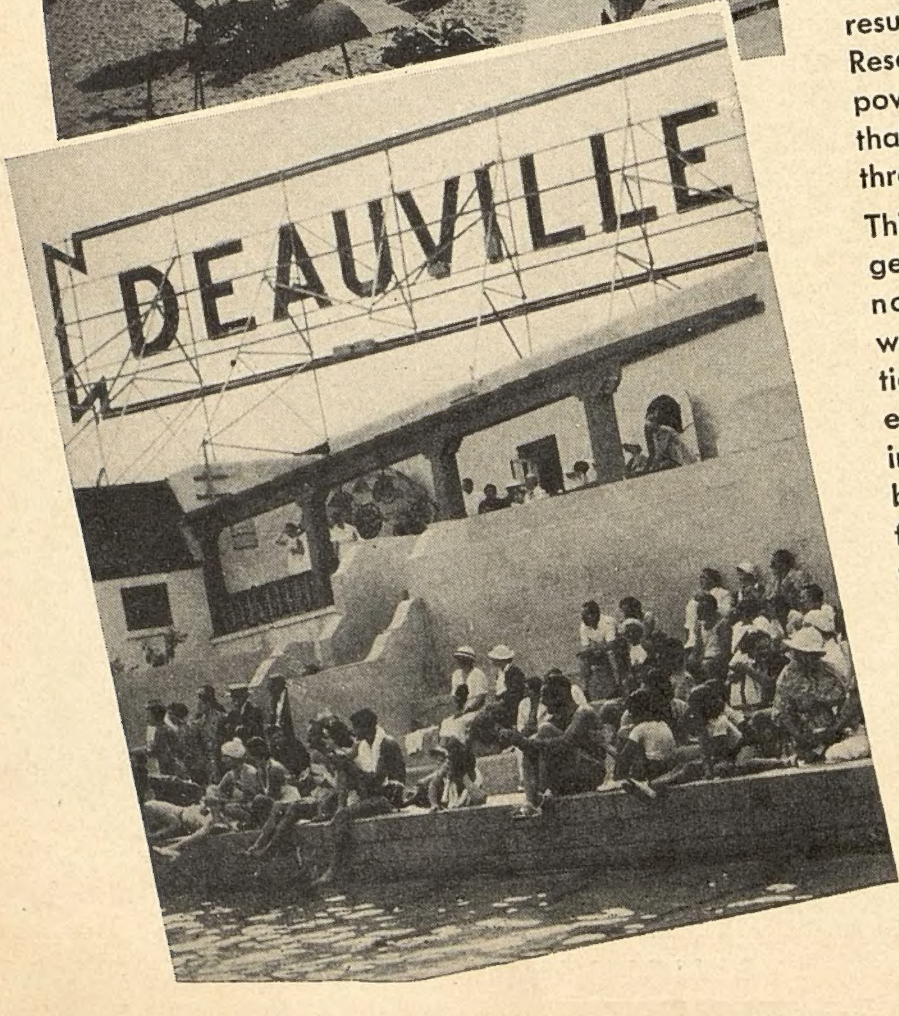

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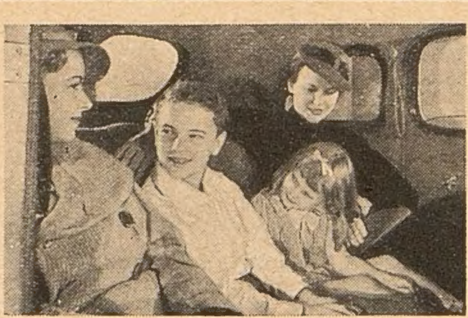

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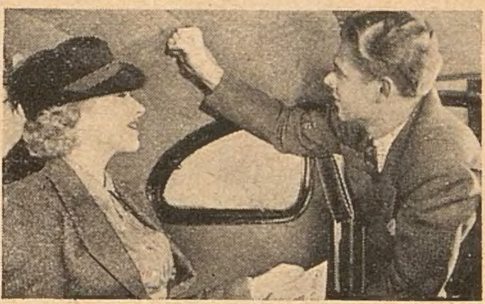

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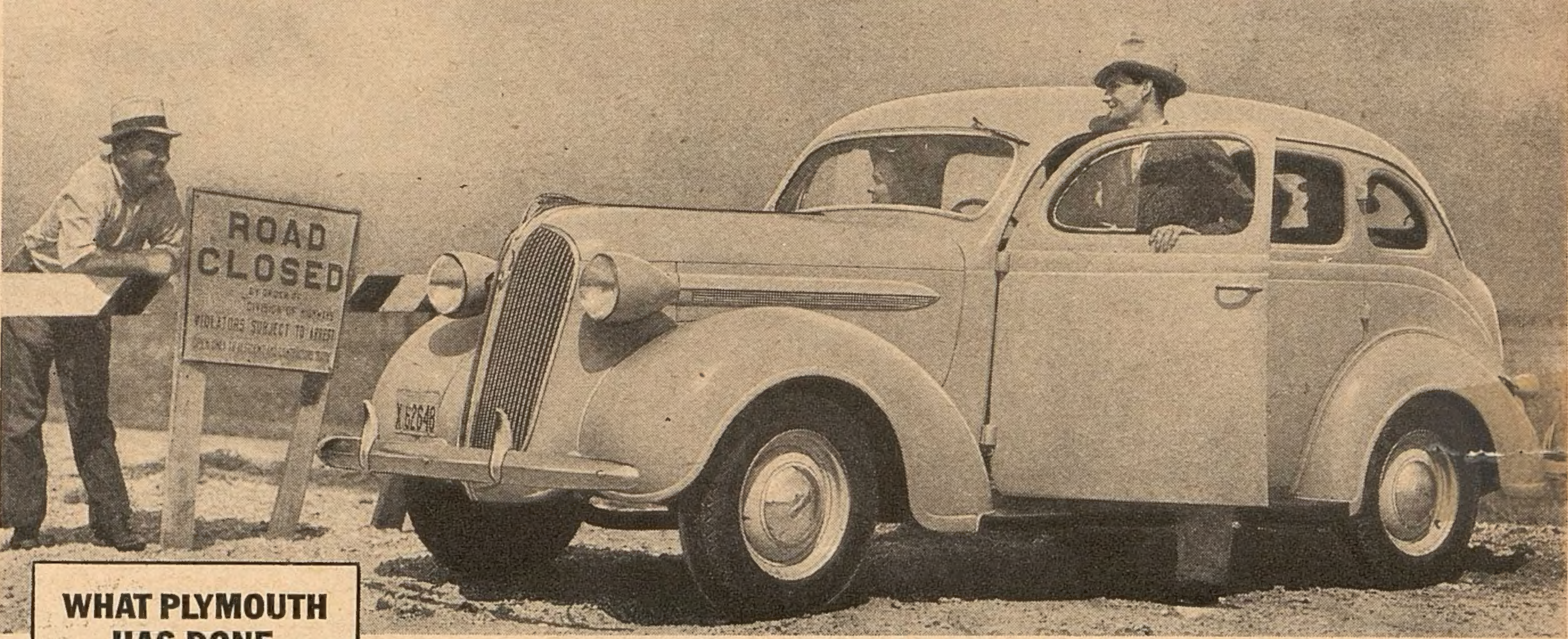

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JANUARY 16, 1937
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BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

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EDITOR IN CHIEF

WALLACE H. CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

Can Women Vigilantes Organization Save Us from Destruction?

BERNARR MACFADDEN

EVERYBODY admits that we are facing national disaster if the increase in graft and corruption in politics is allowed to continue.

What can we do to remedy this menacing situation? is a query which appeals to conscientious citizens everywhere.

We have to admit that if our women were thoroughly aroused they could obtain gratifying results.

Out in Phoenix, Arizona, five hundred women have banded together with a view to attacking effectively corrupt officeholders. They call themselves the Women's Investigation Committee of 500.

They are indeed to be congratulated. Let us hope that their example will be followed throughout the country. There is a crying need for such activity in nearly every community, and a women's organization could doubtless accomplish more than one composed of men in ferreting out graft and dishonesty among public officials.

Men are frequently afraid of reprisals. They often have business, social, or other connections which interfere with the necessary efforts to uncover official crookedness. Women are usually more free to investigate official dishonesty.

The officials of this Vigilantes Committee state that their organization has been working quietly and secretly for some time, and that the recent articles of incorporation they have recorded do not indicate a desire for publicity, but they are hopeful that they can make an outstanding demonstration of the value of their plan.

According to the articles of incorporation filed with the State Corporation Commission of Arizona, "Neglect of duty and corruption in public officials and their employees, as well as of all matters tending to cause corruption in the body politic, or which encourage vice or crime, will be carefully investigated."

WOMEN'S INVESTIGATION COMMITTEE OF 500

Politics in many communities is openly and blatantly corrupt. Many of our citizens frequently comment on the rottenness of politics. Many capable men fear the criticism that any aspirant to public office has to contend with.

The recent attack on constitutional government and the fear that we might some day lose the liberties we value so highly has forced nearly every conscientious citizen to recognize the necessity for voting.

But we have to depend on politics and politicians for our governmental activities. If we allow our political house to become dirty and make no effort to clean it, who is to blame for our neglect?

This figurative house needs cleansing and disinfecting. It ought to have a bath of searching investigation that would eliminate the rotten, putrid stenches from every secret corner.

And if we could only arouse the interest of the women in every community we could rest assured that they would stem this tide of criminal indifference if they could secure the necessary support.

Let us hope that patriotic women throughout the country will awaken to the necessity and value of such an organization.

Undoubtedly if those who are interested will write the Women's Investigation Committee of 500 of Phoenix, Arizona, the Committee will be glad to furnish helpful information.

The women can save our country from destruction. But if graft and official dishonesty continue to increase in the next few years as they have in the past, we will certainly be headed toward a dictatorial system of government that will rob us of all our dearly bought liberties.

Bernarr Macfadden

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"THE WHISPERING CAMPAIGN THAT NEVER STOPPED"

It was some sixty years ago that the word began to spread—

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The Three Ordeals of Woman

1. *Passing from girlhood into womanhood.*
2. *Preparing for Motherhood.*
3. *Approaching "Middle Age."*

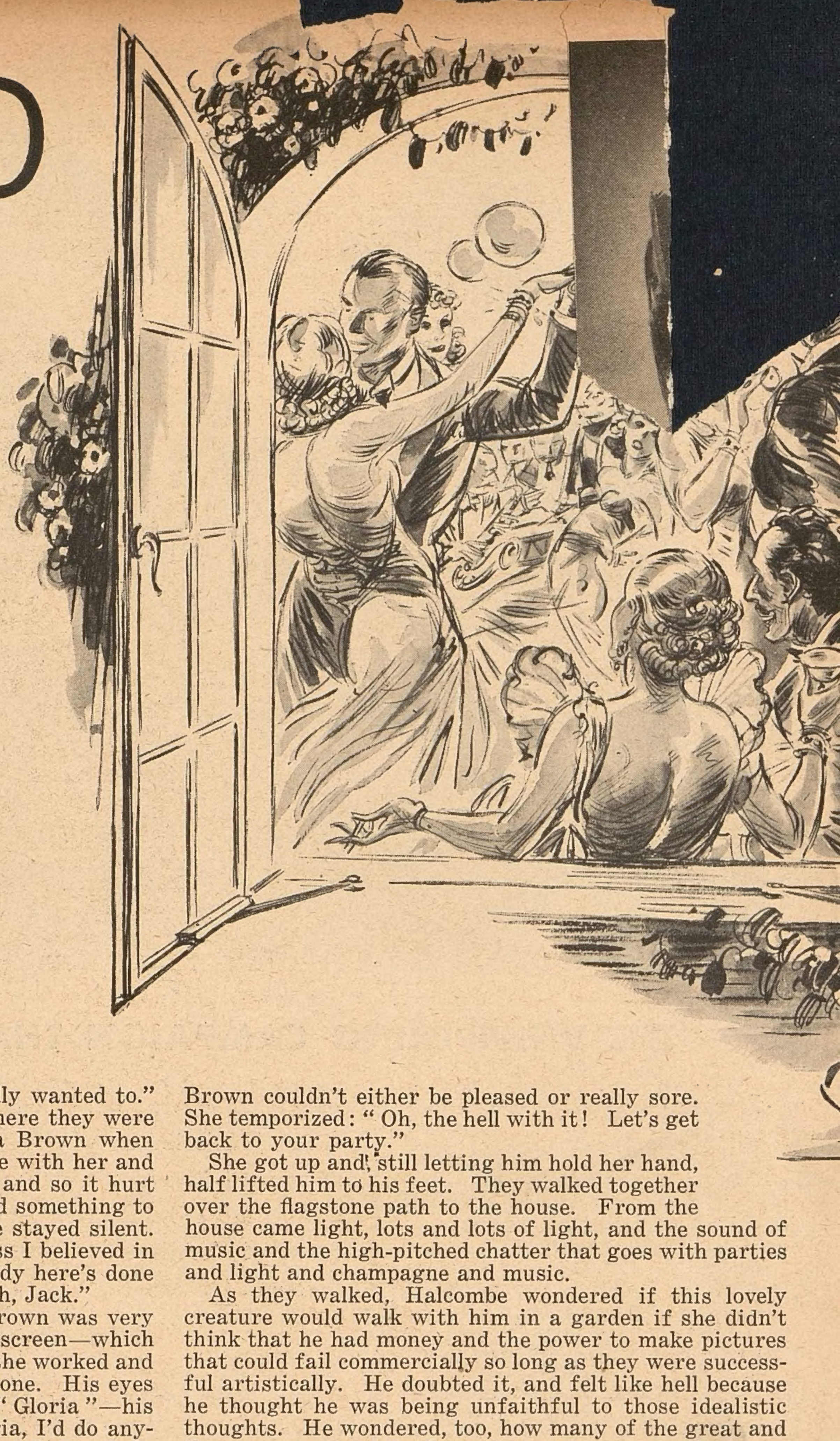
**functional disorders*

One woman tells another how to go "Smiling Through" with

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

GOOD OLD JACK

A Hollywood Masquerade



READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

PART ONE—THE GIRL UNDER THE BENCH

"IF you really loved me," said Gloria Brown, "you'd give me a part in your next picture."

"No," said John Halcombe, "I wouldn't."

"You'd want to. Producers always want to—and you could easily if you really wanted to."

Halcombe looked off over his garden where they were sitting. He didn't like looking at Gloria Brown when she talked that way, because he was in love with her and he didn't think she was in love with him and so it hurt him to see her asking to be bought. It did something to the idealistic thoughts he had of her. He stayed silent.

"You know I wouldn't take a part unless I believed in you, but your last picture—artistic—nobody here's done anything like it. Please love me *that* much, Jack."

Halcombe looked now at her. Gloria Brown was very beautiful; she was beautiful even off the screen—which is hard for people to be who work the way she worked and play the way she played when work was done. His eyes got the sheep look. He took her hand. "Gloria"—his voice had an asinine tremolo in it—"Gloria, I'd do anything in the world for you—I'd die for you; but so help me I wouldn't pay you to be sweet to me!"

For a second Gloria Brown looked a shade tough. Her voice, that lovely soft voice that made millions of people quiver and hold hands when they heard it on the screen, also grew a shade tough.

"It isn't the money! You know that damn well, Jack. You know damn well I've got plenty salted away. It's that I'm sick of playing my type. I want to do something different—something great. I want to show all the suckers who like my legs that I can really act!"

"You can't," said Halcombe; and then, glancing fearfully at her out of the corners of his eyes because he was afraid he'd offended her, "That's one reason why I'm so darned in love with you. You can't act and you've pulled it off anyway!"

Compliment and slam were so intermingled, Gloria Brown couldn't either be pleased or really sore. She temporized: "Oh, the hell with it! Let's get back to your party."

She got up and, still letting him hold her hand, half lifted him to his feet. They walked together over the flagstone path to the house. From the house came light, lots and lots of light, and the sound of music and the high-pitched chatter that goes with parties and light and champagne and music.

As they walked, Halcombe wondered if this lovely creature would walk with him in a garden if she didn't think that he had money and the power to make pictures that could fail commercially so long as they were successful artistically. He doubted it, and felt like hell because he thought he was being unfaithful to those idealistic thoughts. He wondered, too, how many of the great and the near-great and the hangers-on who were in the house would be there if they didn't think these things. He decided none of them would, and that thought made him feel even more like hell.

Then, as they reached the terrace just outside the living-room windows, an innate sense of humor caught up with him. He laughed softly. Still holding Gloria's hand, he said, "Gloria, look through those windows at the 'names'" (the quotes were obvious from the tone of his voice) "that you see in there sitting around on my sofas, drinking my drinks, just loving my music and sandwiches. Would any of them—I mean the good ones, the really ripe snappy names—be there except for the money they think I can swing and the position I happen to have and the pictures I can accidentally turn out?"

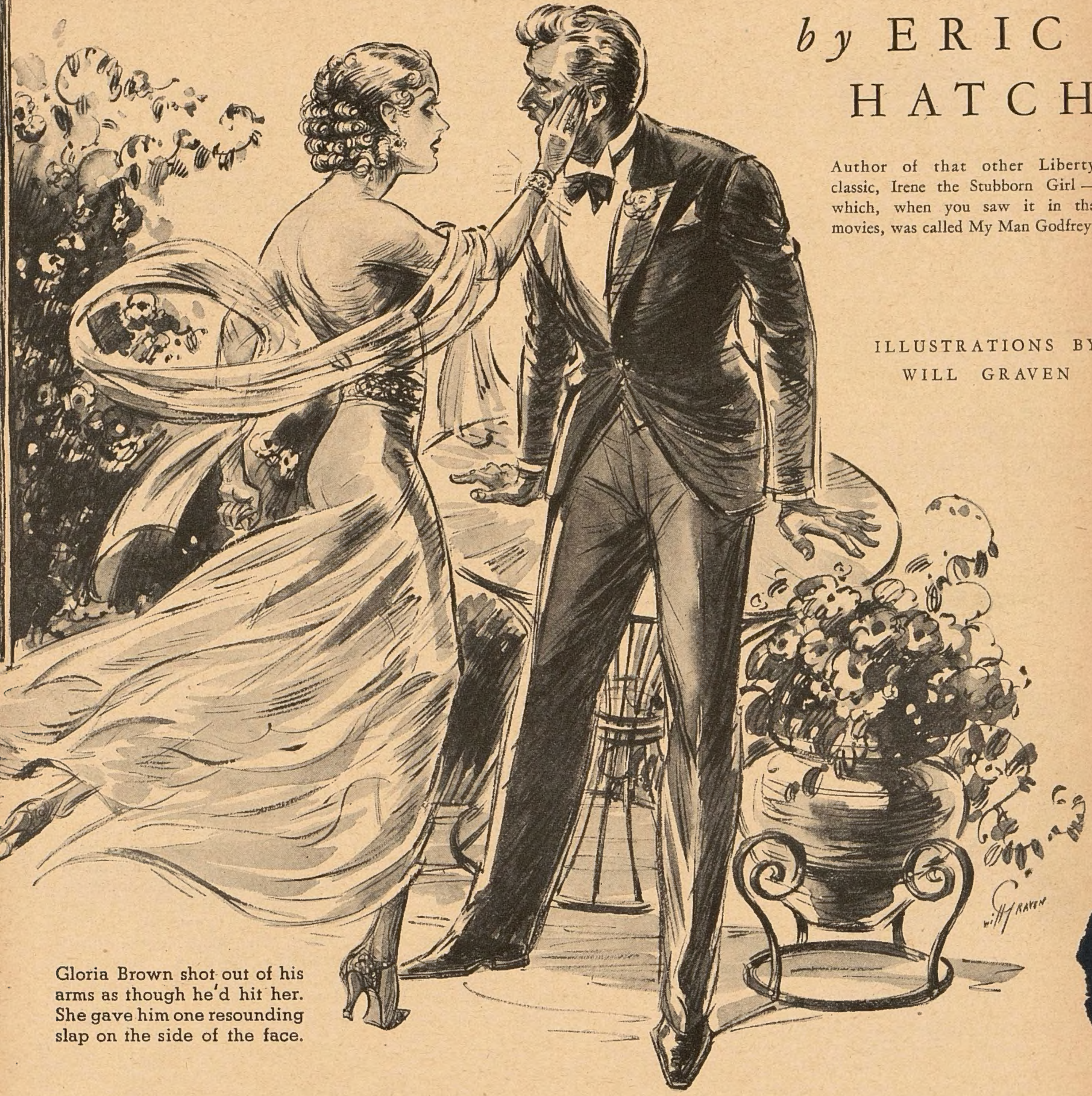
Gloria Brown didn't look into the windows; she looked

Here Comes a Typhoon of Fun . The Story of as Madly Hilarious an Adventure as Ever Befell a Bewildered Young Man in a World of Women

by ERIC HATCH

Author of that other Liberty classic, Irene the Stubborn Girl—which, when you saw it in the movies, was called My Man Godfrey.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
WILL GRAVEN



Gloria Brown shot out of his arms as though he'd hit her. She gave him one resounding slap on the side of the face.

at him. For the barest fraction of a second she came very near to loving him for his complete dumb honesty with himself. She pressed his hand very hard. Then, so that she wouldn't show how nearly she'd come to loving him, she said, "No, Jack; but you're so dumb, how did you ever guess?"

"I guessed long ago. Would—*you*—be—here?"

"I might. It's awful hard to tell. I'm sort of a sucker about people." To cover up the trace of soft sentiment that had sneaked into her voice, she laughed, but almost as softly as he had laughed. Then she said, "I *am* here, and *I* know it isn't even your own money. *I* know all about the Central American oil fields, and that if things go sour politically there and your father crashes, you crash too." She laughed again, coldly this time. "Maybe that's one reason I want to get into an artistic picture before there aren't any more artistic pictures."

There came a moment then, a moment flooded, drenched with Hollywood moonlight, which in its way is like Spanish moonlight because it brings out the flower scents so, and suggests all kinds of things warm moonlight does on occasion, when they seemed very close together. He kissed her, and her arms coasted up around his shoulders, and he kissed her again.

Then, very quietly, he said, “I've wanted to do that, Gloria. I know I shouldn't have, because—you see—the things that you just spoke about have happened. They happened this afternoon. I got a wire; I—”

Gloria Brown shot out of his arms as though he'd hit her. Her sudden feelings about being a sucker about people seemed to have gone entirely, because she gave him, as she left his arms, one resounding slap on the side of the face. She said things that are better forgotten. She looked, in the light coming through the windows, exactly the way she would have looked if she'd gone on dancing in night clubs instead of becoming a great picture star, and a butter-and-egger had taken her out and proved on analysis to be a necktie salesman. She looked like all the awful things mothers think their sons run up against when they're out after two in the morning. She looked tough as blazes.

John Halcombe put his hand to his face, because people always like to investigate personal injuries. Then he laughed. He laughed loudly and, for a normally meek man, unpleasantly. While Gloria Brown was still standing in front of him, mad as a wet hen, he found voice.

“Go in,” he said. “Go in and tell 'em! Party's over! Anybody who wants to stay here and drink can—until the sheriff comes. After that they can still stay, if they can get away with it. You tell 'em! They've been hospitable as hell to me. I've returned all that tonight. You tell 'em and just see how many'll stay!”

With that he turned and went back to the garden bench where he had made love to Gloria Brown. He wanted very much to be alone with the moonlight and himself and his thoughts, and to watch the lights in the house go out when the people who had loved him when he was rich and a power ceased to love him. He wanted to see if anybody dared to stay or try to find him to say good night. . . .

One person did stay. It wasn't so much a question of her daring to as it was her just plain staying. As Halcombe threw himself wearily and heavily on the bench, which was one of those springy iron benches, he, so to speak, touched bottom. A sleepy voice drifted up. It said, “Hey, you, cut that out!” Halcombe jumped up much as he would have had he sat on the active end of a lobster. He said, “Good God!”

“That's better,” said the voice, still drowsy with sleep. “Can't a girl even take a nap at a Hollywood party without some big lug comes along and gets fresh?”

For a second Halcombe forgot his troubles, then gave way to complete and righteous indignation. “I wasn't getting fresh. I just wanted to sit down.”

“Don't *have* to sit on *me*—or do you?”

“I wasn't. I was sitting on a bench. It's not my fault if you've got such bad manners you go around passing out under benches. Who are you, anyway?”

“Just a girl,” the voice sighed drowsily. “Who are you, anyway?”

“I'm John Halcombe!”

“Holy kippers in drawn butter! I beg your pardon, [illegible] Halcombe.” There came signs of emersion—first a [illegible] a tidy leg, and then a skirt, and then a girl. “I [illegible]ldn't have dreamed of being so fresh if I'd known it [illegible]s you. Truly I wouldn't've!”

AS she stood up John Halcombe looked at her. She seemed very young to him for a girl who'd go around passing out under benches in people's gardens. She also seemed very pretty with the white moonlight falling on her too blonde hair and too small features. So he began to be sorry he'd spoken roughly to her. He said, “I hope I didn't hurt you when I sat on you.”

“Oh, no,” said the girl. “I can take it. But I didn't pass out; I was just tired. We worked all last night and most of today.”

“Who are you? I must have met you when you came in, but so darned much has happened since then that I just can't—”

“I'm Wynne Leroy.” She laughed. “You wouldn't know me, because I just do extra parts. I've been in a couple of your pictures, but you wouldn't know me anyway. Got a cigarette?”

Halcombe produced cigarettes. They lighted them. Suddenly she glanced toward the house, which was almost c[illegible] What's happened to your party? It was g[illegible]g when I gave up.”

[illegible]eminded him of why he'd gone back into the gard[illegible]nd flung himself on the bench. So he flung himself wearily on the bench again. Wynne Leroy looked at him curiously. He passed a hand wearily over his brow, and then put his head in his hands.

“What's eating you, Mr. Halcombe? Soused?”

“Oh, no.” He moaned it. “Not soused, just tired. Terribly, terribly tired!”

If she hadn't been under the delusion that John Halcombe was still a man one was polite to if one had any sense, Wynne Leroy would have said, “Tired from doing what? Spending your old man's dough?” As it was, she said, “I understand!” and tried to put a Gloria Brown tremor in her voice.

Halcombe looked up at her. “Of course you don't,” he said, “or you wouldn't be here.”

The girl looked interested. She sat down beside him and said quickly, “What's happened? Somebody shoot somebody?”

He shook his head. “Much worse than that,” he said.

“YOU must have nice friends. Spill it. Did cat's-eyed Gloria turn you down? You got a break, if you ask me. I knew that one when—”

Halcombe raised his head from his hands and stared into space, the way he made all the heroes in his pictures do when disaster overtook them. When he spoke he spoke in the sepulchrally silly voice his artistic heroes were forced to use.

“There was a revolution,” he said, “in a Central American republic.”

“I heard there was one in Russia, too,” said the girl, “and one in Spain and one in Mexico and one in—”

Halcombe interrupted. “You don't get it,” he said.

The girl made a face at him.

“Now that I'm rested and we're friends, Mr. Halcombe, do you mind if I tell you I think you're corned to the eyebrows?” She went on indignantly:

“I try to comfort you and ask you to tell me the story of your life and practically offer to be a mother to you, and what do you do? You tell me there's been a revolution in a Central American republic. I know I ought to be respectful to you because you're a producer and might give me a job and all that, but so help me I think you're drunk as a goat! Either that or crazy,” she added half apologetically. Then she got up and started toward the house. “So long, tootsie. I've done *my* best. I'll send six butlers out with sedatives as I pass through.”

As he watched her go, still full to the gunwales with the magnificence of his troubles, a sudden loneliness hit John Halcombe. It hit him hard. Never since he'd started producing pictures had any of the lesser picture people spoken to him so. He liked this girl for doing it, and he could see from the darkness of the house that every one else had left him. He felt, absurdly, that if this girl left too, he'd be sunk; that he'd have nothing more to tie to. He visualized the sheriff arriving, and hadn't a doubt that the orchestra and the caterer and this one and that one he owed money to for the party had already sworn out warrants for his arrest. He got panicky.

He caught her just as she reached the terrace, and grabbed her arm almost fiercely. “Listen!” he said. “Don't go off thinking I'm drunk or I'm crazy or something. God! I've got to have *somebody* to stand by me—somebody who's decent enough not to like rats from sinking ships!” (John Halcombe's brain was such that when he got excited he was apt to leave words out and expect people to understand what he meant anyway.)

Wynne Leroy stopped—she had to, for one thing, because he was hanging on to her the way fat beach babes hang on to handsome beach boys when they think they're drowning. Wynne Leroy had had producers grab her that way and hold her before now, but they'd never said the things John Halcombe had just said when they grabbed. It made all the difference. She turned and looked up at him. He wasn't very big, but, on the other hand, she was so very small, so to look into his eyes she had to look up.

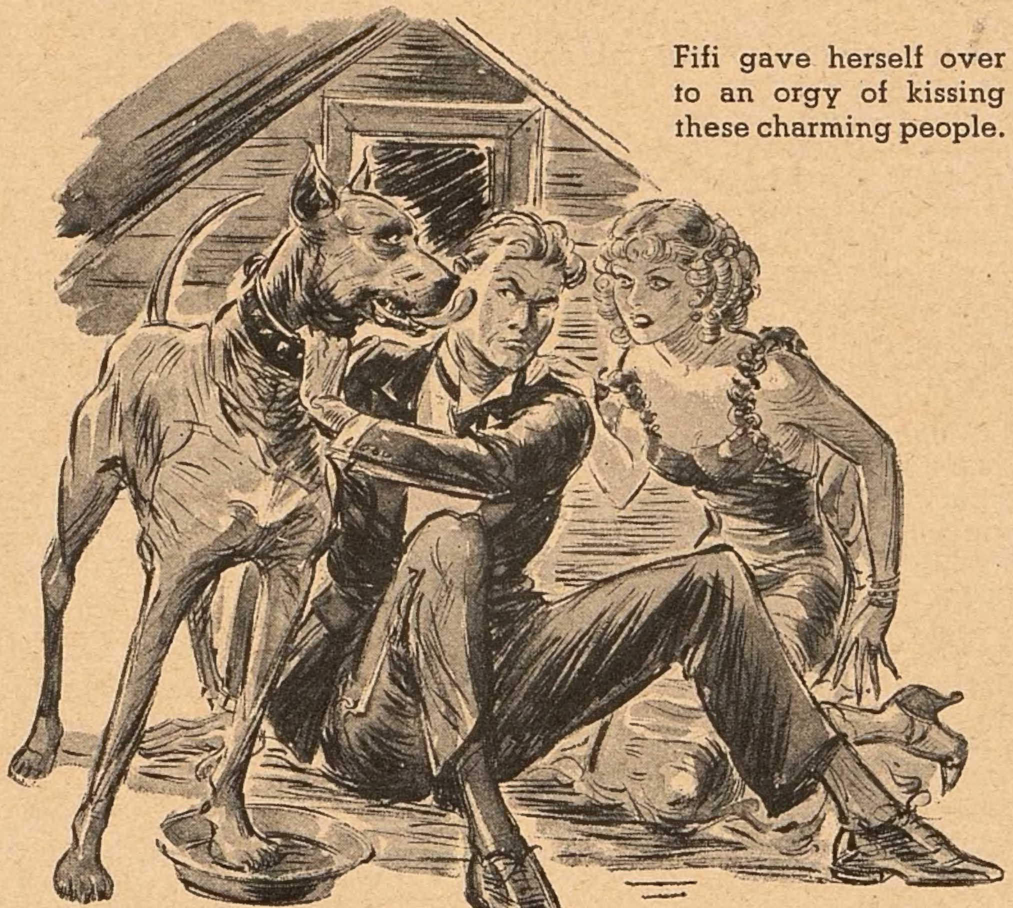
“I’ll stick it out and listen to you if it kills [illegible],” she said. “If I like it I’ll still stick it out. If I don’t I’ll call the Beverly Hills radio cops.” For a second she let down her defense. Something about the real panic, horror, or what you will in his face got through to her. “I’m sorry about whatever it is that’s happened to you, tootsie—I really am. You gave a swell party and I didn’t mean to insult you by falling asleep at it. You know.”

“Sure, I know.”

“Let’s sit down. You look as though you were all set for a biography, and my feet hurt.”

“Let’s sit down.”

They sat down. They sat down on a lovely bit of garden furniture called, by the man who’d decorated Halcombe’s house, a “double garden love seat.” It had sounded swell to Halcombe when he’d paid a century for it. Now it had become merely something to sit on. And then he told her.



Fifi gave herself over to an orgy of kissing these charming people.

He told her, forgetting to use the sepulchral tones as he got going, about his boyhood, and about how he wanted to go into business, and about how his father, who’d wrested his own fortune out of the earth (earth with oil in it, to be sure), wouldn’t hear of it. John Halcombe didn’t realize that he’d been raised, trained, brought up, and everything else that goes with it, to know nothing about business because it was merely his father’s personal vanity; the fact that his son should dabble in the arts and not actually do anything proved his success as a business man. He’d just been sorry he hadn’t been let go into business because he’d had the “executive” feeling—that feeling that makes men love to sit behind glass-topped mahogany desks with thousands of secretaries writing thousands of useless inconsequential letters.

HE and his father had compromised. Artistic picture-making that would lose money satisfied the old man’s vanity, and the terrific executive activity, even though it meant nothing, had satisfied John Halcombe.

He explained to her carefully how the family dough was entirely in oil, and how local political upheavals in the countries where the wells were affected them, and that (he apologized for not even knowing in which country the latest and first really serious upheaval had occurred) things had happened: there’d been a revolution, and the controlling general, who had been very kind to his father’s company, had been exiled—this a year ago. The company had carried on, hoping the little government would change and General Zaccho would return to power. And then, quite simply, like a much used envelope, it had folded. It could begin again, but meanwhile John Halcombe, producer of the only really artistic pictures in the industry, was simply John Halcombe, citizen.

He told further how he’d heard that afternoon that he was busted, but that it didn’t somehow seem right to him to call off the party even though he couldn’t pay for it. And then, looking at her out of frantically worried eyes, he said, “But it’s worse than just that. I gave checks—big handsome checks for thousands of dollars—to the film-developing laboratory and to my landlord here and to dozens of people. I had a check from father to cover ’em. Father’s check bounced. God, it’s awful!”

“Yes,” said Wynne, “it is. It’ll be worse when the police come. They do come—usually with a little green wagon—for people who give phony checks, you know.”

Halcombe nodded. “I know they do,” he said. “That’s why I wanted to give the party first—pay back some of the people who’d been nice to me.”

At this point the girl reached over and pressed his hand.

“Now I know you’re crazy,” she said gently.

“I guess so,” said Halcombe.

“What are you going to do about this and that? Going to let ’em take you to the clink?”

“What else can I do? I’ve got nothing, don’t you see? Absolutely nothing!”

“So have lots of people. Plenty of it, but they’re not all in the clink.”

“IT’S all so hopeless!”

“Haven’t you any guts, any initiative? Haven’t you anything except your old man’s dough that you haven’t got?”

“Oh, sure.”

No man could let a girl ask those questions and not deny them. His denial was not convincing.

“Then why don’t you do a skip? Your going to jail isn’t going to pay anybody back. If you stay out, maybe you can square yourself in time.”

“Maybe.”

Wynne Leroy was getting disappointed. The mother instinct had been roused in her. She wanted to help. This was like trying to help a cow chew its cud—uninteresting. She was just about to tell him that if he was going to act like a stunned slug he could do it alone, when things began to happen in the immediate vicinity of that peaceful garden in the not so peaceful hamlet of Beverly Hills.

First there came, making the night hideous with their cries, the sirens of a couple of cars belonging to that sterling body of men the police department. Then there came much doorbell ringing. Then there came a very faint sound such as dancing skeletons might make, which was the knocking together of Halcombe’s shaking knees. The doorbell ringing ceased. Wynne Leroy turned to her host. “We’d better roll,” she said. “This isn’t a good place to be.”

Halcombe managed to quiet his knees. Now that it had actually happened, he felt better. He even managed to smile. “I told you you shouldn’t stay,” he said.

And then there came a really awful sound—the sound of the mailed fist of the law beating on the front door mingled with the booming voice of the law demanding entrance. This has been known often to turn honest men, with perhaps slightly guilty consciences, into fugitives of the worst sort. As he sat there listening to it, and then heard the sound of beating on the door turn to battering on the door, something snapped in John Halcombe. He had one more quick vision of gray walls and bars, and another sort of green vision of meadows and pastures and roads where a man might walk free instead of, through no fault of his own, being turned into a caged animal. He became himself, a man again.

“Come on,” he said; “let’s go!”

He jumped to his feet and grabbed the girl by the hand, and started running across the lawn. "Through the gardens and into the back alley!"

"Atta-tootsie-boy!"

Stumbling—because once he'd started rolling, as Wynne put it, Halcombe rolled very fast in spite of the darkness—they crossed the lawns, shot through a cactus garden, and passed the garage, eventually coming up against a high board fence. There was a gate in the fence, but it was locked.

"Over!" said Halcombe, and boosted her up by the foot, the way gallant gents of another era used to pop ladies on to side saddles. It worked, but it worked a little too well, for he sent her clear over and she landed in a heap in the soft dust of the back alley, making a frightful mess of herself, but unhurt. She got up just as the sterling body of men found the inevitable floodlights that all Hollywood houses have, and turned them on. She saw silhouetted against them the tangled figure of the late producer John Halcombe sprawled and struggling on top of the high board fence. Then she heard a shot. The police in their playful way were only playing—but Wynne didn't know that. And then John Halcombe dropped at her feet in the dust. It is to her credit that for once Wynne Leroy was shaken off poise. She let out a yelp that in another, softer woman might have been called a scream.

ERIC HATCH

was born in New York and was, he says, slightly educated in private schools. For ten years he engaged in the investment banking business, but retired, voluntarily, to devote himself to writing. He has contributed much hilarious fiction to Liberty.

IT is said that a whole dream, a long dream, even the traditional dream of being found at state functions clad in pajamas, takes place in the mind in the space of a second. In the second following Halcombe's plop into the dust at her feet Wynne Leroy dreamed a whole nightmare. She saw herself now as an accessory after the fact. She saw Halcombe's torn body lying on a slab in the morgue. She saw herself at his funeral (in custody of a prison matron, naturally). She saw all the things little girls see when they wake up in the middle of the night in strange country houses and the wind becomes moaning ghosts and the shutters rattling become fiends and the cry of a night bird is the werewolf howling. She was scared breathless.

So she was a little surprised, at the end of the second during which she'd closed her eyes, to feel her hand suddenly grabbed again and to feel herself yanked almost off her feet and to hear the "corpse" hiss, "Roll! Roll like hell! This way!"

Again she followed him. This time because he had such a grip on her she couldn't do anything else. She managed to hiss back at him, "Did they get you?" He didn't even answer. He was much too busy looking for a back-yard fence they could get over in a hurry. Presently he found one, let go her hand, and vaulted over it. Then he reached back and helped her. Feeling absurdly like the leading lady in an old-fashioned two-reel comedy, she too vaulted the low fence, and once again landed the wrong way up in soft dust. Halcombe, who under the stress of being a fugitive was still being a very dominant person, yanked her to her feet.

"I know this place. Come on. We're in the kennels."

He grabbed her hand again and, moving with reasonable sureness, led her to where a sizable doghouse loomed before them in the moonlight. They could hear the police scrabbling their way over Halcombe's high fence and shouting in the alley like feathering hounds when they've lost the fox's line. Wynne Leroy found voice.

"We're sunk," she said, "damn you!"

"Sunk not at all! They missed me." They had reached the doghouse. "This is Gloria Brown's place. This is where Fifi, her great Dane, lives."

"That's swell! That's just swell!"

"It's all right. I know Fifi."

Wynne took a deep breath. "Ah," she said, "but does Fifi know *you?*"

"We'll find out," said Halcombe.

He dropped to his knees in front of the kennel and snapped his fingers and began making silly noises that men make to strange children and dogs.

"Fifi—nice old Fifi—good old Fifi! This is Jack, Fifi—this is Jack! You know me—this is good old Jack, Fifi—'member that lovely nicey bit of cream cake I gave you Sunday? Good old Jack. Yum-yum-yum!"

"Yum-yum-yum in the pig's valise!" said Wynne.

From inside the doghouse came such a growl as only great Danes can growl. It begins way down somewhere in the Dane's basement and gradually works its way up through the enormous body, and when it comes out it sounds like an old freight train rumbling over a wooden trestle on broken rails. But—and Halcombe knew this, though Wynne didn't—they make the same sort of noise when they're perfectly delighted about something and feel playful. He turned to Wynne. "See?" he whispered. "Fifi knows good old Jack! Come on in!"

"In your hat I'll come on in!" said Wynne. She peered into the kennel. "It looks like one of Clyde Beatty's lions!"

From the alley came a shout—a police sort of shout.

"Hey, Tom! Brown's dog's barkin'! They musta run through here!"

THAT settled the issue. Halcombe—either gallantly or ungallantly, depending on the point of view—led the way. He climbed into the kennel, pushing and shoving the Dane out of his way. In practically a trice Wynne Leroy was in it too. She scrouged the last of her in just as the police flashlights began to play in the yard. She was terrified of the Dane, but felt that at least the Dane would kill her quickly and not put her behind bars and things. By the time she got all the way in Halcombe had succeeded in getting himself well into the back of the house and had prodded Fifi to the front of it.

Fifi, who had always been rather bored at being left alone all night, loved every minute of it. She thought it was pretty darn nice of good old Jack to come and visit, and, after a sniff and a sloppy kiss or two on Wynne's face, thought it was pretty darn sweet of this dusty girl to come too. Fifi stopped all growling and gave herself over to an orgy of kissing these two charming people. The charming people didn't care for it; when one gets kissed by a Dane one stays kissed for some time.

After a few moments of this, during which the police played Boy Scout-*cum*-flashlight all over the grounds, even going so far as to turn it on the doghouse, things quieted down. The police went on their way; Fifi, with a rumbling sigh, went to sleep; and Halcombe and Wynne began in whispers to review the situation.

Both decided, when the situation had been thoroughly reviewed, that it looked bleak. Halcombe had as assets twenty-five dollars and a grubby tuxedo. It was obviously impossible for him to go back to his house for other clothes or to use either of his cars. Except for the twenty-five and the dinner jacket, he was as naked of possessions as a newborn babe. And the dinner jacket, under the circumstances, was really more liability than asset.

What a mix-up! The police are still hot after Halcombe. Can he escape them for long? Does Wynne desert him—or does she help him out? You'll learn next week.

LIBERTY WILL PAY $1,000

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Untold Tales of the SECRET SERVICE

by HOWARD R. MARSH

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

INTRODUCTION—G-MEN WE NEVER READ ABOUT

U. & U. photo
Commandant of the United States Coast Guard: Rear Admiral R. R. Waesche.

SILENT as silence, steely as steel, deadly as death, ghostly men crouching in shadows, springing on the sinful and foiling the villainous—that is the way that we, as children, thought of Uncle Sam's Secret Service.

And that is one childhood picture that we may safely retain. About the only Secret Service job we hear anything about now is the guarding of the President. But important as this duty is—and picturesque—it hardly scratches the surface of Secret Service's manifold activities, most exciting of which is catching counterfeiters. Here is a job as suspenseful as any film that ever came out of Hollywood. There are five billions of dollars continually in circulation.

A Thrilling Series of Revelations from Behind the Scenes—Presenting First, Complete in This Issue, the Inside Story of How Al Capone Was Really Sent to Alcatraz

© Harris & Ewing
Head of the Alcohol Unit, which is death on bootleggers: Dwight E. Avis.

The introduction of any considerable quantity of "queer" money imperils the value of all the money in the country.

For every counterfeiter, no matter how obscure, is a menace to the wealth, the financial security of the entire nation.

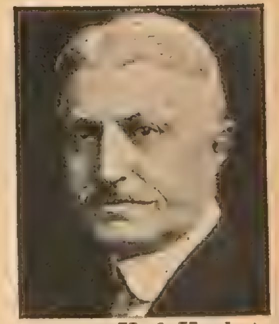
The same principle applies to thirty-three billions in government bonds, the special soldiers' bonus bonds, and the hundreds of millions in postage and liquor stamps—all of which are continually subject to forgery.

The greatest counterfeiter of modern times—tracked down and jailed by Secret Service—started as a druggist forging liquor stamps during the prohibition era.

Pictures, Inc., photo
Right arm of the Customs Service Law Enforcement Unit: Thomas J. Gorman.

Secret Service has made remarkable headway against this evil. In just one year it jailed 3,657 persons for manufacturing or passing "queer," and secured prison sentences totaling 12,000 years. Result: the total counterfeit in circulation at any one time is less than five hundredths of one per cent of our total currency.

Yet, only last year, the notorious "Count" Victor Lustig and his arch-engraver William Watts—whose stories will be told in an early issue of Liberty—*almost* put over a $3,000,000 cache of spurious twenty-dollar bills—and would have but for quick and effective co-operation between Secret Service and the Federal Bureau of Investigation.



U. & U. photo
Retired—but his spirit stays on: Former Secret Service Chief W. H. Moran.

Chief Moran, who after fifty-four years in the service and eighteen as its head, has turned in his shield. But his spirit is not easily mislaid. Tight-lipped, determined, a granite rock of a man, his personality still dominates.

Public Health Service photo
Knows all about "dope": Narcotics Bureau Commissioner H. J. Anslinger.

But Secret Service, invaluable as it is, constitutes only one of six law-enforcement units of the Treasury Department. The little Intelligence Unit, to which is given a good deal of the credit for catching Al Capone, not only succeeded in driving big-time gangsters out of their honky-tonks, gambling halls, and houses of prostitution, when great cities had failed to do so, but in many instances cleaned up the cities themselves, forced municipal reform, and put crooked politicians behind the bars.

It made gangsters, grafting politicians, social parasites shed their dirty halos. It made underworld "heroes" no longer subjects of Hollywood glorification or of national adulation.

The man who, since its inception in 1919, has headed this small but epoch-making organization is Elmer L. Irey. His associates are all civil service "career" men, mostly college graduates, attorneys, accountants, trained investigators. Their only weapon against the most powerful and most ruthless criminals of our time was the charge that they had violated the income-tax law!

© Harris & Ewing
Heading the Intelligence Unit, he's the racketeers' nemesis: Elmer L. Irey.

Commissioner H. J. Anslinger, head of a third Treasury unit, has more dope on dope than any other man in the world. New York, he will tell you, is the worst—mostly heroin; Tulsa next worst—morphine smuggled from Europe through New Orleans; the West Coast third worst—opium dropped from Oriental liners in buoyed tins lighted with phosphorus. This man who knows all about narcotics is fortunately

Acme photos

Two whom Capone once split takings with: Frankie Pope and (below) Dion O'Bannion.

head of the federal government's Narcotics Bureau. In four years he and his men, by drying up the supply, have reduced the number of drug addicts in the United States by one fourth. The price of illicit narcotics has risen through scarcity from twelve dollars an ounce to one hundred and fifty dollars. The addict who used to get his "jolt" or "bang" for twenty-five cents now pays from two to three dollars — when he can get it at all.

Commissioner Anslinger believes that the only way to keep narcotics out of this country is to stop them before they get here. And he doesn't wait until the drug barons get to Sandy Hook. He trails them to the base of supply —Alexandria, Constantinople, Hong Kong.

One of the Narcotics Bureau's most spectacular recent cases—the one which has been chosen for telling in detail later in this series—was that of Little Augie, or Augie the Wop, who was picked up on information furnished by the Narcotics Bureau in Washington as the Simplon Express pulled into the Berlin station from the East.

This Narcotics Bureau of the Treasury Department has smashed the drug ring not only in America but, so far as it affects America, in Asia and Africa. And for every man on the pay roll of the Narcotics Bureau there are today in federal penitentiaries twenty men convicted of illegal narcotics traffic. That is a police record second to none in the modern world.

There are six of these Treasury enforcement units, and Secretary Morgenthau and Special Assistant Secretary Harold N. Graves have done a splendid job of coordinating them. Customs officers are not all in the business of annoying itinerant American citizens who return from foreign parts; a very large number of them are engaged in the most exciting of all guerrilla warfares, against professional and criminal smugglers on land and sea.

The man at the head of this law-enforcement division of the Customs Service is Edson J. Shamhart, a veteran of the smuggler wars. He has been shot. Shot, he has shot back. He has walked in on murderers, outfaced them, outshot them. He is typical of the men he commands.

These men are taught wrestling, jujitsu, the use of small arms. They are taught how to force a car to a curb or into a ditch. Then they are taught how to navigate on slippery decks in dark nights.

"Use courtesy, then reason," Deputy Commissioner Gorman tells them. "But if these two fail, don't hesitate. Get the jump on your opponent. If he tries to get rough, get ten times rougher, and do it first. If he pulls a gun, beat him to the first shot, and shoot ten times faster than he does."

Sometimes the other fellow, concealed by darkness, gets in the first shot. In that case, the customs officer dies. The murder of Customs Patrol Inspector Romberger in a one-man sea battle off the coast of Florida is such a story. It should be told—and it will be shortly in these pages.

The repeal of prohibition has not meant the repeal of the bootlegger. To be sure, practically every quart of imported *liquor* now pays its full duty. But one gallon of two-dollar alcohol makes twelve quarts of so-called whisky, tax-free. So the "alky" trade has become the "big-business" bootlegging racket of today. Its practitioners purchase well-filled tank vessels in foreign ports, and distribute their cargoes along our coasts.

The notorious Jerry Wood, whose adventures will be told in this series, was a bootlegger of this type.

The chief source of bootleg liquor supposedly ready to drink, however, is still "moonshine." Recently, racketeers have taken the illicit distilling business right into the big cities, where they operate everything from kitchen stills to huge three-story distilleries.

Other racketeers have organized the backwoods moonshiner, converted him into a cog in a vast outlaw machine.

No, the bootlegger is not dead. But the Alcohol Tax Enforcement Unit, under able Chief Avis, has definite ideas about killing him off. It caught up with 31,859 of him this last year, and put 14,707 firmly behind the bars. While so doing, it broke up one of the most powerful of the surviving gangs of racketeers in America.

Alcohol Unit's biggest ally against smuggling is the Coast Guard, sixth and last of these government agencies, attached to the Treasury Department in time of peace and to the Navy Department in time of war. The Coast Guard is under the direction of Rear-Admiral R. R. Waesche.

Every one knows of its traditional activities—heroic and efficient rescues off the coasts or in the open seas. Yet a full half of Coast Guard's time is devoted to even more—in fact, to far more—exciting adventures. For Coast Guard is also in the business of law enforcement. The capture of the giant "alky" runner Popocatepetl is a case in point. The editor of Liberty

Pictures, Inc., photo

Two more who got their cuts from Al were Johnny Torrio and (below) Pete Penovich.

He dug up the clue that put justice on Capone's trail: Frank J. Wilson.

was interested in that story. He kept on the track of it for months. It will be told in this series.

Meanwhile, now for Frank Wilson and the Inside Story of the Smashing of Al Capone! —FREDERICK LEWIS.

PART ONE — A SAGA OF PATIENCE: THE SMASHING OF CAPONE

THE ornamental gateways of the sumptuous estates on Palm Island are open wide. The hoardings are down from the casements of the white-stucco green-tiled villas. The Miami season is in full swing.

Yet one of the most luxurious of these baronial estates is still closed. Outside the wall, beyond the owner's private dock, the tide rises and falls—but a tide of enraged public opinion has left the owner himself stranded on the Rock of Alcatraz.

It seems only yesterday that this former watchboy in a Chicago bawdyhouse, this former Coney Island bartender—this Al Capone—was riding high on a red tide of graft, banditry, and murder which threatened to engulf the entire nation.

And Capone was not the only untouchable.

Pictures, Inc., photo

Pictures, Inc., photo

In the days when he thought himself beyond the law's reach: Scarface Al —see the scars on his left jowl?— or "Snorky" Capone. Left: His Palm Island mansion, where the results of Frank Wilson's find made him uneasy. Now he's living on Alcatraz Island.

In New York, Legs Diamond, Irving Wexler, alias Waxey Gordon, and others were taking fabulous profits. Detroit was in the grasp of the Purple Gang. Every large city was paying tribute to gangsters. "One-way rides," gang murders, graft, pay rolls padded by politicians—these were the order of the day.

The tide rolled higher and higher. The public was apathetic. Lionized, feared, protected, the bandits became bolder still, thumbing their noses at the law.

There were many villains in that sordid drama of American crime, but precious few heroes. Then, suddenly, the heroes appeared. Which brings us to Chicago on a bitter cold night in the winter of 1929.

It was after midnight. The United States Courthouse, generally called "the Old Post Office," was dimly lighted on the first floor, but the remainder of the building was apparently deserted. All the ordinary overtime workers had long since turned out their lights and gone home.

But in an office on the fourth floor one man worked alone. His tall, spare figure bent over a desk, his keen brown face intent on the papers in front of him, he pulled forlornly on a dead cigar. His forehead was wrinkled with worry.

This lone man, working wearily, was Frank J. Wilson, now Acting Assistant Chief of the Secret Service, then special investigator for the Intelligence Unit of the Treasury Department's Bureau of Internal Revenue.

Piled high around the tired detective were ledgers, records, old checks —and through them all he was seeking one name, Alphonse Capone. Until he could prove that Al himself had actually received money on which he should have paid taxes, he couldn't put him behind the bars.

Already he had examined 1,700,000 checks and thousands of documents. But the true scent on that long trail had not been uncovered. Frank Wilson had begun to wonder if it ever would be.

He was not used to defeat. He had earned by hard and often brilliant work the assignment to camp on the trail of the most important gangster of all time. He was, as the newspaper boys say, the ace of the Treasury's Intelligence Unit.

He knew the whole picture—from the gambling halls, houses of prostitution, honky-tonks and "smoke shops," down to the day that Capone bought a certain make of limousine and leased splendid apartments, the day that he purchased from a single firm twenty-three suits at $135 a suit and a dozen shirts at $30 a shirt, the day that he snapped up thirty $275 diamond-studded belt buckles at one purchase.

He knew the gangster's every move —but what was the use of all this? He was stymied unless he could prove a taxable income on Snorky—and he couldn't.

Baffled and discouraged, he rose from his desk and strode to the window. Out there in the darkness prowled Willie Niemoth and Three-Fingered Jack White and Jack McGurn, Johnny Torrio, Jack Guzik, Frankie Pope, Pete Penovich, and

The "Ralph" of the coy entries in the fateful Smoke Shop book: Ralph Capone.

other powerful gangsters—a legion of them—all mixed up in the same bootlegging, prostitution, and gambling rackets.

Across the street was the office of Sam Insull, in the building of one of his first great enterprises.

Nothing Wilson saw cheered him. He had been ordered back to Washington to report. He must go the next day. He must tell his superiors what results had been achieved during his months of work. And a very sad report he must make.

"Mr. Commissioner," he would have to say, "we've followed every little lead. We know everything about Al Capone there is to know. But no money ever reaches him. No property is in his name. He never signs a check or a receipt. He is hidden behind a wall of bodyguards who screen his finances. We can't trap him."

Sighing at the prospect, he turned back to his desk and began a final gathering up of his papers. In his weariness he knocked against the filing cabinet in which he was about to deposit them. Automatically it locked itself. He had no key. His disgust and discouragement mounted. Those papers which represented months of work *must* be put in a place of safety.

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

Thatcher Colt, as an experienced law-enforcement officer in the municipal field, has always had the greatest respect for the various federal enforcement organizations with which it has been his duty to work.

His only complaint has been that they were too various.

It is with the greatest interest, therefore, that he reads that constructive efforts are now being made to unify and co-ordinate the six bureaus of the Treasury Department into one effective organization under a single head.

Legislation is now pending in Congress to enable Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau to proceed with this much needed work of unification. Mr. Colt hopes that nothing will be permitted to interfere with its immediate passage.

In the meantime, he rejoices that every reader of Liberty will have the opportunity in this remarkable series to learn of the achievements and experiences of these brave men who work so devotedly for our protection and profit.

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3 P. M., E. S. T.

Looking about him, he saw an old filing cabinet, dust-covered, practically unused. It was filled with haphazard documents. He gathered these in his arms to dump them out on the floor. One parcel was labeled "Seizure at Hammond, Indiana." Through the brown-paper wrapper he could feel the corner of a ledger.

Special Agent Wilson was tired, but not too tired to be curious. He examined that ledger. Hours later, at dawn, he was still examining it.

He had ascertained that it was from a gambling house which had made a million dollars the previous year.

No gambling house in Hammond, Indiana, was big enough to earn a million a year.

He turned back to the pile of old documents. Another parcel wrapped in the same kind of brown paper was marked "Seizure at Hawthorne Smoke Shop"—one of the biggest Capone ventures. This second parcel proved to contain only worthless papers of small-time gamblers. The answer was easy: the wrappings on the two seizures had been interchanged.

THE chain of events which had led to this discovery really began back in May, 1924, when Al Capone opened at 4834 West Twenty-second Street, in Cicero, Illinois, the gambling joint called the Hawthorne Smoke Shop. The place, according to later testimony of an employee, "had the horses and all kinds of gambling games, a wheel, craps, 21, bird cage." Soon The Ship was opened. Business was interchangeable between the two. When one was closed by the raids of indignant citizens, the other opened immediately.

That Hawthorne Smoke Shop of Al Capone's gang earned $350,000 the first year. It continued as a very nice industry until April 26, 1926, when early-morning risers stumbled over the bullet-shattered body of William H. McSwiggin, First Assistant State's Attorney of Cook County. There were sinister stories that Al Capone had grown tired of paying protection.

This killing of one of their own number was too much even for Chicago's law-enforcement officials. That night detectives swept through Capone's known establishments. Their books were captured. But study of these books was fruitless. Tremendous income was shown, but whose income was it? Since there seemed to be no indication, the books were discarded as of no value. By the time Wilson came to Chicago, probably no one even knew where they were.

One page of that Smoke Shop ledger had especially intrigued him. It was the only page which carried disbursements. They were listed under single initials and words: "J," "A," "Frank," "Ralph," and "Pete." Each of those *could* represent the first name of a member of the Capone gang: Johnny Torrio, Al Capone, Frankie Pope, Ralph Capone, Pete Penovich.

Could this be the break at last?

Chief Irey thought it was. He ordered Frank Wilson back to Chicago as soon as he had made his report.

"Find the man who made the entries in that ledger," Wilson instructed his assistants.

Every application for jail bond, every automobile registration, every document available which any member of the Capone gang had signed, was carefully compared with the writing in the ledger.

But the mysterious penman was not identified.

Wilson's boys never gave up. They made another collection of signatures. One was of a certain Lou Shumway. They already had his penciled signature, but his signature in ink was quite different.

"That's our man," decided Special Agent Wilson as he compared it with the ledger. "Find Lou Shumway!"

JUST to be sure, he sent the two samples of penmanship to the Bureau of Standards at Washington for final check. Word came back: "The man who signs himself 'Lou Shumway' made the ledger entries."

The trail led to Miami, where Shumway was accountant for the pari-mutuel betting at the race track. He was arrested by Intelligence Unit on a fictitious charge. Eventually he talked, but his story was far from decisive.

"We want Fred Reis," was Wilson's next order—and he proceeded himself to go out and get him. Reis, he had learned from Shumway, was the cashier. Under the alias of A. Dunbar, he bought cashiers' checks, cashed them, and distributed the money among the big shots.

Reis also was in Florida, but he left hurriedly. At St. Louis he stopped to wait for a special-delivery letter from the Capone gang, a letter with money to buy his passage to distant parts. Wilson heard of that letter as soon as it was mailed. He telephoned the Post Office Inspector at St. Louis: "Hold that letter until I can deliver it to Reis."

He caught the first train for St. Louis. Next day he was with the mailman when the letter was handed to Fred Reis in his hideout. Sticking his foot in the door, he served Reis with a summons on a fictitious case involving nothing serious. Reis was balky, but at last was persuaded to go to the Federal Building and make an appearance in this "very minor matter."

Fred Reis failed to read the summons carefully enough. It called for appearance at *East* St. Louis, which is across the river in Illinois, the state where Frank Wilson wanted him.

Preparation had been rapid but complete. The federal judge was convinced that Reis should be held where members of the Capone gang could not reach him. He was assigned to the jail at Danville, Illinois. It was an old jail, an uncomfortable jail, one particularly uncomfortable in midsummer.

"Hell," said Reis, "you'll never get anything out of me. The gang will blow me out of here in no time."

But the gang didn't know where Reis was. The weather got hotter, the jail more uncomfortable. He began to believe the gang had deserted him. He was encouraged in that belief. At last he was willing to talk.

"The rats would let me smother to death!" he said.

The Capone case had shown its first crack in the Old Post Office Building. Now came the definite break. The split of the vicious profits of the many rackets was established: Al Capone, 41 per cent; Frank Pope, 18 per cent; Johnny Torrio, 18 per cent; Dion O'Bannion, 18 per cent; Pete Penovich, 5 per cent.

Gangdom woke up to its peril. The life of Fred Reis was immediately at stake. Said Agent Madden, assigned to guard him: "Information emanating from underworld sources indicated quite clearly that the intention was to kill Reis if he could be located." But he was not located. The "federals" moved him to Milwaukee, Kansas City, and California.

"He was restless, obstinate, fearful," reported Madden. "After the trial of Jack Guzik, in which he testified for the government, he was placed aboard a steamer bound for South America; upon his return he was again placed in custody."

Now that the first hole was found in the armor of the Capone gang, Intelligence Unit agents began to prod for others. They traced large amounts of money sent to Capone in Miami by Western Union money order; they followed the "A. Dunbar" disbursements; they dragged bits of information out of the gangsters, combined them into a single masterful case.

By this time Capone, Lord of Palm Island, was beginning to worry. He couldn't seem to get the fun he used to get out of his palm trees and his swimming pool and his yacht. He didn't swell with bumptious pride, as he had when the newly elected Herbert Hoover had wintered at the Penney estate, and aerial photographers had flown first over one and then over the other of the places which housed two such famous men.

But it was too late for Snorky to begin worrying. The law had caught up with him.

With a final gesture of defiance, he failed to appear at the hearing. Instead of appearing, he—in the language of the Federal District Attorney—"willfully, corruptly, knowingly, falsely, and contemptuously" offered an affidavit which contained statements that he knew were "untrue and false."

Among these statements was one sworn to by a Miami physician, which said that "since January 13, 1929, said Alphonse Capone has been suffering with bronchopneumonia pleurisy with effusion of fluid into the chest cavity, and for six weeks was confined to his bed at his home on said Palm Island, and has been out of his bed only for ten days last past."

As the result of evidence secured by special agents of that other efficient government agency, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, headed by J. Edgar Hoover, the state produced several witnesses to prove that throughout the six weeks he was supposed to be in bed he was in almost daily attendance at the race track and apparently in the best of health. He was also able to make airplane flights, attend prize fights, and go on a four-day junket to Nassau.

He got six months. Out on bail, he went to Philadelphia on a "business trip," and landed in the can with a year's sentence for carrying concealed weapons.

Nobody loved Al Capone now.

MEANWHILE Intelligence Unit patiently and exactly fitted together all the pieces of their puzzle. In October of 1931 he appeared for trial for income-tax fraud. The case against him was known to be so ironclad, so holeproof, that his attorneys sought to made a "deal" with the prosecution whereby he would plead guilty and be let off with a sentence of two and a half years in Leavenworth. The prosecution was willing, but Judge Wilkerson wasn't.

"It is utterly impossible," said the judge, "to bargain with a federal court."

So Snorky went to trial—and got eleven years.

Meanwhile, two special agents of the Intelligence Unit, Nels Tessen and A. A. Martin, began studying the financial habits of another Capone. They traced Ralph Capone's account to the Pinkert State Bank in Cicero and for weeks examined checks and deposit slips. In the end they proved Ralph had on deposit $1,851,841. Previously he had admitted under pressure a net income of $75,000 for four years. The new figure of almost two million was a body blow to him. Another one came. On April 25, 1930, he was found guilty of filing false offers in compromise and of failure to pay income taxes.

Of the ten names which headed the first list of public enemies issued by the Chicago Crime Commission, one was deported, one was convicted of robbery, two died in gang wars, and six are now in federal penitentiaries for evasion of income-tax laws.

The notorious Johnny Torrio, daddy of all the gangsters and mentor in particular to Alphonse the Great, who for some reason was not honored with a place in this first upper ten, is among the many others who have fallen foul of the boys who use decimal points for bullets, dollar signs for rapiers, and ledgers for dynamite. On being arraigned in New York, a federal judge put Johnny under what he thought was the prohibitive bail of $104,000. Torrio amazed a crowded courtroom by taking out a big roll and peeling off the full amount in thousand-dollar bills. His hour of triumph, however, was brief. Intelligence Unit now has him back again in the can.

OF course the Unit did not confine its operations to Chicago. New York's notorious Waxey Gordon, one of the greatest of the gangsters, was brought to pen by the income-tax sleuths after all other attempts to catch him had failed.

The income-tax weapon also proved effective with the political grafter. It might not be possible to prove legally how a $5,000-a-year officeholder acquired a $300,000 bank account, but it was possible, if you found that he had not declared any such income, to put him behind the bars.

In Chicago they caught Chris Paschen, a former Building Commissioner, that way; and Gene Oliver, a member of the Board of Assessors; and Lawrence O'Brien, a member of the legislature. All three are thinking it over in Leavenworth now. At present the boys are working on some six-figure bank accounts of San Francisco policemen.

Grim work, most of it. But once in a while Intelligence Unit gets a laugh. There was the case of James J. McCormick, Deputy City Clerk in charge of the marriage bureau in New York, who was required by law to perform wedding services without cost. McCormick's racket was to leave his desk drawer open, showing a goodly pile of five- and ten-dollar bills. An approaching bridegroom would usually take the hint and drop a bill in the drawer.

If the bill was of sufficient size the big-hearted McCormick would say, "God bless you!" If it was only a dollar, he would rake the youth with a look of scorn. "The piker!" he would shout, so that everybody in the room could hear. "One lousy buck!"

The next bridegroom in line, rather than be held up to ridicule before his girl, would generally drop the largest bill he had.

It wasn't possible to catch McCormick on an extortion charge, and as for an income-tax charge, he had been crafty about concealing his rake-off. Still, Intelligence Unit found that for five years he had been taking in approximately $50,000 a year, on none of which had he paid a cent of tax.

His reward was a long term in the pen, a $15,000 fine, and the usual penalties for delinquent returns—plus all the back taxes on $250,000.

Yes, the boys in Chief Irey's office get a laugh now and then, and a good deal of satisfaction always, when they land a crook who has proved otherwise untouchable. But even now, after subsequent years of successes, there is still no other achievement which ranks in their own minds with the smashing of Al Capone.

"I feel that in shattering that [Al Capone] outfit," Chief Irey said not long ago, "we may have changed the entire course of American criminology. We showed the gangsters the beginning of the end."

In other words, the mislabeled ledger found by Frank Wilson in that lonely office in the Old Post Office Building precipitated the end of an era.

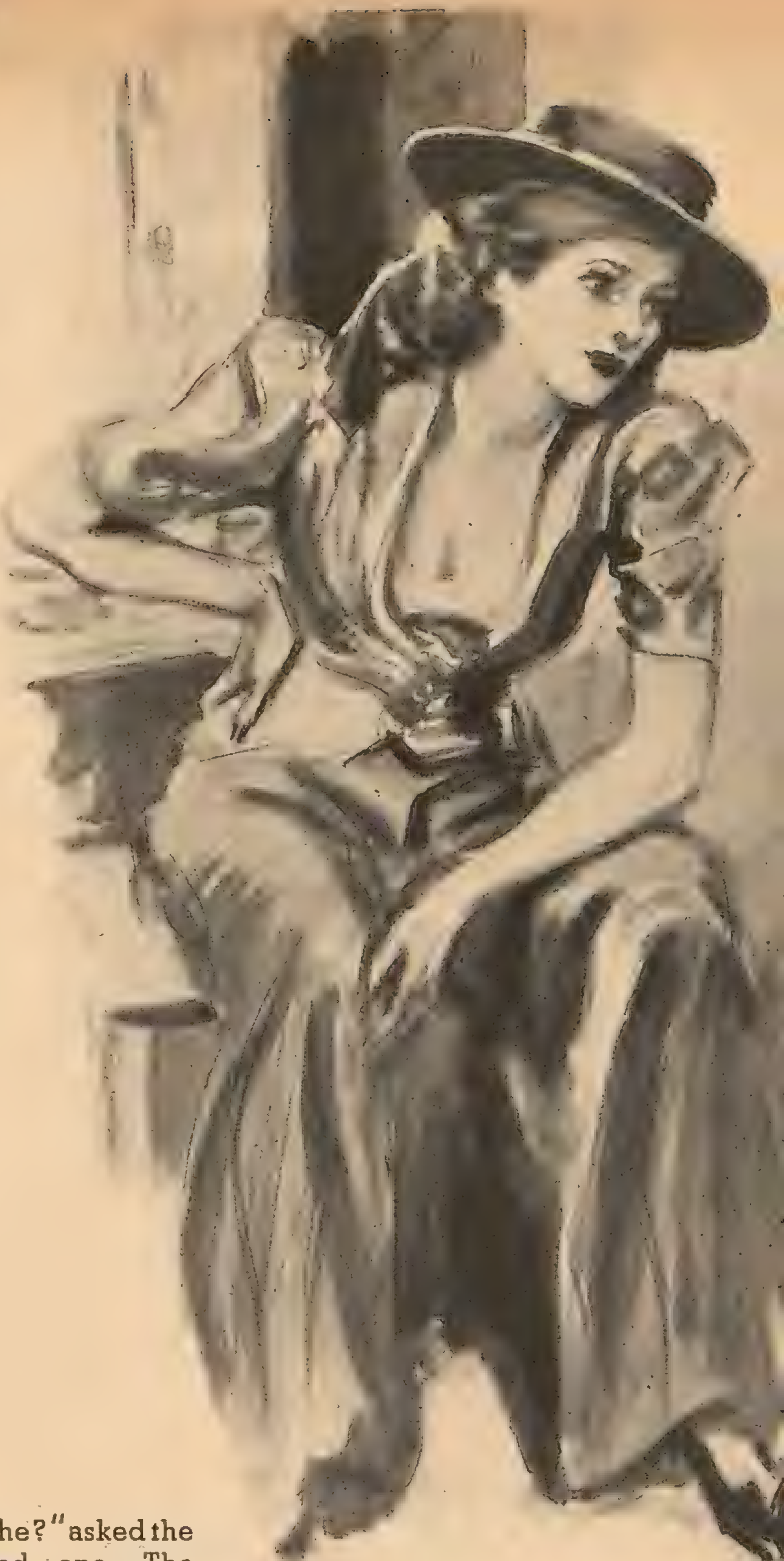
A cable from an American secret agent—and "Little Augie" was seized in Berlin. He fumbled a tiny envelope bearing a single cryptic word—and the world's worst dope ring, "the Drug Barons of Europe," was smashed. Score one for Uncle Sam's Narcotics Bureau!—and read this electrifying untold tale in Liberty next week!

Crossword Puzzle

A Poignant Tale of Shadows Beyond the Footlights—of a Girl's Breaking Heart and One Who Watched and Remembered

by RITA WEIMAN

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 20 SECONDS



"Headache?" asked the gilt-haired one. The other shook her head.

TAP-tap-swish, tap-tap-swish. . . . Tap-tap-atap, tap-tap-atap, tap-tap-atap. . . .

Above Mary Flannery's head sighed the even rhythm of chorus girls' feet. Popular strains of popular song, insidiously projected by a musical-comedy favorite, winged over an audience whose shoulders moved as one. Melody and dance, arch hypnotists of the senses, held the crowded house.

Mary heard the tap-tap without hearing it, as an engineer hears the wheels of his train. The vibrations of dancing feet meant nothing in her life. Mary Flannery was wardrobe woman at the Calvin Theater.

Tonight, as every other night, she sat on a stool in the chorus girls' dressing room directly under the stage, concentrating on a newspaper spread across her knees. The ridge between her eyes was deep. Her teeth, which boasted origin apart from the gums they relied on for activity, had chewed her short pencil to a pulp. Her lips moved.

The checkerboard of a cross-word-puzzle mystery lay before her:

....
Solitary.

....
Man-eating bird.

....
Liquid marked "External use only."

At least thirty times in the past fifteen minutes she had read those three lines, brooding over them.

Mary's days were spent superintending the vast rainbow array of costumes that glorified the beauties of Tom Calvin's chorus. Satins and velvets, gossamer gauzes, furs, feathers, gold and silver glittering brocades, headdresses, slippers, all passed through her lean efficient hands to be surveyed, cleansed, repaired, refurbished, kept in immaculate perfection. It was the day's routine.

At night her three assistants—who bore the professional title: dressers—took charge of the Calvin beauties, switching them with lightning dexterity from one costume to another.

Down the center of the long room, back to back, were two rows of make-up tables. Rouge, creams, powders, puffs, rags, rabbits' feet lay jumbled together.

Clusters of lights repeated as nearly as possible the glare of foot and spotlights on the stage. The widely publicized pulchritude of the famous Calvin chorus could be credited as much to triumph of artful make-up as to endowment of prodigal nature.

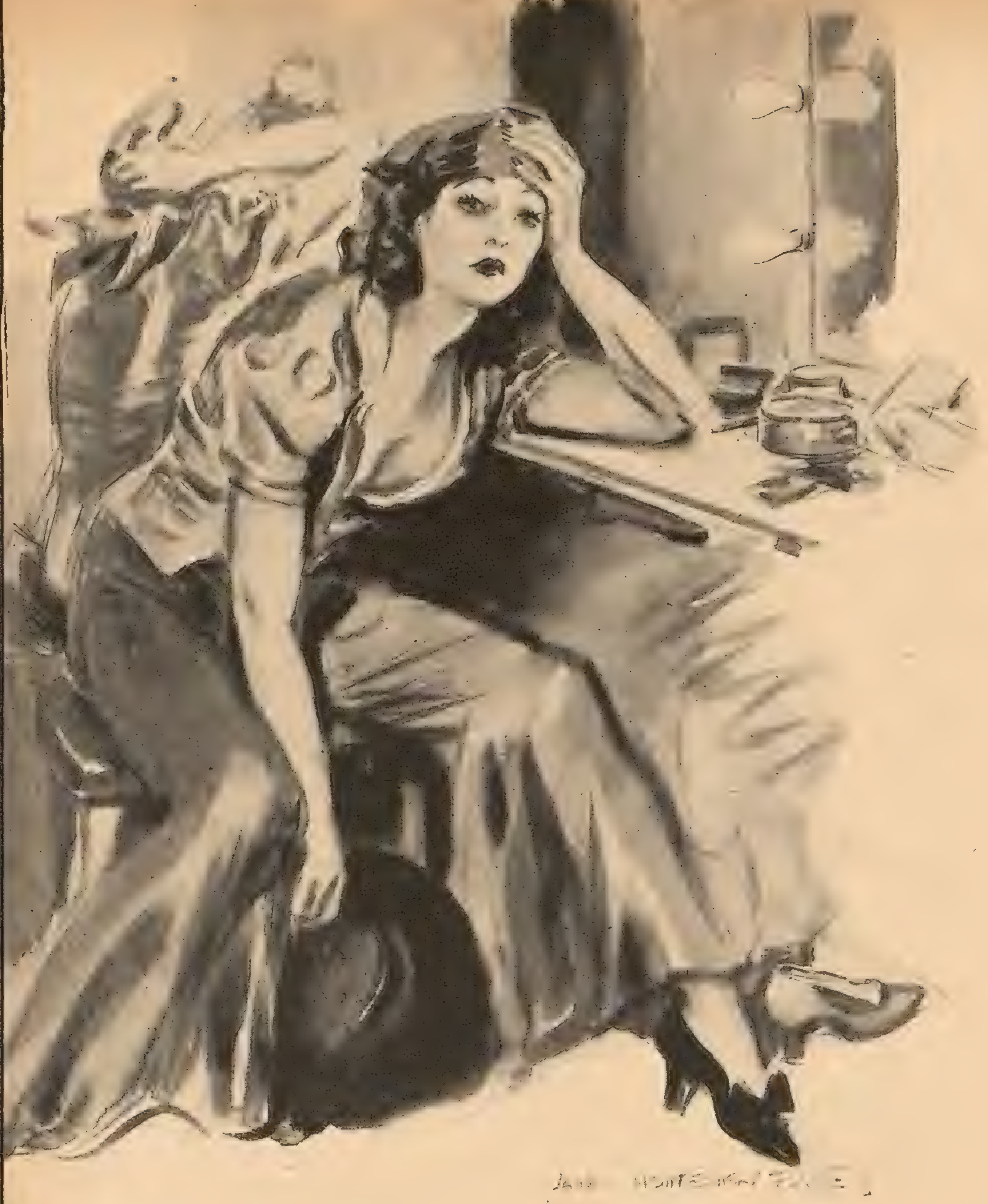
At the extreme end, with a background of plaster wall no more dusty than her skin, sat Mary Flannery. Sometimes she reached mechanically for a costume which an anxious dresser could not locate. Always with unfailing accuracy. Often without even glancing from her paper. Arms, legs, her long thin neck moved like those of a wooden robot motivated by springs and hinges.

Mary had lived fifty-five years. Half of them had been spent in the theater.

The swaying rhythm which those in the auditorium would hear again tonight at restaurants and night clubs died away.

The tapping above Mary's head swished into silence, followed by a hurrying rush down the stairs.

ILLUSTRATION BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



Immediately the room held the chatter of a zoo. Mary did not look up.

……

Solitary.

……

Man-eating bird.

……

Liquid marked " External use only."

The girls tossed aside high silk hats and bent over, pulling off white boots, wriggling their toes, standing and stretching as the scarlet riding habits, built cleverly in one piece, fell from lithe young bodies.

At the end table, close to where Mary sat, a white-skinned girl dropped in a chair. Her head bent down on the assorted make-up jars, a rusty curly brown head.

" Come on, snap out of it," urged the very golden-haired coryphee next to her. " You've got to snap out of it."

" Why did they have to come tonight? Why couldn't he have taken her to some other show? "

" They're with a theater party. The whole second row. Didn't you see them come in late—like all theater parties? "

" Yes. I haven't seen anything else all night. It's like a baby spot turned on just their two faces."

" If you were anything but a babe in arms, you'd laugh at him instead of crying."

" I'm not crying."

" Oh, no! That black smear under your right eye is just where somebody swatted you in the dark hall when we came downstairs."

The girl looked up, hastily wiped away the moist smudge, and beaded her lashes. The eyes behind them were dark-rimmed and strained. She sat for an instant quite still. Then, as a dresser approached, she laid a heavy layer of powder over the white skin and carefully fulled the carmine of her lips. It was exactly as though she had put a painted mask over her tear-stained face.

" That's better." The gold head nodded approval. " Don't let 'em get wise."

An orange kerchief went over the ruddy curls. The dresser helped her into black chiffon trousers through which her legs shimmered. Her arms were thrust in an orange coatee that buttoned down the front, outlining the young round breasts. She poised a huge black satin hat archly over one eye, dropped on the chair again, thrust bare feet into orange-heeled black slippers, sat staring at their gay bows.

" No man's worth batting an eyelash over," observed the other. " You're just a kid. Stay in this game and you'll learn to let every dose of hot water make you more hard-boiled."

" I don't want to stay in this game. I never wanted to go in it."

" Lord knows you don't belong here. You belong on the farm, baby, milking the moolies."

" Please don't make fun of me."

" Honey, I'm just trying to help you. I want to help you laugh—"

" At myself maybe. At the fool I've been."

" We're all fools, one time or another. Part of every woman's higher education. In six months from now—"

" I'm not worried about—six months from now."

Something in the way it was whispered made the other girl drop her rabbit's foot and wheel around.

" Cut it! " she said breathlessly. " You'll drive me crazy, in the dumps like this."

" Oh—I'm all right."

" Look here—I never had a kid sister, or anybody to spill the maternal on. Maybe that's why I've been stewing about you ever since you joined the troupe. I said to myself then, ' Here's a sap with dreams of playing Juliet.' "

" I never dreamed of being an actress. I came to New York because Tim was here. He kept writing how lonely he was. That's funny, isn't it? He wrote that he was dying of loneliness. Now I'm the one who's alone—so terribly alone—"

Mary Flannery's flat ears pricked up. Her stubby pencil traveled excitedly along the line of squares.

Alone! . . . Solitary. . . . A-l-o-n-e. Of course! Solitary—alone—meant the same thing.

"Now don't start that again! Wait—let me spruce you up. Your nose is a sight. Not a bad nose, at that. There! Try to show the ivories. And drop that wet hanky! Come on—we're off—"

They trooped out, smiles adjusted as adroitly as their hats.

"Here—you forgot these—" Without rising, Mary reached over, picked up a pair of castanets from the end table, thrust them into the fingers that still clung to the damp handkerchief. "Forget their heads if they wasn't glued on," muttered Mary.

She tucked a-l-o-n-e into the little white squares, gave a nod of satisfaction.

Through the lull came the low moody strains of the tango. A famous dancing team floated across the stage overhead. For a time only the languor of haunting melody accompanied the silence of Mary's concentration. Then she furtively sought a hidden pocket in her skirt and brought out a miniature dictionary. She hated to do this. It meant outside aid. And Mary's thrill consisted in solving the mystery unaided. For a second she flirted with temptation. Then back went the book. She had glimpsed one of the dressers watching her. This dresser nudged another. Mary's lips compressed. Nobody was going to see a cross-word puzzle get her goat.

She glanced at the wall clock. Ten thirty-five. The show was over at eleven. If she went home without settling this thing, it meant sitting up half the night.

Mary didn't like working out the puzzles in her own room. Too many interruptions. The landlady, who was an old friend, had a habit of waiting up for her. Sandwiches and a cup of coffee were excuses for silly questions about what went on at the theater. Lot of nonsense. Nothing went on at the theater different from what took place in any other business. Because they saw things on the stage, people had an idea that there must be excitement in a chorus girls' dressing room. Her landlady always wanted to hear stories about the girls. Lot of brats as empty-headed as mechanical dolls! Made her tired!

What could be more exciting than a cross-word puzzle? Why, from the minute they were invented, they'd given her something to look forward to every night. If she fell down in solving one, she couldn't sleep for a week.

Snapping castanets broke the lull. Again overhead came the rhythmic swish of many feet, now gliding to magic measured tempo. Strum of a guitar. Warm trickling song. Cadence of crooning voices.

One minute more and the girls would be rushing in. Not that they bothered her. But this last change of costume meant only ten minutes before the final number.

She wished she could get those two words. Her nose began to tingle nervously. She set her glasses firmly.

....

Man-eating bird.

....

Liquid marked "External use only."

Who ever heard of a man-eating bird? Eagle? From the top of her checkerboard, she counted anxiously the squares across and down. No, it didn't fit. She didn't believe there ever was such a thing.

Rounds of applause ended and once more the chorus dressing room became a human menagerie.

The girl at the end table was the last in. She took off her hat slowly, drew a hand across her forehead.

"Headache?" asked the gilt-haired one.

The other merely shook her head.

"Well, one more warble and we rest the larynx. What say to coming home with me for a little supper? Just us two?"

"Thanks—not tonight."

"Wish you would."

"You're a dear—but I can't."

"My hot dogs wake up the neighborhood."

"Tim and I used to stop for hot dogs at a dinky German café on Third Avenue. Tim loves that kind of stuff late at night. He used to come by for me after the show. You've seen him often. Tall, dark—"

"Yes. Black-haired heart-throbber."

"Oh, not exactly handsome. But Tim's an athlete. Always was. Even as a little boy—"

"You mean to tell me you knew him when you were kids?"

"We grew up together."

"In love with him all that time?"

"Never even looked at anybody else."

"My God, I said you didn't belong on Broadway!"

"He'd stop by the house every morning and whistle, and we'd walk to school. When his mother died, he came to me—didn't let anybody else know how it broke him up. And when he felt there wasn't any future at home, we made plans so that he could break away. But they were all plans to be together after he got set in New York. That's why I came on and got a job with the show—to be near Tim—" The last words died in her throat. She clenched both hands. "I mustn't make a fool of myself—here—with everybody watching."

HASTILY, with a panicky glance about the room, she slipped into her gown for the final ballroom number, white gauze starred in brilliants. Her slim body seemed to float wraithlike in sparkling mist.

The other girl tore a costume out of the dresser's hands.

"Run along. We can take care of ourselves."

The dresser moved on.

"Did you see them kiss just now?" came in a smothered tone.

"No," snapped the blonde without turning.

"They didn't know I could see from the stage. She's beautiful, isn't she?"

"And the boy's had his head turned! Then it's not so hot. Won't last—never does."

"She's mad about him. Sends her car for him—takes him to parties—"

"She'll chuck him. That kind always goes sour—"

"She won't. She's had everything she wanted. Gives her a new thrill, I guess, to get a boy like Tim crazy about her."

"Say—how come you know all this?"

"Tim. He told me at the start. He didn't take the thing seriously then. Just thought she liked playing around with him because she was fed up with her own set. Now she wants to marry him."

"Well, papa'll pull the stop watch on that."

"No, he won't. He likes Tim; says he's a nice clean boy. Tim works for him."

"Does she know about you?"

"What's the difference? It's Tim I'm thinking of. He just suddenly stopped seeing me. That's what hurts so."

The golden-haired one coughed, looked away. The girl who loved Tim pressed close to the mirror, smeared rouge across quivering lips and formed a perfect cupid's bow.

"I wrote him a note and asked him to call for me just once more. Tonight—just for one more talk. We were to be married the first of next month," she added very low.

She of the yellow head wheeled around. A strange smile without humor sent fire behind the hard blue eyes.

"They write books about chorus girls stealing men from other women," she remarked crisply to no one in particular. "We're always the wild ones in the stories. The home wreckers. Vampires. Vultures. What a prize fairy tale *that* is! Balloon juice! Why, the vamps and vultures on Park and Fifth are a hundred to one compared to Broadway."

"He'll come, won't he? He won't walk out on me as if my love after all these years isn't even worth saying good-by to."

The gilt-capped one stepped hastily into virginal gauze.

"I hate good-bys," she muttered unsteadily.

Mary Flannery leaned over, tapped her on the arm.

"What was that word you used?"

"What word?"

"Just now—you said vamps and something else."

"Vultures, sister. Birds with beaks like yours." She gave Mary an impudent survey.

But Mary was lost in the task of counting squares—V-u-l-t-u-r-e. . . . Man-eating bird — vulture? . . . Right!

She heaved a quick sigh, a mixture of relief and thrill. Why hadn't she thought of it long ago? The Bible spoke of vultures. And Mary read her Bible regularly. What was the matter with her anyway? Taking so long over such an easy word.

The girls surged toward the stairs like a wave of foam. The orchestra burst into a potpourri of the evening's lights and shades, ballads and blues. Brasses clanged. Saxophones crooned. Flutes trilled. Violins sang wailing lureful love notes. The whole merged into a final triumphant, joyous, resounding happy finale.

Above Mary Flannery's head sounded the last tap-atap, swish of many feet, swelling chorus of voices.

She could hear the soft thud of the curtain rising and falling, rising and falling.

Members of the Calvin chorus hurried into street clothes. Dressers gathered up odds and ends. Lights projecting over the tables were turned out one by one. Girls trooped out the stage entrance. The night's work was done.

An usher appeared, made his way down the line. The pale girl at the end table looked up eagerly as he stopped beside her. He laid a folded scrap of paper torn from a program among the scattered cosmetics. When he had gone, she held it tightly for a second. Then she opened it. There were only a few scrawled words. She read them a second time, tore the paper slowly into small pieces.

Near the door, on her way to wash up, the gilt-haired one turned. Nothing definite made her turn. Nothing, that is, but the usher who had come in a minute ago and now swaggered out.

She looked back and saw a stony slim figure staring at its own reflection. Then a hand went upward holding a small brown bottle.

She gave a cry; dashed to the end table.

Across the lips and chin of the girl who still sat before the mirror was a deep-brown stain.

" Get a doctor—quick! "

One of the dressers dashed up the stairs.

" What's the matter? " asked another, halting in the act of putting on her hat.

" Poison—she's taken—"

CONFUSION clattered about Mary's ears as the figure before the mirror doubled over, teeth biting painfully into burned lip. But the girl made no outcry.

Just as silently she slid from the chair.

The newspaper crackled out of Mary's hands. It was as though an automaton suddenly became humanized. Her sharp voice struck like a knife through the jumble of distracted voices:

" Give her milk. Some in my locker."

While they lifted the limp form to the couch, Mary opened her locker. Lucky she never went out to lunch!

She handed a cardboard container to the disheveled blonde, who seized it and bent down.

" Force her mouth open," directed Mary.

" I can't—"

" Do it with a hairbrush."

" Honey, please," murmured the gilt-haired girl frantically. " Oh, my God—we must make her drink it! We mustn't let her die! "

The stage manager came clattering down the iron steps.

" Doctor'll be here in a minute."

" Mr. Briggs, hold her. She's got to swallow this."

They held her upright while the liquid trickled past the spattered lips.

" Fools—fools—fools! " flashed through Mary's brain. " Ten to one some man is responsible for this."

She pillowed the white face against her flat breast. It was the first time Mary's arms had ever held a live young body. Something in the touch made them ache.

" Make her take it all. Every drop! "

" There—she's swallowing it."

" She won't die, will she? " sobbed the blonde. " Oh, God, if only the doctor would come! "

The stage manager's face was as drained of color as the walls. " How much of that stuff did she get away with? "

Frightened hands groped on the floor, found a brown bottle, held it up.

" It didn't hold much. He'll bring her round—won't he? "

" Better get her upstairs," ordered the stage manager. " More air."

MARY felt a faint breath against her neck.

" She's alive," she whispered as the man lifted the light form.

Silently the small procession moved the length of the room and up the stairs. Only the blonde girl's sobbing sounded with the beat of a dirge.

Mary alone remained exactly where she sat. She was looking down at the arms still spread as if they held their sagging burden. For some reason their emptiness brought memory of the days when Mary had been young and dreamed of all that life might have in store for her.

Over the stillness of the area backstage hung chill suspense. Eternal puzzle of life and death.

Mary Flannery heard the clamor of the doctor's arrival. She heard the clang of an ambulance. Mechanically she got up, brushing the back of her hand over her faded eyes.

She looked down dazedly at the moisture of tears, then wiped her hand on her wool skirt. Slowly she crossed the room, stooping to collect the scattered pages of her newspaper.

At the end make-up table she paused, sniffed. In the midst of the jars lay a small brown bottle. On the label a skull and crossbones. Below them, the warning: " For External Use Only." And above, in red letters: " Iodine."

Light illuminated Mary's dull eyes. The tragedy of life and death, the emptiness of youth's dreams unfulfilled, the ache in her heart which for one brief moment had known a throb, all were forgotten. She sank down on the stool and smoothed the cross-word-puzzle sheet. She dipped in her pocket for the stubby pencil, moistening the point between thin lips. It flew across the little squares.

I-o-d-i-n-e.

Mary Flannery's puzzle was solved!

THE END

GOOD BOOKS—*by* OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ ½ **FOUNDATIONS OF CIVILIZATION** by Will Durant. Simon & Schuster.

The preface to the famous Story of Civilization now appears in a separate volume. Well written and intensely interesting.

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Stirring story, magnificently told, of a Scotchwoman married to an American who was kidnaped by gangsters during the final week of her pregnancy.

★ ★ ½ **TOO MUCH OF EVERYTHING** by Philip Wylie. Farrar & Rinehart.

The Bentlan family meets the depression ogre and wins the battle.

★ ★ **THE WHITE HARE** by Francis Stuart. The Macmillan Company.

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A book that will help all who wish to be able to carry on an interesting conversation.

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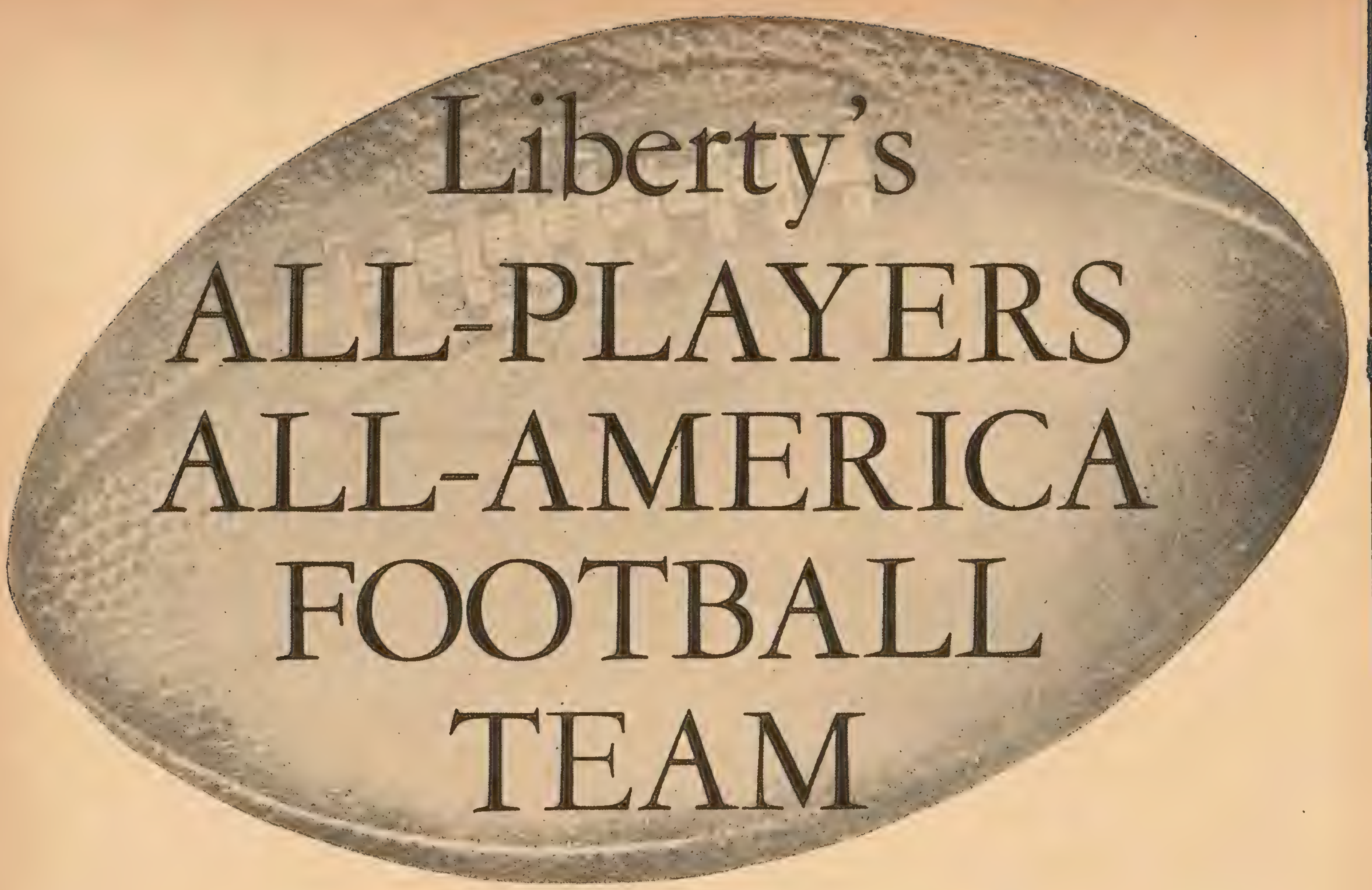
Vulgarity posing as virility. Dull details of a dipsomaniac in diapers.



Liberty's ALL-PLAYERS ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM

A Unique and Authoritative Selection . . . The Gridiron Greats of 1936, Chosen by Vote of the 1,498 Leading Candidates Themselves

by NORMAN L. SPER

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 57 SECONDS

HERE it is.

The All-America football team chosen by the football players themselves. One thousand four hundred and ninety-eight players from ninety-four major universities and colleges bring together the finest mythical aggregation that could possibly be assembled. This team was chosen by the players who saw service on the playing field in 879 football games during the season of 1936.

Every player from every major squad in every section of the United States was given equal consideration. Every time a major football game was played eleven players were judging their eleven opponents for All-America and All-Sectional honors.

After the last scheduled football game was played these "playing judges" recorded their individual opinions on a Liberty's All-Players All-America selection form, a form that takes into account every required fundamental necessary for each position on the eleven-man team. Guards were valued and rated on their speed, charging ability, their ability to diagnose opponents' plays, aggressiveness, and running interference if their team's system required it. Blocking and charging were other important functions judged. Tackles were judged by the same fundamentals. Fourteen essentials were rated for a quarterback; the fullback and halfbacks, twelve; the ends, nine; and the center, eight.

No one who has seen a football game can challenge the players' right to choose the eleven outstanding players of the nation, or the two alternate teams, or the all-sectional squads. Their judgment comes from actual bodily contact with the players they have chosen. No more than twenty players from each team did the picking. In recording their choice, and rating the required fundamentals, the players selected only members of teams they had actually competed against on the playing field during the season. They were not in the press box, nor on the players' bench, nor in the grandstand, second-guessing.

When players on opposing teams carried out their assignments, the playing judges knew it; when a defensive or offensive block was well timed and well directed, the playing judges knew it; when the ball carrier was tackled with the certainty that comes only to a finished performer, again the playing judges knew it. Everything that happened on the football field was, to them, firsthand knowledge. It was the 1,498 all-players' returns that recorded these facts—facts and figures that the writer has had the privilege of tabulating. No voice in this selection was his. He merely tabulated the returns.

It was of particular interest to note that the playing judges did not rate opponents primarily because they were on championship teams. If they deserved mention, regardless of whether they were on a team that lost, they were so honored. It was the individual's effort, not the final score, that mattered to these All-America selectors. Some teams are so evenly balanced that no one man rates better than another. It is the team working as a unit that makes them champions. Individually they may not be as good as the stars on losing squads. It is the efforts of the players as individuals that our 1,498 playing judges dissected and rewarded.

Each set of returns told a most unusual story. When players played beyond themselves in one game and then declined to just average in other games, the opponents'

1
5
8
2
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6
10
4
38
11
7

THE FIRST TEAM

1–RAY BUIVID, MARQUETTE–HALFBACK. 2–JAMES CAIN, WASHINGTON–HALFBACK. 3–EDWIN WIDSETH, MINNESOTA–TACKLE. 4–JOSEPH ROUTT, TEXAS A. AND M.–GUARD. 5–MARCEL CHESBRO, COLGATE – TACKLE. 6 – STEPHEN REID, NORTHWESTERN – GUARD. 7–SAM FRANCIS, NEBRASKA–FULLBACK. 8–CLARENCE PARKER, DUKE–QUARTERBACK. 9–GAYNELL TINSLEY, LOUISIANA STATE–END. 10–MICHAEL BASRAK, DUQUESNE–CENTER. 11–LAWRENCE KELLEY, YALE–END.

Photos by Acme, Wide World, and Pictures, Inc.

returns told that story. In the games where players excelled, opponents selected and rated them. In other games where they were "just" playing, their opponents' returns also showed it. They showed it by not recording their names nor judging their fundamentals. Instead, they selected players who stood out above the others for that position. It was the players who impressed their opponents with their exceptional ability every Saturday who ultimately won the All-Players All-America and All-Sectional honors.

The returns from the four intersectional opponents that Nebraska played clearly proved that Sam Francis, the Cornhuskers' powerful fullback, was outstanding. Minnesota, Pittsburgh, and his Oregon State opponents chose him unanimously. All the teams that played against him agreed with Minnesota, Pittsburgh, and Oregon State. Only one man on the Indiana team failed to register his section in the fullback's favor. Of the 127 opponents whose returns were received and tabulated, 126 rated him the best. This gave him a vote percentage of 99.2. His fundamental percentage was 94.51. In reaching a final percentage, the fundamental and vote percentages were added, then divided by two, giving a final total percentage of 96.85.

All these facts and figures mean this: that the Minnesota players, then men who competed against Washington, Texas, and Big Ten schools went on record favoring Sam Francis over all the other fullbacks they met during the season. The same held true with all of Nebraska's other opponents.

Holy Cross had a candidate in the field in Bill Osmanski. The Crusader's composite average was 93.67. This was not enough to overtake Francis, although the figures gave him an advantage over Dickens of Tennessee. The Mississippi returns pulled Dickens's average down. Only 50 per cent of the Mississippi players rated him. Macali of Temple earned the other 50 per cent. But Macali's average did not hold when the Iowa returns were totaled. Huffman of Indiana was up there with the leaders, as was Kurlish of Pennsylvania, Isbell of Purdue, and others.

The battle for quarterback honors was close. Ed Goddard of Washington State, who was the 1934 and 1935 choice, lost to "Ace" Parker of Duke and Sammy Baugh of Texas Christian.

Parker, the Dixie flash, led the field in vote and fundamental percentages. Every Colgate man but one rated him best. The other teams were equally high in praise of this quarterback, who was considered by his foes as the equal to a coach on the playing field.

SAMMY BAUGH, the Texas Christian forward-passing rifleman, was given an exceptionally high vote, but his fundamental average pulled him into second place. In analyzing his fundamental requisites, we found that in forward passing, every player who rated him gave him the highest honor, 100 per cent. It was in his ball-carrying (dodging and plunging) ability that he lost ground. The actual game records reveal that Baugh did not carry the ball in three games. In other games he made only two or three attempts to gain yardage through scrimmage. Goddard and Parker beat him in that department. Goddard had to be placed on the third team because his vote average was not as high as 1934 and 1935. Oregon State did not rate him as high as they did last year. The California players and the Oregon players split their selections.

There were other quarterbacks who gave the leaders much competition. Falaschi of Santa Clara was just nosed out, as was Sandbach of Princeton; Vanzo, Northwestern; Wilkinson, Minnesota; Riley, Alabama; and Dye of Ohio State.

The abundance of backfield stars made the final selection another tight one. Cain of Washington led the field, followed by Buivid of Marquette, Frank of Yale, Uram of Minnesota, Murray of Pennsylvania, and Haines, a teammate of Cain, in sixth place. It was Cain who impressed the Minnesota players. They were unanimous in their choice of him. So were the California, Oregon State, Idaho, and Washington State footballers. The other teams came through with a very high average. Cain was judged superior in blocking and plunging. He is a ball carrier who drives through his opposition. Haines, his teammate, who is an elusive type of runner, was not rated nor voted by the Minnesotans as high as Cain. Statistical figures ratify the California players' judgment, for they show that Cain carried the ball seventeen times and made a total of eighty-two yards for an average of 4.53 yards a play. Haines carried the ball eight times, made thirty-nine yards for an average of 3.50 yards a play. Haines lost eleven yards; Cain but five.

Buivid, Marquette sensation, whose dynamic play made that school's football team hot sport-page copy, was considered high by all the teams that played against him. St. Mary's and Creighton gave him 100 per cent in voting honors.

Frank, Yale's great backfield ace, was responsible for many of the passes caught by the elusive Kelley in his touchdown spree during that combination's gridiron antics. He was just barely aced out of first-team honors by the two leaders. Uram, Minnesota's top ball carrier, was shifted to the second team after the Nebraska and Wisconsin returns were tabulated. Both teams voted and rated him not quite high enough to place him above Cain and Buivid.

MURRAY, the Pennsylvania blocking back, had to give way to the other backs when Cornell's returns arrived. The Cornellians chose Frank of Yale unanimously and split their rating for the second halfback to the other backfield men they met.

La Rue of Pittsburgh and his teammate Goldberg seesawed. Only one Notre Dame player considered La Rue, while nine of them, which was 50 per cent, rated Goldberg. In the Nebraska game Goldberg was named by only one, while ten players showed preference for La Rue. Other teams held like views.

Jaeger, Colgate; Popovitch, Montana; Gray, Oregon State; Konemann, Georgia Tech; and Davis of Kentucky were all given high percentages.

Gaynell Tinsley, the Louisiana State end, and Ed Widseth, the tackle who is Minnesota's "seven blocks of granite," are repeaters from last year's honor team. The exploits of Tinsley, called the greatest terminal that ever came from the South, are almost solidly backed by his opponents, the men he met on the playing field. They voted him the highest percentage ever given an end. Not only is he Louisiana State's high scorer for the year, with forty-eight points to his credit, but his blocking and defensive play stood out.

In the Auburn game he aided his teammate, Milner, in scoring on a ninety-yard run. When the play started he blocked out two men at the line of scrimmage. He then raced past the whole field to block out the Auburn safety man. Every player rating him gave him an exceptionally high percentage.

Laughing Lucky Larry Kelley, Yale's "Dizzy" Dean, earned the other flank base on the mythical squad. This laughing Irishman, called by Damon Runyon "the storybook football player," was judged by his opponents as perfect in forward-pass reception and par excellent in speed. It was these two fundamentals plus his high vote average that gave him second spot. All those who rated him claimed that he did not reach par in blocking ability to cover punts and defense against a running attack. His high percentage in speed, receiving forward passes, and vote aggregate just barely gave him enough to nip Daddio of Pittsburgh from the first-team line-up.

Had Fordham given Daddio better than 65 per cent in vote percentage he would have overtaken "that man from Yale."

Wendt, Ohio State's end, fought it out with Bersak of North Carolina and King of Minnesota for the second-team place. The Pittsburgh, Notre Dame, and Illinois players pushed him ahead of his opponents. Harris of Iowa pressed King and Bersak hard, while Clark, Stanford's end candidate, was also given high percentage.

The two tackles who grace this year's team were standouts. They were second-timer Ed Widseth of Minnesota and Marcel Chesbro of Colgate, Widseth taking first honors from Chesbro by less than one half of 1 per cent. Widseth's total percentage was 93.92, with Chesbro coming up with a composite average of 93.56. Widseth received consideration from ninety-four of the 101 players who opposed him. Chesbro was rated the best eighty-nine times out of a possible ninety-eight. They both were almost equal in fundamental percentages.

Nebraska, Purdue, and Wisconsin gave Widseth their unanimous support. Nebraska voted Daniell of Pittsburgh as Widseth's companion for the first team, but they were not unanimous in their choice. Fordham and Notre Dame gave him about 86 per cent of their balloting. It was Purdue's top rating of Widseth over Franco that forged him ahead of the Fordham tackle. When the Pittsburgh ratings were tabulated the breach became wider. Hamrick, Ohio State, and Toll, Princeton, made the third team. Bond, Washington; Bjork, Oregon; Kinard, Mississippi; and Carroll of Louisiana State made up the first ten tackles. Nevers of Kentucky gave the All-Southern tackles a stiff battle. Kevorkian, Harvard; Dennerlein, St. Mary's; and Eriksen, Army, were well mentioned.

Routt, Texas A. & M.'s All-America guard, received a better average than any other player for that position. His nearest competitor, who was chosen as his team companion, was Steve Reid, Northwestern's mainstay at guard.

Only two of his opponents failed to record Routt on the All-Players blanks. Coupling his vote percentage with his fundamental average set him ahead of Reid. Iowa and Notre Dame brought Reid's vote percentage below Routt's. His composite average, however, was sufficient to place him ahead of White of Alabama and Starcevich of Washington. California, Oregon, and Minnesota put the Washington guard out of first-team running. No one on the Minnesota team gave him support.

Lautar, Notre Dame; and Pierce, Fordham, made up the third set of guards. Pittsburgh and Wisconsin lowered Lautar's average. Southern Methodist neglected to account for Fordham's Pierce. Montgomery, Princeton; Bassi, Santa Clara; Smith, Ohio State; Kordick, St. Mary's; Luciano, Holy Cross; Burmeister, Purdue; and Henrion of Carnegie Tech were other deserving guards.

The East led the nation in great centers produced this year. Five of the best ten pivot men were in Atlantic Coast schools. The battle for first-place honors was between Wojciechowicz, Fordham, and "Big Mike" Basrak of Duquesne, Basrak winning out because of his greater fundamental averages. The ratings that the Southern Methodist and Purdue players gave "Wojjy" brought him down to the second team. The Pittsburgh players thought Wojciechowicz's work against them was better than Basrak's efforts, but even that was not enough to overcome the lead of "Iron Mike," the Duquesne Giant Killer. Herwig of California would have passed the two Eastern centers had his vote percentage from Oregon, U. C. L. A., and Oregon State been higher. Hinkle, Vanderbilt; Stewart, Louisiana State; Myers, Kentucky, followed in that order. Moore of Colorado earned seventh place; while Ray, Dartmouth; Hauze, Pennsylvania; and Mautner, Holy Cross, were eighth, ninth, and tenth.

There they are. The nation's outstanding football players. They are the players' choice.

THE END

All-Players All-America Second and Third and All-Sectional Teams

THE SECOND TEAM			THE THIRD TEAM	
Daddio	Pittsburgh	End	King	Minnesota
Franco	Fordham	Tackle	Hamrick	Ohio State
White	Alabama	Guard	Lautar	Notre Dame
Wojciechowicz	Fordham	Center	Herwig	California
Starcevich	Washington	Guard	Pierce	Fordham
Daniell	Pittsburgh	Tackle	Toll	Princeton
Wendt	Ohio State	End	Bersak	N. Carolina
Baugh	Texas Chr.	Quarter	Goddard	Wash. State
Frank	Yale	Half	Murray	Pennsylvania
Uram	Minnesota	Half	Haines	Washington
Osmanski	Holy Cross	Full	Dickens	Tennessee

HONORABLE MENTION

ENDS: Clark, Stanford; Giannoni, St. Mary's (California); Hibbs, U. S. C.; Peters, Washington; Green, Idaho; Unger, Colorado; Mulleneaux, Utah State; Bunker, Utah State; McDonough, Utah; Cara, North Carolina State; King, Furman; Willys, Maryland; McDonald, Nebraska; Hafeli, Washington University (Mo.); Nelson, Missouri; Harris, Iowa; Kovatch, Northwestern; Antil, Minnesota; Boglassky, Detroit; Jordan, Georgia Tech; Gelatka, Mississippi State; Eaves, Auburn; Roach, Texas Christian; Benton, Arkansas; Dewell, Southern Methodist; O'Donnell, Holy Cross; Stromberg, Army; Holland, Cornell; Walls, Texas Christian; Kelker, Western Reserve; Paquin, Fordham; Ritchko, Colgate; Dunney, N. Y. U.

TACKLES: Kevorkian, Harvard; Docherty, Temple; Shinn, Pennsylvania; Ferrara, Navy; Moncewicz, Holy Cross; Moss, Tulane; Kinard, Mississippi; Carroll, Louisiana State; Crawford, Tennessee; Nevers, Kentucky; Robinson, V. P. I.; Parry, Baylor; Frankie, Rice; Young, Texas A. & M.; Van Sickle, Arkansas; Bond, Washington; Bjork, Oregon; Dennerlein, St. Mary's (California); McGee, Santa Clara; Shirey, Nebraska; Brown, Oklahoma; Fena, Denver; Schleckman, Utah; Mathews, Utah State; Brunansky, Duke; Bugg, North Carolina State; Chapman, Tulsa; Shoenbaum, Ohio State; Matisi, Pittsburgh; Steinkemper, Notre Dame; Gibson, Northwestern; Golemengeske, Wisconsin; Nolan, Arizona; Erikson, Army.

GUARDS: Holland, Kansas State; Bock, Iowa State; Ahrens, Oklahoma; Smith, Ohio State; Burmeister, Purdue; Kuhn, Illinois; Dahlgren, Michigan State; Schultz, Minnesota; Tinsley, Georgia; FitzSimmons, Georgia Tech; Gantt, Auburn; Scottino, Southern Methodist; Harrison, Texas Christian; Luciano, Holy Cross; Glassford, Pittsburgh; Montgomery, Princeton; Drobnitch, Denver; Peterson, Utah State; Atkinson, Utah; Farley, V. M. I.; Johnson, Davidson; Berry, Washington & Lee; Power, Duke; Barnhardt, Greeley State; Cole, Dartmouth; Gaffney, Harvard; Smith, Army; Kordick, St. Mary's (California); Strack, Oregon State; Sargent, U. C. L. A.; Radovitch, U. S. C.; Bassi, Santa Clara; Oldershaw, Santa Barbara State; Henrion, Carnegie Tech; Ard of Rice.

CENTERS: Moore, Colorado; Hill, Duke; Jones, V. P. I.; Conkright, Oklahoma; Brock, Nebraska; Betty, Missouri; Sayre, Illinois; Svendson, Minnesota; Hinkle, Vanderbilt; Stewart, Louisiana State; Myers, Kentucky; Gilbert, Auburn; Reynolds, Baylor; Sprague, Southern Methodist; Ray, Dartmouth; Hauze, Pennsylvania; Cherundolo, Penn State; Cullinan, Princeton; Matasovic, Montana; Mautner, Holy Cross.

QUARTERBACKS: Frye, Missouri; Vanzo, Northwestern; Guepe, Marquette; Wilkinson, Minnesota; Riley, Alabama; Sandbach, Princeton; Robbins, Arkansas; Crass, Louisiana State; Meyer, Army; Elverson, Pennsylvania; Falaschi, Santa Clara; Coffis, Stanford; Manders, Drake; Dye, Ohio State; Kilgore, Auburn; Smith, Bucknell; Davis, U. S. C.; Call, Utah; Hitchcock, Auburn; White, Colorado.

HALFBACKS: Gray, Oregon State; Popovich, Montana; Sill, St. Mary's (California); Yeager, Santa Barbara State; Ryan, Utah State; Johnson, Denver; Lafferty, Davidson; Hackney, Duke; Hutchins, North Carolina; Cardwell, Nebraska; Martin, Coe; Cleveland, Kansas State; Simmons, Iowa; Drake, Purdue; Schoen, Baldwin-Wallace; White, Tulsa; Konemann, Georgia Tech; Davis, Kentucky; Mattis, Tulane; Reed, Louisiana State; Russell, Baylor; Neill, Texas Tech; Friedman, Rice; Finley, Southern Methodist; Braumbaugh, Duquesne; Jaeger, Colgate; La Rue, Pittsburgh; Goldberg, Pittsburgh; Ingram, Navy; Luckman, Columbia; Gintoff, Boston College; Stopper, Villanova; Funk, U. C. L. A.; Byrne, Loyola (L. A.); Pavelko, Santa Clara; Blaisdell, Redlands; Bryan, Tulane; Kilgrow, Alabama; Wilcox, Creighton; Heap, Northwestern; Wilkie, Notre Dame; Pollard, North Dakota; Albanese, Syracuse; Elder, Kansas State.

FULLBACKS: Williams, U. C. L. A.; Peterson, University San Francisco; Karamatic, Gonzaga; Merriman, Greeley State; Guckeyson, Maryland; Huffman, Indiana; Jankowski, Wisconsin; Isbell, Purdue; Johnson, Kentucky; Ogee, Vanderbilt; Wolfe, Texas; Kurlish, Pennsylvania; Handrahan, Dartmouth; Macali, Temple; Tuckey, Manhattan; Kolberg, Oregon State; Meek, California; Danbom, Notre Dame; Folger, Clemson.

ALL-SECTIONAL TEAMS

ALL-SOUTHWEST			ALL-ROCKY MOUNTAIN	
Roach	Texas Chr.	End	Mulleneaux	Utah State
Parry	Baylor	Tackle	Fena	Denver
Routt	Texas A. & M.	Guard	Peterson	Utah State
Reynolds	Baylor	Center	Moore	Colorado
Scottino	South. Meth.	Guard	Drobnitch	Denver
Van Sickle	Arkansas	Tackle	Schleckman	Utah
Benton	Arkansas	End	Unger	Colorado
Baugh	Texas Chr.	Quarter	White	Colorado
Neill	Texas Tech	Half	Ryan	Utah State
Robbins	Arkansas	Half	Johnson	Denver
Wolfe	Texas	Full	Merriman	Greeley State

ALL-EAST			ALL-SOUTHERN CONFERENCE	
Daddio	Pittsburgh	End	Bersak	N. Carolina
Chesbro	Colgate	Tackle	Brunansky	Duke
Montgomery	Princeton	Guard	Farley	V. M. I.
Basrak	Duquesne	Center	Hill	Duke
Pierce	Fordham	Guard	Johnson	Davidson
Franco	Fordham	Tackle	Bugg	N. C. State
Kelley	Yale	End	King	Furman
Sandbach	Princeton	Quarter	Parker	Duke
Frank	Yale	Half	Lafferty	Davidson
Murray	Pennsylvania	Half	Hutchins	N. Carolina
Osmanski	Holy Cross	Full	Guckeyson	Maryland

ALL-SOUTHEAST			ALL-MIDWEST	
Tinsley	Louisiana S.	End	Wendt	Ohio State
Kinard	Mississippi	Tackle	Widseth	Minnesota
FitzSimmons	Georgia Tech	Guard	Reid	Northwestern
Hinkle	Vanderbilt	Center	Sayre	Illinois
White	Alabama	Guard	Lautar	Notre Dame
Carroll	Louisiana S.	Tackle	Hamrick	Ohio State
Eaves	Auburn	End	King	Minnesota
Riley	Alabama	Quarter	Vanzo	Northwestern
Konemann	Georgia Tech	Half	Buivid	Marquette
Davis	Kentucky	Half	Uram	Minnesota
Dickens	Tennessee	Full	Huffman	Indiana

ALL-PACIFIC COAST			ALL-MISSOURI VALLEY	
Clark	Stanford	End	Hafeli	Wash. Univ.
Bond	Washington	Tackle	Shirey	Nebraska
Starcevich	Washington	Guard	Holland	Kansas State
Herwig	California	Center	Conkright	Oklahoma
Bassi	Santa Clara	Guard	Bock	Iowa State
Bjork	Oregon	Tackle	Brown	Oklahoma
Giannoni	St. Mary's	End	McDonald	Nebraska
Goddard	Wash. State	Quarter	Frye	Missouri
Cain	Washington	Half	Elder	Kansas State
Haines	Washington	Half	Cardwell	Nebraska
Williams	U. C. L. A.	Full	Francis	Nebraska

GEORGE VI

What Will His Influence Be Upon His Empire and the World?

A Look at the Suddenly Changed Future Which Looms with the Coming of a New Ruler of 500,000,000 People Who Calls Himself "a Very Ordinary Person"

by FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

WHEN the new Queen of England entered the royal nursery to break the great news that Albert Frederick Arthur George, her husband and the father of her children, had that day succeeded to the throne, she was pardonably proud. But shrewd, knowing ten-year-old Princess Elizabeth was not impressed. Looking up from her studies, she asked the question all the world was asking:

"How about Uncle David?"

Out of the mouth of her own babe and suckling, in the first moment of her triumph, England's beloved "smiling duchess" learned what it meant to begin a reign which, no matter if it were as long as Victoria's and as popular as George V's, would always remain an epilogue to romance.

Outside those nursery windows British skies, in abdication mood, hung like a shroud over the fog-drenched pavements of Piccadilly. A damp penetrating cold hurried London on its bewildered way.

In those scurrying crowds there were folk whose eyes had found a rift in those weeping clouds—a rift through which were shining colors too seldom glimpsed in modern skies: the true blue of devotion and the soft rose of romance.

Millions of men and women on thousands of streets were seeing that rift in the lowering clouds. Boys and girls, robbed by a panic of the money-changers from seeking their rightful destiny in matrimony and parenthood; men and women past forty who had come to think that love and happiness were not for them; an overwhelming percentage of those half billion people of every nationality and clime who listened tear-choked to Edward's ringing farewell, "God bless you all! God save the King!"—the great mass of human beings everywhere were standing straighter, walking faster, smiling more confidently because a king, and such a king, was facing the world for love.

Clerks, shopgirls, youths with untroubled vision, mature men and women with renewed faith were witnessing on the world's stage a love idyl as deeply significant as Abélard and Héloïse, as deeply tender as Romeo and Juliet, as deeply moving as Lancelot and Elaine.

Forced to choose between a woman and a throne, the mightiest of modern monarchs was choosing "the woman I love."

"Never," wrote one eloquent observer, "did gallant knight bestow a comparable guerdon upon the lady of his choice."

To sentiments such as this—and the press of the world has been filled with them—few will withhold a hearty "Amen!" Especially should Englishmen and Englishwomen everywhere—in the street, at the window, yes, in the pulpit and on the throne—echo this agreement. For no man alive deserves better of the English people than this young-old King of Romance who would rather marry the woman he loves than sit a throne.

Queen Mary, in her message to the empire, expressed the hope that "you will ever keep a grateful remembrance of him in your hearts." Well she might hope that, and say it, too.

In the troubled days that followed the peace, when the king's overseas dominions were all too ready to leave the Union Jack, it is not too much to say that Edward and Edward alone saved the day for England. To Australia, to Canada, to India he went, selling the British Empire to itself, and selling it successfully.

The throne which he renounced was not so much the throne of his ancestors: it was his own throne, salvaged by his own hands from the world's wreck.

For this reason, which in the rush no one seems to have remembered, his sacrifice must have been all the more keen. But—we have his own words for it—there were apparently compensating factors other than the happiness he hoped to find in the arms of the woman he loved.

One was "the sure knowledge" that his brother, with his long training and fine qualities, would be able to take his place "without interruption or injury to the life and progress of the empire."

Viewed in this light, as an aid to Edward's resolve and not merely a recipient of his bounty, the slim, shy, sedate young man who was the Duke of York and is now George VI, King of England, takes on a new interest.

He will be compared, of course, to his more popular brother, and not always to his advantage. That is one of the handicaps he is facing in coming to the throne at this time. His chief physical asset, from a popularity standpoint, is his resemblance to his father. Paint a beard on a photograph of the new George and you have the old George when he ascended the throne.

I recall a conversation I once had on this point with an old bespectacled cockney, whom I found sitting on the curb in front of a haberdasher's at the foot of St. James's Street. Sensing a character, I sat down beside him.

"I see the Prince is at home," I began, indicating the two red-coated, fur-hatted sentries—instead of one—who were guarding the palace gate across the way.

The old fellow's face lit up, as every Englishman's did when you mentioned Edward of Wales.

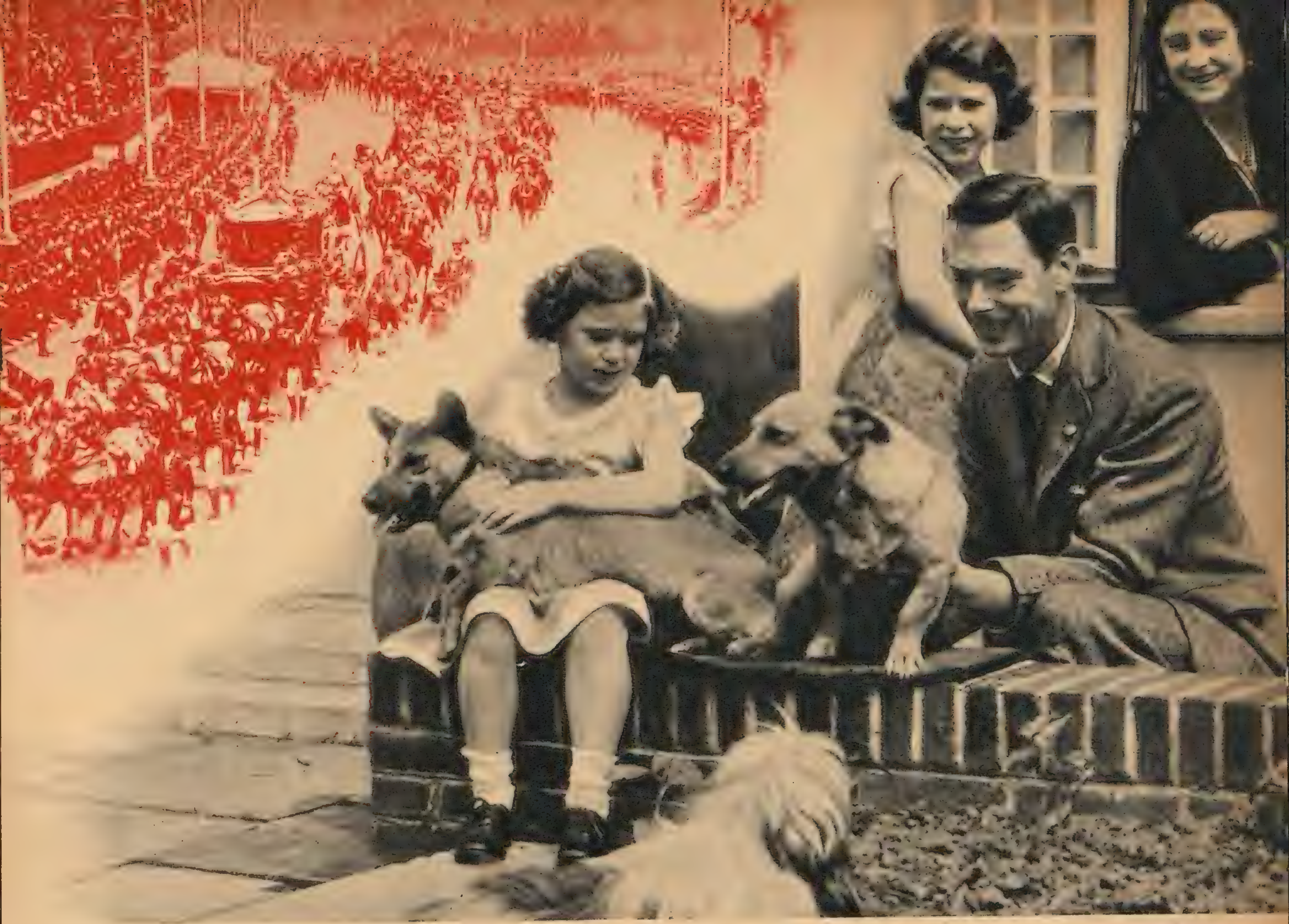
"The Prince, you say! 'Ave yer seen 'im?"

I assured him that I had seen him, and thought he was one of the most charming young men I had ever met. Then I asked him about the Duke of York.

"Well," he said, "I'll tell yer. The Duke, 'e ain't so much to look at as the Prince, but I'm comin' ter think 'e's a lot like 'is father. I 'ave a mate w'at was in the navy with the old 'un, when 'e was the Duke of York, and it seems 'e was a kinder soppy-lookin' young feller, but w'en 'e put on the gloves, 'e was just as good as the best of 'em."

The new king, incidentally, is a much better boxer than Edward!

He plays a better game of tennis, too, and—if this is any consolation to Mr. Baldwin—he rides to hounds only with the strictest decorum and without taking undue risks. These and grouse shooting and a little golf con-



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"God bless you all! God save the King!" . . . and here is George VI, with his Queen, Princess Elizabeth (behind him), and Princess Margaret Rose—and in prospect a coronation, procession and all, like that of George V.

stitute his chief outdoor interests. But he is a "nut" on mechanics. He likes nothing better in the world than to get under the hood of "the old iron," as he calls his Rolls-Royce, to break in a refractory magneto or a recalcitrant carburetor.

It is not surprising, with his mechanical trend, that he excelled during the war as a turret officer in the navy—was mentioned in dispatches after the Battle of Jutland—and, after a long period of invalidism, re-enlisted in the Air Force, where he insisted on earning his commission not by the royal favor but by the actual flying tests required of other candidates.

ONE day at Croydon, during the last weeks of the war, an Air Force mechanic was discovered tuning up a big Avro machine—a DH-9, to be exact—without thought for a date he had at the near-by canteen. Reproached by the datee, he replied:

"I'm busy for a bit. Bertie's going mooching round the 'ousetops this afternoon."

And mooching Bertie went—although, without disrespect, it can safely be said that he did not care for the experience. He has none of the flair for flying that possesses Edward to the point of an obsession. But he emerged from the test with his junior officer's commission.

That the new king is capable of grim determination was shown again in the peacetime battle he put up against his stammering.

At first this impediment did not concern him much. People wait on royal words, even if they are a long time coming out. But as his father's health failed and his older brother's time was increasingly in demand, it became his duty to make public appearances. He became the royal inspector of airplane factories and rolling mills and the royal greeter of lesser official visitors like Haile Selassie—a sort of pinch hitter on the Windsor team. He didn't play any regular position. Usually he warmed the bench. But when he was needed he was expected to hit the ball hard and far. He could not make good on these assignments unless he could make a speech, and he couldn't make a good speech if he displayed a painful stutter. So, four hours a day for more than a year, he worked with a voice culturist until he managed, by speaking very slowly, to eradicate, except in moments of great excitement, his embarrassing affliction.

His subjects might never have known that their king stutters if he had not had, as president of the British Empire Exposition at Wembley, the misfortune to talk for several minutes into a microphone which was "dead." Discovering his predicament just as the electricians succeeded in putting him on the air, he amazed a listening empire by shouting excitedly:

"The d-d-d-damned thing doesn't work!"

"I am a very ordinary person," the new king once said of himself, "when people leave me alone."

Perhaps, in those modest, self-deprecatory words, he gives the basic reason why he, and not his colorful brother, now sits on the throne. He is the type of character the British love to hold up to the gaze of the world a plain Englishman, a solid family man, a painstaking public servant. These, I think, were the "fine qualities" to which Edward himself referred in his generous farewell tribute to his brother and which he had in mind long ago when he said of this shy, well disposed, amiable young Britisher:

"He would make a better king than I."

That he married the one girl in the United Kingdom that the people most wished him to marry—since Edward showed no signs of doing anything of the kind!—also contributes immeasurably to his qualifications.

They met, Lady Betty and the Duke, at romantic Glammis Castle, hereditary seat of the Earls of Strathmore, scene of Macbeth. Three times the second son of the King and Queen of England proposed to the little Scottish "commoner." Twice he was refused. The third time, while they were riding through Birnam Woods, he was accepted. His explanation was simple and characteristic:

"I am always lucky on horseback."

So they were married in Westminster Abbey with all the pomp and ceremony dear to British hearts, and settled down to the life of the average well-to-do English family, living quietly at first in a combination city and country house, a big Georgian structure in the center of Richmond Park, called White Lodge.

As the family increased and parliamentary grants became more generous, they moved into town to their recent home at 145 Piccadilly. Later they acquired Naseby Hall in Northamptonshire and Birk Hall in Aberdeenshire. Otherwise, prosperity brought no change. The Duchess employed the same kitchen staff, which moved with her from home to home: instead of a chef, a woman cook, who received ten pounds a month; one kitchenmaid at five pounds; two second kitchenmaids at four pounds; one vegetable maid at three pound ten; and one scullery maid at two pound eighteen.

Compared with his grandfather's sixteen courses, the Duke of York's meals, as provided by his Scotch wife, were frugally simple: at luncheon, an egg dish, fish or meat, a sweet; at dinner, fish, roast and vegetables, salad in a curved dish on the side, and that strange British concoction, a savory. The family's favorite dish was mixed grill served on a skewer—chop, kidney, roll of bacon, mushroom, and chipolata sausage. Their favorite drink was cocoa; although the Duke did sometimes step out with a bottle of beer and plate of onions at bedtime.

ON all this simplicity and frugality—except, perhaps, the beer!—Queen Mary beamed.

"Thank God," said Mary, "she's not one of those modern girls!"

The devout queen may have meant that Elizabeth Angela Marguerite Bowes-Lyon had a charming, feminine, Old World loveliness which shone through her deep blue eyes and infectious smile—for all that and more is true of her.

More likely Queen Mary was rejoicing that her daughter-in-law's glowing color came from the winds of the eastern Highlands and not from a French make-up box; that her dark eyebrows were still where nature planted them; that her nails were neatly filed but never polished; that her laughing lips were stained neither by nicotine nor lipstick; that her hands were quick at needlecraft and housewifery; that she preferred flat shoes and pleated skirts; and that her first question, when she confronted a tradesman, was:

"What does it cost?"

That she was, in short, the exact antithesis of Wallis Warfield Simpson.

For, without taking sides, it should be noted that Elizabeth is as unlike Edward's fiancée as her husband is unlike Edward. The differences—which, from the British view, are all to the advantage of the new king and queen—are irreconcilable. In the case of a woman aspiring to be queen, they have proved themselves insuperable.

The chief obstacle in Wallis Simpson's path to the throne, aside from British clerics' almost fanatical opposition to her as a divorcee, was the very existence in the royal circle of this buxom, red-cheeked, simple-living wife and mother—the Englishman's ideal queen.

Wife and mother! Yes, it was with the coming of little Princess Elizabeth that the York family's triumph was complete. England, rich and powerful under her great queens, envisaged another reign as stirring as that other Elizabeth's, as serene as Victoria's. Even Edward, who had always called the Duchess of York "Queen Elizabeth," now transferred that sobriquet to her golden-haired child; and the sentimental British public, which had not been able to let itself go during the long years of Edward's bachelorhood, poured out its pent-up affection on the attractive baby.

WILD tales were told of her life, her sayings, her remarkable precocity; but as a matter of fact, Lilybet, as the young princess promptly christened herself, and Margaret Rose, the second girl child to bless the union, are exceedingly normal children and have led exceedingly normal lives. Mrs. Jones, old family retainer of the Strathmores, who brought up the new queen, has been in direct charge of the children's welfare, superintended not only by their mother but—very actively indeed—by their grandmother, Queen Mary. She it is who has seen to it that there is always a fat chicken in the pot for the youngsters' chicken tea, and that the roasts prepared for the staff are pricked with a fork when they are three quarters done to let out juice for the princesses' supper.

Which brings us back to the royal nursery and the future Queen Elizabeth's searching question: "How about Uncle David?"

Well, Lilybet, as to your Uncle David's private life, he has earned, if ever a man did, the right to keep it private. As to his public life, I make only one prediction: it is not finished.

It is not within the bounds of probability that the two most beloved men of their generation, Edward David Windsor and Charles Augustus Lindbergh, will be permitted to remain for long voluntary exiles from their native lands.

A famous British politician once said to me that the worst thing that could happen to his country would be to have a king with ideas.

No one can say that Edward did not have ideas, and ideas of a most advanced sort. For 325 memorable days he put these ideas into operation. Edwardian modernity was in the saddle. Now, to change the figure, England has turned back the clock.

But even Englishmen cannot make the sands of time stand still indefinitely. Time does march on! Given health, Edward Windsor will see Stanley Baldwin, sixty-nine, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, seventy-three, go to their graves. With them, as is inevitable with the generations, will die many of the ideas and institutions for which they stand. But the British people will still live, and will still need, if it is to hold together its far-flung empire, the same qualities of personal tact and statesmanlike diplomacy with which Edward has served it for a quarter of a century.

When that time comes, as it surely must, Edward should still be a young man as public men go, especially in England. As First Citizen, perhaps as Prime Minister, he can come back and really rule the empire.

Not that he needs any such return to round out his amazing career.

As king, he might have amounted, under the constitutional system of government, to little more than the long line of complaisant gentlemen who had preceded him on the throne. As Prime Minister, his career might still be anticlimaxed by the bitterness of political strife and the machinations of political intrigue.

Thrones may totter. Parliaments may fall. But faith and honor and loyalty endure. As the king who gave up his kingdom for the woman he loved, Edward Windsor's place in history is secure!

THE END

Get Your Breakfast-Table News the Night Before!

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Don't Miss Liberty's New Radio Feature!

The PERFECT MATE

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

by

ANNE WORMSER

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

ERNEST MALTBY was going to leave his wife. . . . The sun shone warmly golden across the steps of the comfortable cabin where he, Josephine, and the two children had been spending their customary two weeks' vacation. The soft green of the surrounding woods soothed his eye. Inside, Babe and Georgie chattered amiably as they helped their mother with the packing, with cleaning up after the lunch that had been so cleverly contrived to use up the last remnants of food in the larder.

It was, he told himself grimly, the only thing to do.

Maybe he was childish, maybe he was petty. Maybe he was of the stuff that comic strips are made. The fact remained, grew more brutally clear by the minute. A man cannot live out his life with a woman who is always right.

Josephine was always right, and infuriatingly tactful about her victories.

First, she'd been right about his business. In 1929 he'd made a lucky pass at the market, and had been all for taking a larger and chancier fling with the returns; but Josephine had argued with him sweetly, endlessly, until he'd done what she wanted instead. He'd set up his own business—household electrical equipment—and right through lean years had done very well indeed. The stock he had wanted to buy had vanished completely, and his old company had subsequently laid off every salesman but one.

She'd been right about investments. He'd been frantic to buy a piece of the city's one co-operative apartment house; but Josephine had held out for a house in the suburbs. As time went on, the apartment house, once the very symbol of swank, had become down-at-the-heel, quite unsalable. Their house, on the other hand, kept in the absolute acme of perfection by Josephine, could this minute be sold for considerably more than he had paid.

She'd been right about servants, right about schools, right about clothes. All of which was fair enough. But, damn it all, she *didn't* have to know that a Quill Gordon size 10 dry would intrigue a trout that had flirted boredly past his reliable bucktail.

And yesterday had been the last straw, the ultimate insufferable touch of omniscience. He'd fished all morning, had come in hot and tired. Josephine had coaxed him to take a dip and lie down a few minutes before eating. He'd said, "No; I'm hungry now." She'd answered, agreeably firm, "You'll be sick."

He had eaten then, and he'd been sick. Very sick. So sick that he'd said to Josephine—as she ministered to him gently, kindly, without a shadow of an I-told-you-so—in a bitterness wrung from him by his anguish: "You win again. When it comes to the place where a man's wife knows more about his own stomach than he does—"

There'd been kind of a funny expression on her face as she looked down on him.

He'd had enough. This time he was going through with it.

He got up, carried the bags out on the porch. Caleb wouldn't want to be kept waiting. There was to be just easy time to catch the accommodation train that wandered listlessly through the village once a day.

THREE thirty came. Quarter of four. No Caleb. Babe said, "Won't we miss the train, mother?"

Josephine looked puzzled. "I can't think what's keeping him.

"I went over it so carefully with him," Josephine went on in a worried voice. "So we'd have time to stop at the store and tell them about the mail, and all. He's so *dumb*. That business of never opening his head—you never know whether he's understanding what you want or not."

There was silence. It was four o'clock.

"I told him over and over," Josephine repeated. "Not a minute later than three thirty Thursday."

"Thursday?" Ernest yelled. "Today's *Wednesday*."

The children stared, mouths open. Ernest glared around angrily. Then he saw Josephine's face.

Her hand was at her mouth, her eyes wide, her forehead contorted into an expression of utter dismay. Today was Wednesday! Josephine—*Josephine*—hadn't known the day of the week.

"*Well*," he said, on a great breath. "I guess it's time I got busy."

He took command.

Josephine hovered meekly in the background, speaking rarely and placatingly. Once he thought what a pretty kid she was—so slim and quick, different from the other wives he knew. When all was said and done, he *had* been half-witted to eat that lunch.

His sense of well-being grew. The last hours of camp were always nicest—when you were sort of hating to go and yet thinking how swell it would be to be back in civilization again.

At three thirty the next day Caleb drew up in his thunderous flivver and greeted them with his customary wordless grimace. They piled in, laughing, Ernest thumping the bags down competently in the back.

They drew up at the general store in a hilarious mood. Some one had to leave their forwarding address. Josephine turned around from the front seat.

"I can get out lots easier than any one else," she offered.

Ernest said, "Well, all right."

Caleb turned around from the wheel and watched the three of them with his wide owlish eyes. And then, to Ernest's amazement, he made a remark.

"Women is notionate," he said reflectively. "Tellin' me one day, then tearin' over in the sun to say she'd ruther go the next. Didn't have no reason, she said. 'Twas just a notion," he added, mild scorn manifest.

Thoughts whirled in Ernest's head. Day before yesterday, while he was sick, while he was lying on his bed of pain, she was plotting—

Said she didn't have no reason. He choked. Josephine with no reason. Her reason—he saw it all now. She'd have to be right—know everything—even that he planned to leave her—how to stop him.

She came out the door of the store, ran lightly down the steps. "Let's eat peanuts on the train," she said with a giggle, producing a large bag. "It seems so suitable on an 'accommodation.' Besides, we'll probably be hungry before we get there."

Ernest looked at her steadily. It wouldn't, naturally, have occurred to her that Caleb would, for some unfathomable reason, pick this moment to break the silence of fifty-odd years. She'd thought she was safe in her plot—her plot to keep him.

Her plot to keep him! Why, that's what she wanted. To keep him. She was ready to do anything—go to any lengths: prove her fallibility to the most complete and foolish extent!

His chest swelled out gently. He leaned back. A man that inspired that sort of devotion— "Sure we will," he said, and smiled at her. "You're right—as usual."

THE END

READING TIME
14 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

SAVAGE

How Long Will We

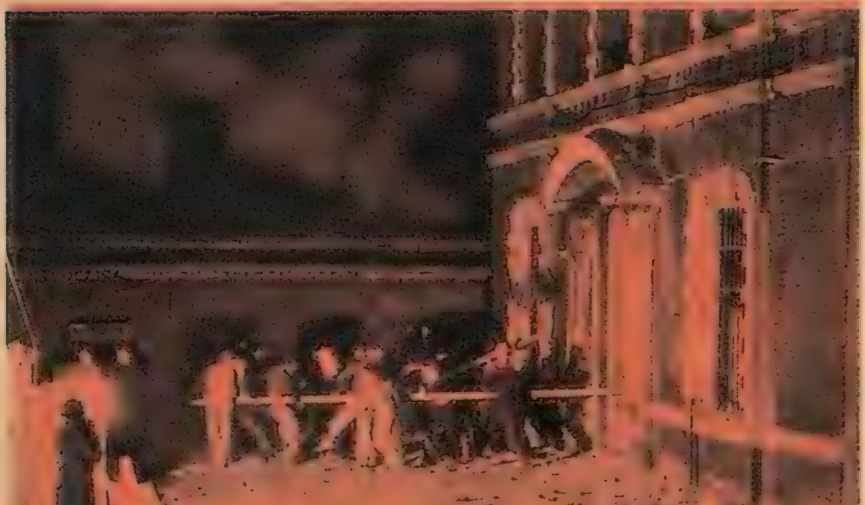
A Terrifying Revelation of Atrocities and These Things Go On in the

IT'S a brutal world just now. Nazis in Germany have been beating and hectoring Jews to death; and in one wild night Hitler removed all dangerous rivals in his own party by the process of execution without trial. The Russian Communists, for political effect only, have of late shot in the back sixteen men alleged to be adherents of Trotsky. Fascist rebels in Spain have been massacring Communists and anarchists wherever found, while the wild Reds who fringe the forces of the republic have been murdering royalists and priests. We Americans hold up our hands in horror.

That is, we do when we are at home. When we try it abroad, the gesture is not quite so convincing. Mention these national barbarisms to a Russian, a German, or a Spaniard, and he responds, in effect: "Oh, yes—and what about your lynchings?" And here the American is forced to sputter and stop.

For the charge is true. We do lynch in this country. It is of no use to tell the European that the people who commit this crime against the law and civilization represent an infinitesimally small minority in these law-abiding, peace-loving United States. He knows only that it happens—that gangs of morons, using hypocritically the name of justice, hang men without benefit of trial, shoot them to pieces, at times inflict upon them such barbarities as Europe has not known since the days of the medieval torture chambers.

Consistently, in good times and bad, we have permitted a small element to perpetrate this defiance of justice and bring upon us our chief national reproach. I say "permitted," since killing a man without legal trial because you believe him guilty of a capital crime is as much a murder in the eyes of the law as killing him because you want his money or his wife. If we should go at lynching as drastically as we went at kidnaping, we could eliminate it in two or three years. But instead of stamping on this rattlesnake, we have been pampering it. After the atrocity is over, a coroner's jury or a grand jury investigates and usually returns a verdict of "death at the hands of unknown parties." If the case comes to indictment, the jury returns a verdict of guilty only once in a blue moon. The actual lynching is the work of that uncivilized fringe which plagues every community. But our mistaken tenderness for lynchers stands as a reproach to us all.



The camera clicks as "boys, led by two or three men who know just where they are going," batter in the steel door of the San Jose jail and seize Holmes and Thurmond.

Since 1882 we have had more than 5,000 recorded lynchings in the United States. Except for a little tier along the northeastern seacoast, no state has escaped. "Recorded lynchings," I have said. It is a certainty that many—some say the majority—have, by connivance in the community, utterly escaped the attention of the newspapers and the state authorities.

True, the lynching rate has declined during the past decade. In 1932, indeed, we thought we were nearly finished with it. We had only ten known lynchings that year. Then in 1933 the score rose again to twenty-eight. But in 1930, when, so far as the records show, we committed this crime only twenty-one times, we had at least forty-four attempted lynchings foiled by brave or astute policemen. It is the officers of the law who are growing more civilized, not the men who compose our mobs.

In the year 1933, when lynching blazed up again, California, for example, took a backward step. Every well read American knows of the First and Second Vigilance Committees in pioneer San Francisco, the lynchings in the gold diggings of '49. Those camps swarmed with thieves, footpads, and gentlemen who had left the East between two days. Law was nonexistent or imperfectly enforced. Only drastic example would keep order and protect life and property. But there was no such excuse for the lynching of Holmes and Thurmond at San Jose, and indeed not even the modern excuse of "a backward community." Santa Clara County, of which San Jose is the seat, ranks as a center of light and learning.

Holmes and Thurmond had kidnaped young Brooke Hart. The G-men and the police caught Thurmond in the act of telephoning a demand for ransom. He confessed. It was not one of those suspicious confessions extorted by the torture of a mob indulging its pleasure in cruelty. He and Holmes had knocked Hart over the head and dropped his weighted body into San Francisco Bay. When, a fortnight later, the corpse floated ashore, neither of these exceptionally cold-blooded murderers stood a Chinaman's chance of escaping the gallows.

AMERICA Stand for These Horrors?

Unparalleled Anywhere in the World — U. S. A.

by WILL IRWIN

It was San Jose's bad luck that the body came to light during a week end. On Sunday afternoon the speakeasies were crowded. According to the best available testimony, a youth of eighteen years went from bar to bar stirring up the mob spirit. Holmes's mother, making a pathetic attempt to save her wicked son, had told a reporter that he was " always queer." That served as a selling point—" He's going to get off on a plea of insanity." Drunks, half-drunks, and mere boys caught the spirit of the occasion and followed the callow young leader to the county jail. Girls ran beside them, giving a soprano note to the sinister snarl of a mob.

" If you hadn't known what it was all about, you'd have taken it for a high-school party. Most of them weren't yet dry behind the ears," wrote a citizen of Santa Clara County in a letter.

The boys, led now by two or three men who knew just where they were going, stormed the jail. Defying tear gas, they rammed in the steel door with a heavy iron pipe, seized the two men, beat them up, tore off their clothes, dragged them to a tree, hanged them.

Two years after California, Michigan relapsed. The citizens lynched, there as elsewhere, in the pioneer days. But from 1900 to 1934 the state had a clean record. Then came the Black Legion affair of 1936, too recent and well exploited to need recapitulation here. Probably the actual criminals in this case—very narrow between the ears—were only tools of larger and more sinister men. Nevertheless the work of this mob in regalia reeks with rapture in killing. The man who shot Charles A. Poole, their wholly innocent victim, because the rope was late in arriving, did not act solely on the urge of nervous impatience. No, he wanted to do it; and the mob at his back wanted to see it done. Similar impulses must have governed the men who killed Roy Pidcock, hanged the same night on a desert island in Canadian waters. Almost certainly this was not a suicide, and the affair smacks of the Black Legion. One of the criminals who killed Poole told in his confession how the " order " had lynched an unknown Negro, " just to give the boys practice "—and also, presumably, to give them pleasure. And a reluctant member, not involved in either of these murders, described a ceremonial wherein the grand officers of the Legion hanged a man, or seemed to hang him, as an " exemplification " to its initiates. Michigan did not regard this affair as water under the bridge. It sent a batch of these criminals to the penitentiary for life.

Minnesota likewise is certainly not a backward state. There, a few years ago, a young woman reported that a group of Negroes had committed criminal assault upon her. The police arrested six canvasmen from a circus. The girl confronted them. She could not identify them positively. That night one of the wildest mobs in our history broke into the jail and held a drumhead trial. Three of the men they found guilty, on what evidence no one knows. They proceeded to a triple hanging. To the credit of Minnesota, it brought indictments and won convictions against several leaders in this mob. The grand jury declared officially that one of the men lynched was absolutely innocent. And to this day no one feels quite certain about the other two.

A certain city in Nebraska is neither a backward community nor a backwoods village. Yet when, at about the same period, a wild mob lynched a man and dragged his body through the streets, it expressed its pleasure in destruction by burning down the new million-dollar courthouse and jail. The mayor, facing the lynchers as they dragged their victim away, managed to make himself heard with a demand that they obey the law. They responded by hanging the mayor himself to a telegraph pole. The police, charging in, cut him down and saved his life.

ALL these affairs, horrible though they were, ranked among the milder lynchings. Going to the other extreme, no savage tribe ever excelled, for sheer atrocity, the mob which lynched Claude Neal, Negro, in 1930.

He committed an abominable crime, and there is little doubt of his guilt. Many men and women have been lynched on hazy evidence or mere rumor; but Neal, in all human probability, did beat and strangle Lola Cannidy, a white girl, to death. There is no proof, however, that he committed against her the final crime which causes so

A colonial courthouse goes up in flames after a battle between National Guardsmen and a mob, bent on lynching, that tried to tear a prisoner from the grip of the law.

many lynchings, though not by any means the majority of them. Had he come before any court in the land, with the evidence against him, Neal could scarcely have escaped conviction of murder in the first degree. And in most states that means the death penalty.

But swift death was not enough for the mobsmen who drove into town, lashing up the blood lust in each other. The sheriff arrested Neal; to make sure of a clean haul, he took in charge Neal's mother and aunt. There followed a long chase by automobile through two states, the sheriff and his deputies driving the quarry from jail to jail. They had separated the prisoners, else the two innocent women would probably have died, possibly by torture. A mob was preparing to dynamite a jail when its leader found that the authorities had transported Mrs. Neal and her sister to an unknown destination. But the howling pack found Claude Neal in a remote county lockup, battered down its door, and carried him across the state line to the scene of his crime.

The local newspapers had advertised the lynching in advance, and a big crowd waited to see Neal die. However, a smaller posse of about a hundred men sneaked him away to a swamp and there for ten hours tortured him with every device which imagination suggested. In some details, imagination was exceptionally vivid; and I can find no way to print the facts without myself violating the law. Recording only the minor cruelties, they seared his breast with red-hot irons, they slashed his sides with knives, they cut off his fingers, one by one, for souvenirs. Finally they dragged what was left of Claude Neal to the presence of the larger mob—three thousand people—and hanged it, naked, for men, women, and children to gloat over.

Can you stand a little more? There is the case of James Irwin. He, too, probably murdered a white girl, and he crowned the offense with criminal assault. Testimony as to what happened in this case comes through a reliable, wise, and thorough investigator—Dr. Arthur Raper, who is free, white, twenty-one, and member of a distinguished old Southern family.

Posses, commanded by the sheriff, hunted for the suspected Irwin all night. When they found him, the business men, professional men, and mechanics who had helped out went back to their jobs, leaving control of the situation to the loafers. This is an important point. Everywhere, in all sections of the United States, the lynching element is the least responsible element. That has grown to be an axiom. At the end of the hunt the sheriff found himself surrounded by hundreds of men—probably the dregs of two or three counties. Overpowered and becoming as much a prisoner as the Negro, he was forced to go along and witness subsequent events.

Having extracted a confession by torture, the executioners continued to mutilate their man because of what he confessed. The most brutal, agonizing, and degrading part of the performance did not differ greatly from the torture of Claude Neal. Into the printable part they introduced a variation. Some one brought a pair of pliers. With this he pulled out the victim's teeth, one by one. When Irwin screamed, they jabbed him in the mouth with a pointed pole. Joint by joint, they cut off his fingers and toes. After an hour of this, he still lived; so they chained him to a tree and lighted a fire, whipped up with gasoline, beneath him. As the flames mounted, some one in the mob finished him off with a bullet.

IN lynchings, as in everything else, fashions change. Of late, hangings and burnings are growing less common, while the type of lynching where the executioners tie their quarry to a tree and riddle him with bullets is on the increase. This gives every man in the mob a chance to be a party to the killing and to satisfy a deep sadistic impulse. Long after the victim is dead, men with glaring eyes and a catch in the breath pump lead into the corpse.

One more extreme example. In the lynching of Mary Turner, Negress, there was not even the excuse of suspicion. Some one assassinated a white farmer. The community laid it to a farm hand who had quarreled with him over wages and then disappeared. They began to take it out on all who knew him. Hayes Turner had worked on the same farm. That was enough. They shot him dead.

BETTER STEER CLEAR OF
YOUR HEAD OFF
SO RUN-DOWN HE COULDN'T HELP HIS BURSTS OF TEMPER
THAT NIGHT
PHIL WAS TRYING TO SELL ME ON THE IDEA OF TAKING YEAST TODAY. HE CLAIMS IT PEPPED HIM UP. I WONDER IF THERE'S ANYTHING TO IT?
I'D CERTAINLY TRY IT. GOODNESS KNOWS, IF YOU'RE AS JUMPY AT THE OFFICE AS YOU ARE AT HOME I FEEL SORRY FOR THEM. I'LL GET SOME TOMORROW
VITAMINS A.B.G and D

Mary, his wife, who was very near her time with child, declared that when the riot was over she intended to have his murderers indicted, and fear began to complicate blood lust. The mob hung her to a tree by the ankles, soaked her clothing with gasoline, lit it. Then a man dashed forward and with a bowie knife— I must stop here. But this mob perpetrated a triple murder.

Few women have ever taken a hand in the actual killing, and none in recent years, so far as the records go. But, as in war, they give aid, inspiration, and comfort. When a Southwestern mob faltered before the resistance of a sheriff, a woman prominent in the community tore an American flag from the wall and paraded waving it as she exhorted the men to "do their duty." It occurs to me that this is the most degrading insult to the flag in all our history. The reports on lynching seldom fail to comment on the presence of women.

Another article by Will Irwin on lynching—as fearless and blazingly frank an indictment as his first—will appear in an early issue of Liberty. Don't miss it!

Not only women but children. The literature of lynching is full of instances where parents brought along mere babies "as a moral lesson." Ethelda Bedford, author, reports that her father took her to see a lynching when she was eleven years old. The day after a country town burned five Negroes to death at once, Walter White investigated the affair. He met a group of children and interviewed the eldest, a girl. "Animatedly, almost joyously, as though the memory were of Christmas morning or the circus, she told me of 'the fun we had.'" One investigator tells how a woman stood holding her five-year-old daughter up over the heads of the crowd so that she might miss no detail. In another case, while the mob was hauling the body to a funeral pyre, boys and girls ran beside it, jabbing it with sticks. In still another, as the mob dragged its victim along the ground—he was not yet dead—small boys cut off his ears for souvenirs.

What scars are these spectacles leaving on the souls of children? The late "Tom" Campbell was any one's idea of a big valiant Western man. Yet when he served as governor of Arizona he refused to sanction even a legal execution and did his honest best to prevent lynchings. His motive, as he himself admitted, rose from the fact that as a young child he had witnessed one. But on the other hand I have seen a photograph taken the morning after a lynching of 1935. The victim, manacled, still hangs from a branch. Behind him stands a row of children. Not one little face registers horror or even distaste. The seven-year-old girl nearest the body stands with her underlip drawn over the upper, the corners of her mouth pulled down, her eyes narrowed, her hands crossed in a convulsive gesture. No skilled actor could feign such an expression of sheer satanic cruelty as the seven-year-old girl nearest the body exhibits. And photographs showed crowds of children lined up on fences to watch the San Jose lynching proceedings with excited interest.

Let us go back, however, to the Black Legion case. It brought murder under judicial pretense into the field of politics. Some one in this country is applying the formula of Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, and the Spanish factions. It is simple: Take the most degraded part of man, dress it up to imitate the most noble part, and sell it to sadistic pinheads. Do these pinheads represent a small minority of Americans? Revolutions are always the work of a small fanatical minority. And in the last year or so lynching over share-cropper troubles, which means sheer politics, has led all other causes. "If we ever have a social revolution in this country, whether Communist or Fascist," the late Lincoln Steffens observed to me once, "it may break all records for brutality. Remember, we're the lynching people."

Many of the offhand executions which I have described avenged hideous crimes. That, however, is not the point. Long ago William Graham Sumner remarked that a civilized man would not burn a rattlesnake or a mad dog to death. But Judge Lynch is not only a brutal executioner; he is also a rotten lawyer. He condemns the innocent along with the guilty.

THE END

HIM... HE'LL BITE)

SAY-WHAT'S GOT INTO THAT GUY—HE WAS ON THE WARPATH ALL YESTERDAY, TOO. NOTHING PLEASED HIM!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM LATELY. HE USED TO BE SWELL TO WORK WITH—BUT HE'S GETTING TO BE A REGULAR BEAR!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH PEOPLE AROUND HERE? CAN'T FIND ANYTHING—NOBODY KNOWS ANYTHING—NO COOPERATION—
IF YOU ASK ME, TOM, THE TROUBLE'S WITH YOU. YOU'D BETTER WATCH YOUR STEP—YOU'RE HEADING FOR A BREAKDOWN
WELL I WISH I KNEW WHAT WAS WRONG. EVERYBODY GETS ON MY NERVES LATELY—AND I FEEL LIKE A HUNDRED YEARS OLD
MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE YOUR BLOOD IS UNDERFED. THAT'S WHAT DOC TOLD ME WHEN I FELT SO SOUR. HE RECOMMENDED FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST-SAID IT FEEDS THE BLOOD. IT SURE PUT ME ON MY FEET. WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT?

A FEW WEEKS LATER
PHIL, I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR THAT TIP YOU GAVE ME ABOUT YEAST. THE WORLD CERTAINLY LOOKS BRIGHTER SINCE I'VE BEEN EATING IT—AND BOY, DO I FEEL BETTER!
WELL YOU SURE ACT LIKE A DIFFERENT PERSON

DON'T LET **UNDERFED BLOOD** KEEP YOU FEELING OUT OF GEAR

IT'S not surprising if you feel run-down and tired at this time of year. Usually this means your blood is *underfed* and is not carrying enough food to the muscle and nerve tissues of your body.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast supplies your blood with essential vitamins and other food elements. As a result, your blood can take up more and better nourishment from your food and carry it to your muscles and nerves.

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, one cake about ½ hour before each meal. Eat it plain, or in a little water. Begin today.

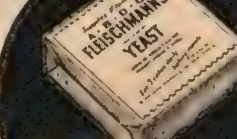
IT'S YOUR BLOOD THAT "FEEDS" YOUR BODY...

One of the importa functions of your bloo stream is to carry nou ishment from your foo to the muscle and nerv tissues of your enti body.

When you find yo get overtired at th least extra effort, it usually a sign that yo blood is not supplie with enough food f your tissues.

What you need something to help yo blood get more nouris ment from your food.

FLEISCHMANN'S **FRESH** YEAST CONTAINS **4** VITAMINS IN ADDITION TO HORMONE-LIKE SUBSTANCES, WHICH HELP THE BODY GET **GREATER VALUE** FROM THE FOOD YOU EAT, AND **GET IT FASTER**-----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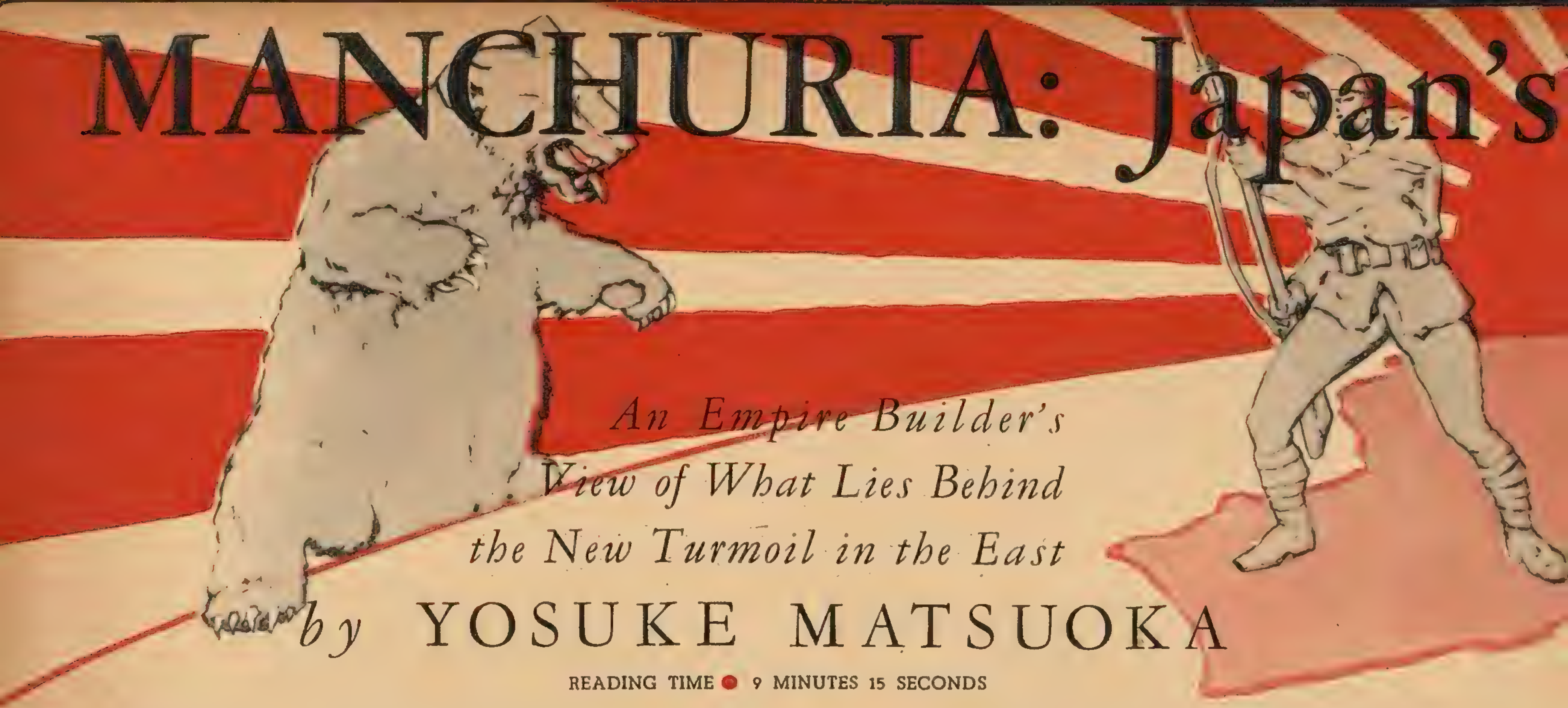


MANCHURIA: Japan's

An Empire Builder's View of What Lies Behind the New Turmoil in the East

by YOSUKE MATSUOKA

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Matsuoka was chief of the Japanese delegation which withdrew from the League of Nations in 1933. He is now president of the South Manchuria Railway, the largest Japanese business organization in Manchukuo. It manages all the government railways in the country, totaling 5,100 miles, and operates coal mines, agricultural experimental stations, factories, port facilities, warehouses, a system of hotels, schools, libraries, and hospitals.*

Brought to Oregon by a relative when he was thirteen, Mr. Matsuoka lived in America until, at twenty-two, he was graduated from the law school of the University of Oregon. Later, in Japan's diplomatic service, he was stationed for some years in Washington. He has long been closely connected with Manchuria and China in general.

THE empire of Manchukuo is not yet five years old, but its progress justifies the highest hopes of those who brought it into being. Intolerant of the incompetent old order of government, whose dictators had risen from banditry, the Japanese garrison in Manchuria took matters in their own hands in September, 1931, and by sudden action dispersed the armies of the Chinese war lords. The propriety of the Japanese action was questioned by the League of Nations, and Mr. Stimson, the American Secretary of State, sent protests to both Geneva and Tokyo. The League eventually passed a resolution condemning Japan, whereupon that government withdrew from membership. It stated on leaving, however, that its purpose was in keeping with the objects of the League: the preservation of peace and the promotion of human welfare.

Many Japanese would have preferred another method of bringing about the change, but a condition existed which only military action could alter speedily and effectively. To have submitted Japan's case to the League of Nations would have resulted in years of diplomatic wrangling, probably intrigue, and possibly war.

Japan was not without fault; but China, Russia, and countries of the West were also in part to blame. The mistake of the League Powers and the United States was in having recognized disordered and misgoverned China as a responsible Power and in regarding Manchuria as an integral part of a national state. Manchuria never was, except nominally, a part of China.

For many years there had been a sympathy for China in Europe and particularly in America, and for Japan to obtain a fair consideration of her position was impossible. There was also in the West too little understanding of the East. My personal sympathy is not for the loose geographical entity known as China but for the suffering Chinese people, and that is one reason why I welcomed the change in Manchuria, whose people were—as those in many parts of China still are—the victims of oppressors. Had the rulers of Manchuria been able and just administrators there would have been no interference by Japan. The Japanese would have got all they needed and wanted from the country without drastic action.

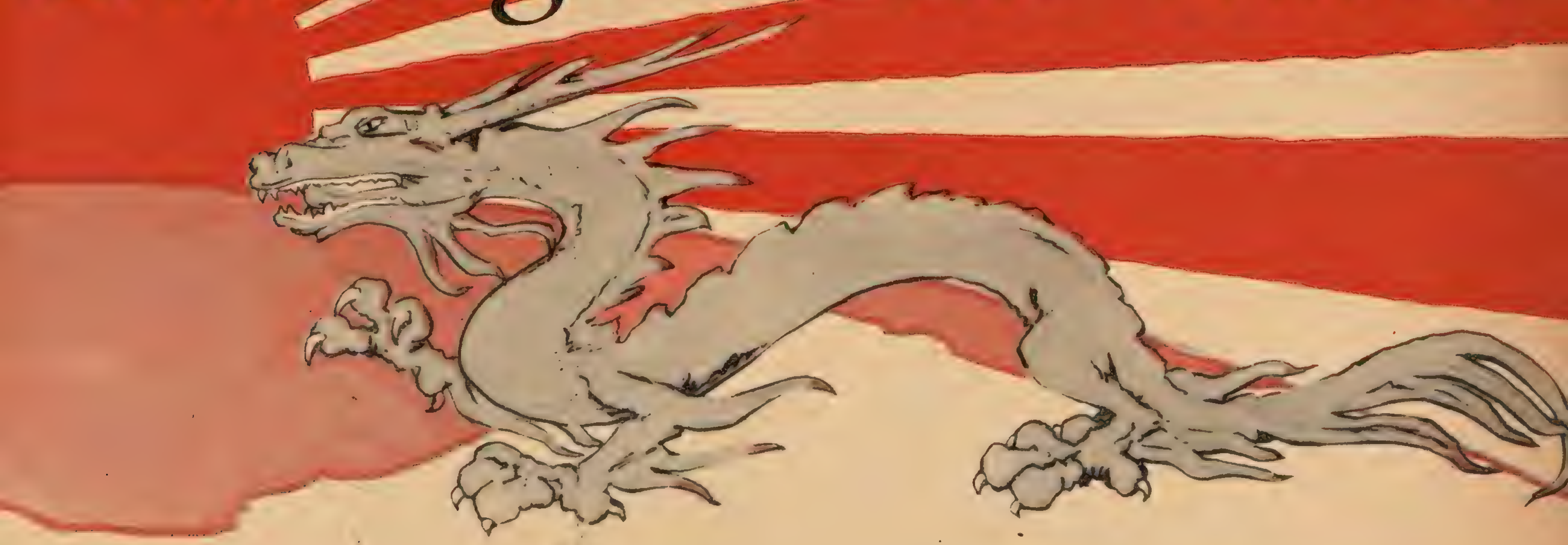
What has come about in Manchuria under Japanese tutelage? As the Japanese delegation, of which I was the chief, informed the League of Nations in 1932, the people —Chinese, Manchus, Mongols, and others—now enjoy such prosperity as they never knew before. They are freer and better off than the people of any part of China that is governed by Chinese. So far they have benefited more by the change than the Japanese have, as a whole, for the cost of financing and protecting the new state has been greater than the returns.

The Japanese people believed that for many years the Western nations had one code for themselves and another for Asiatics. They could expand where they liked, but when an Asiatic country did likewise, even in its own geographical sphere, the action was denounced. With a population nearing seventy millions, the Japanese were confined within boundaries containing less arable land than one medium-sized state of the American Union. Their ground contained less coal and iron than one of those states, and no oil. To attempt to bind a people like this with treaties to be interpreted at Washington or Geneva was an error of the period that followed the World War. Had any of the nations that had satisfied their own needs and wants by former aggressions been willing to share resources with Japan, the consequences might have been different. But none was willing. They would sell their raw materials to Japan, but when she attempted to solve her problem by industrialization they raised tariff barriers against her manufactured goods.

The Western nations must realize that Japan is in no position to menace them in any way, and has been held up to them as a bogy to justify naval expansions. But they must also realize that they are no longer the arbiters of affairs in eastern Asia.

The first problem for Japan is her security; the second, her welfare. On these two principles her foreign policy is based, and no change of cabinet will alter them. The action of the small garrison in Manchuria in 1931 was wholeheartedly supported by the Japanese because it promised greater security and at the same time relief from hardships. Since our war with Czarist Russia our army has been maintained to prevent the occurrence of another such war. The activities of Soviet Russia in propagating Communism in China have given our people anxiety in recent years. And as for relief, the undeveloped resources of Manchuria offer much.

Challenge to the World



Manchukuo is larger than France and Germany combined. While the population of Japan is about three hundred to the square mile, that of Manchukuo is less than twenty-five. Chinese were not permitted by the Manchu government to enter Manchuria until after the Russo-Japanese War, and no Chinese ever governed it except Chang Tso-lin and Chang-Hsueh-liang, his son.

The former ex-bandit war lord was a Chinese, not a Manchu, but it was a sophistry to argue that he represented China. At least twice he declared his independence of China. The country was not developed; it was exploited. Its farming population was plundered. Its great natural resources were mined on a large scale only by Japanese—who had to be protected by a garrison of their own. Why should such an administration have been permitted to continue in the name of independence?

AND what has happened in the past five years? A people who were robbed of their silver coin have a fixed and stable currency. The taxes are greatly reduced, yet the inhabitants have police protection instead of military oppression. A people among whom there were thousands of beggars are virtually all employed today. A land long notorious for brigandage is now safe almost everywhere.

When the Japanese garrison dispersed the armies of the Changs, those forces reverted in scattered bodies to banditry. In the first years of the new regime it was estimated that there were three hundred thousand bandits roaming the country. Chinese agitators and some foreigners called them patriotic soldiers, but the unarmed Chinese and Manchus knew better; this is why wherever the troops of Japan marched into a district the people welcomed them. It was not difficult to drive the marauders away from the cities, larger towns, and railway lines; but to clear them entirely out of the wooded mountains was a harder task. It is estimated that there are still thirty thousand left. Most of these have been driven eastward into the wild country between the Russian and Korean borders near the Pacific.

The people of Manchuria are so much better off today because the Japanese have enabled their leaders to form and maintain an effective government. They have supplied the experience, the direction, and the essential financing. Together the Manchurians and the Japanese have extended the railways, built roads, opened new mines, increased the agricultural settlements, established new industries, expanded the existing ones, and done such other things as would profit both their peoples.

The rural population is moving outward like pioneers, and building is going on in every city and town. The new capital, Hsinking, formerly a place of Chinese hovels with wretched roads, is now a thriving city of stores, residences, and factories.

His Majesty Kang Teh, formerly the boy Emperor of China, Pu Yi, has again a palace, and the government is established in modern office buildings. The coolie packman and the camel burden bearer are giving place to the goods train and the motortruck, the Chinese ricksha and Russian droshky to the American coupé and sedan, and the river junk to the power boat.

There are enough coal and iron in Manchuria to supply not only Japan but all eastern Asia, and they would go farther abroad if shipping costs permitted. The deposits of gold so far have yielded only twenty-five million yen a year, but it is estimated that they can be made to produce to the value of two and possibly three hundred millions, which would assure the reserve necessary for the country's international commerce.

The foreign trade has not increased; but remember the world-wide depression. The trade stood in 1935 at almost the level of 1929, and that can be said of few if any countries of Europe or America.

In 1929 the balance was in favor of Manchuria to the extent of 156,000,000 local dollars; in 1935 it was unfavorable to the extent of 183,000,000. This is due largely to the importation of machinery, motor vehicles, and materials for the construction and equipment of new railways. Much of the machinery and most of the motor vehicles have come from the United States.

Though never large, Manchuria's trade with the United States has always been in favor of the latter, and this promises to continue. There are few Manchukuo products which America requires, but there are many of your manufactured articles which Manchukuo does. Besides, much of the raw material purchased from the United States by Japanese is shipped to Manchuria when manufactured. Japan, as is well known, buys more from America than all the rest of Asia combined, including the Philippine Islands.

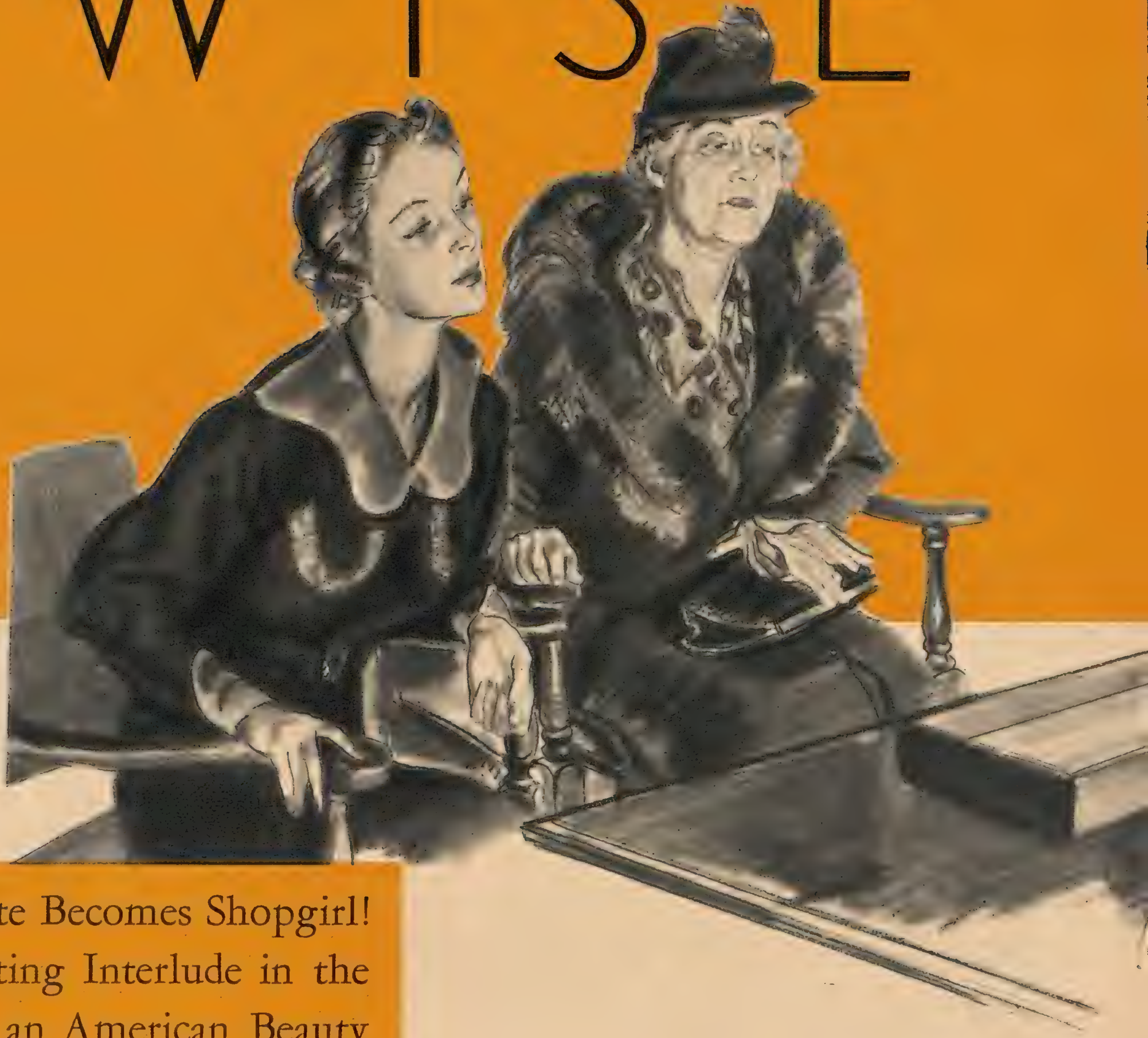
Manchuria is a land of raw materials, and Japan can furnish many finished products. The benefits are mutual; hence the value and success of the political alliance.

But are the people of the land satisfied? Would they not prefer a Chinese overlord even if incompetent and predatory? There is a way in which the question is already answered. The Chinese of Manchuria are not going back to the south of the Great Wall to live; the movement is the other way, so much so that it has been necessary to regulate immigration from China.

Japan would be glad to withdraw her troops from Manchukuo, to save the expense. But Soviet Russia would walk right in the moment Japan withdrew. China also would try to, but without Japan's help she would have no chance of withstanding the onslaught of Russia. Here is the crux of the whole Far Eastern question.

THE END

WISE



Debutante Becomes Shopgirl! An Exciting Interlude in the Story of an American Beauty

by WALTON GREEN

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 18 SECONDS

AT her coming-out ball, Serena Runcival is presented to Washington, D. C., society. Her mother, Lady Isabella Runcival, who was a McKeever of Oklahoma, is a brilliant divorcee, hard as nails. The two women are totally unlike and often at odds.

Serena is proposed to by Roger Loring the very night of her debut, and she accepts him. According to Jeremiah Skinner, an old friend of the family, Roger is one of Lady Isabella's "tame cats." And the day after the ball, her imperious mother tells Serena she can't and mustn't marry him. But the girl is set in her purpose. Ruthless, and inwardly raging, Lady Isabella informs her daughter that Roger Loring has been her own lover!

Shocked and rebellious, Serena quietly vanishes—takes a plane for the West. Self-exiled, she gets a job as waitress. Eventually Roger locates her, but she refuses to renew their friendship. However, she returns home, but tells her mother she must live alone and work out her own destiny. The older woman is amused. What can her high-and-mighty child do, pray? Write a novel, says Serena.

Forthwith the girl goes to live with a distant relation in New York, "Aunt" Sarah Romeyn, who coaches and launches metropolitan debutantes. Serena happily begins her book. Its heroine is to be her mother!

Ronnie Seldon, a professionally rude and blasé reader for a publishing house, becomes interested in the story she is writing. Also, though a married man with a family, he makes love to Serena. They gad about the town a lot. But business is not neglected. Seldon manages to have her novel brought out by his firm with a grand blare of publicity trumpets. To no avail. The book is a sad flop, and again Serena faces the urgent problem of a livelihood.

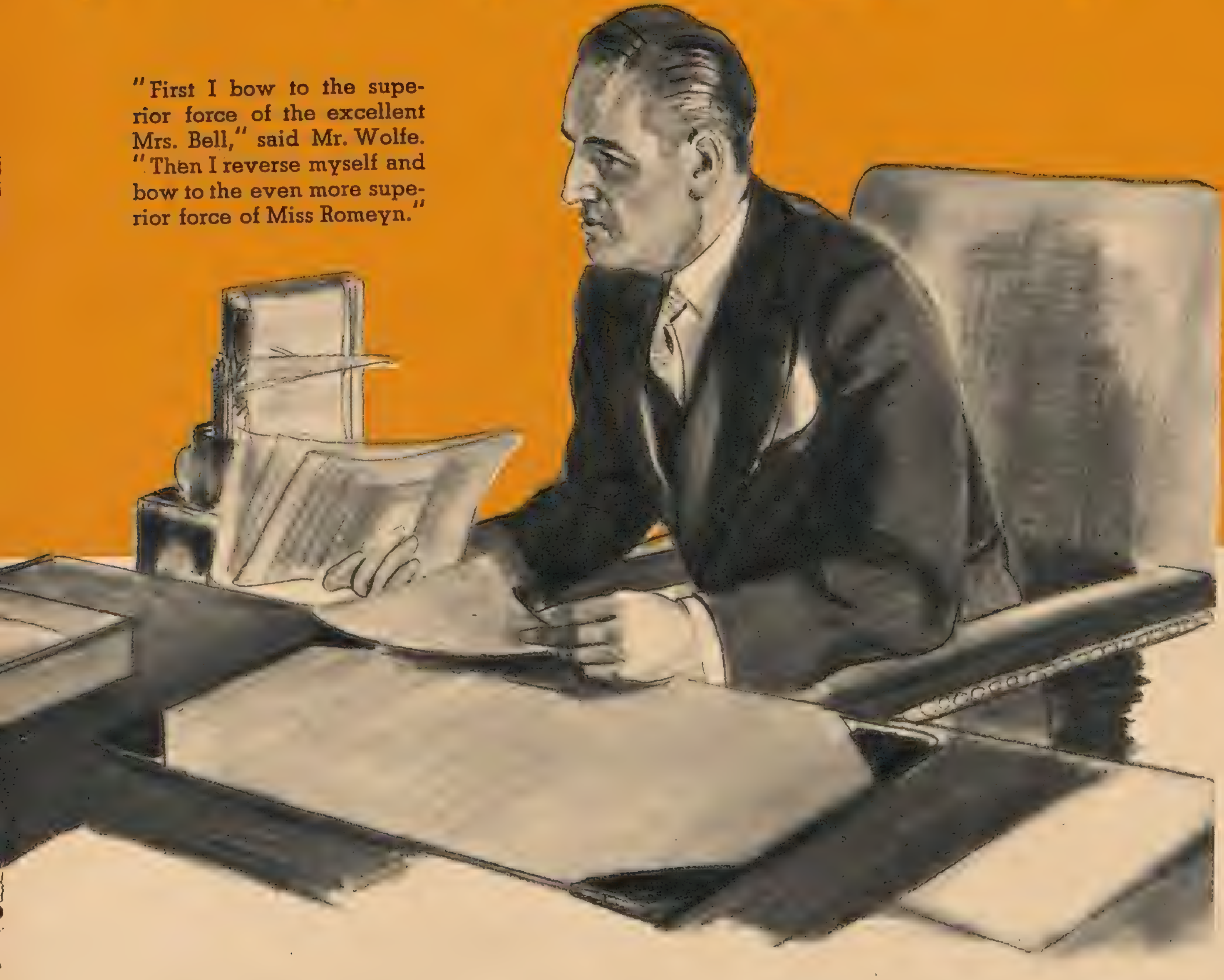
"I'll have to go to work," says Serena; "really to work."

"Yes, if you can find a job," agrees Aunt Sally quietly.

PART SIX—BEHIND THE COUNTER

SO Serena went out to look for work. Her mental attitude was different this time from the panic state of mind that had driven her to the waitress job in Arizona. There, it had been a question of actual food and shelter, in a land of strangers thousands of miles from home. Here in New York she was in the midst of people

VIRGIN



"First I bow to the superior force of the excellent Mrs. Bell," said Mr. Wolfe. "Then I reverse myself and bow to the even more superior force of Miss Romeyn."

ILLUSTRATION BY EDGAR McGRAW

who knew her and her family well. It would be inconceivable that she could go either bedless or hungry. A job now was a desirable by-product and not a primary necessity; a matter of taste, and decent obligation not to sponge on her aunt, who was chronically hard up in her own right.

Wherefore Serena felt justified in looking around a bit. She was anxious to find a half-time job, if possible, so that she might have leisure to work at writing. But she had soon to abandon this idea. She found that half-time work was quarter-time pay.

Serena was no job snob. She was ready to work at almost anything. On the other hand she had a deep-rooted imperiousness toward work, as toward everything else: a naïve feeling that if she wanted to work, the jobs should be paraded up to her on a silver server. She had come a good way from the Serena of the coming-out ball (thanks chiefly to the failure of her novel), but she was still the Serena of Tucson, astounded when a bank cashier would not cash her worthless check. It took several weeks of job-hunting to iron this divine-right feeling out of her; in fact, she never lost it entirely. She had too many generations of British Runcivals back of her. Your upper-crust Britisher may go broke; may take cheerfully to driving a taxi; may accept tips with that peculiar blending of avarice and arrogance of which only a British aristocrat is capable; but he nonetheless expects his dinner jacket to be laid out for him when he gets home from work.

Aunt Sally was sympathetic but of little help. Within her own sphere Miss Romeyn was adroit and resourceful. But her Victorian ideas of genteel employment did not extend beyond the orbit of salaried chaperons, social secretaries, charity organizers, and kept companions to irascible ladies of substantial means. And Aunt Sally was right. She knew her own job, she bossed and patronized her nouveaux " clients " to a fare thee well, and she delivered the social goods—for whacking good retainers. That she sold—or rather, rented out her social position by the season was neither here nor there. She was loved, feared, and respected.

For anything of Aunt Sal's sort, Serena was too young, too honest-minded, too direct, and of course too spoiled in the material sense. Also she lacked her mother's vivid social sense. Serena could never remember who had divorced whom, and who such and such a girl had been before she was married—matters of superlative importance, especially when talking with Bostonians. When Serena got a job, it would have to be a job for her hands or her head. She could not exploit her social position; not because she was too high-minded—but because instinctively she did not know how.

She and her aunt were talking things over about two weeks after Serena had begun her hunt.

"I've talked to a lot of girls," Serena was saying; "most of the things they do they hardly get pin money for. Some of them sort of play at it, because it seems to be the fashion to work, even when they're not really hard up. Madeleine Bullson and her crowd started modeling—that was several years ago—but they've all quit now, the professional models fought them so."

"I should hope so," snapped her aunt. "I can't imagine a lady squirming around to show off gowns—like a Parisian mannequin or a boardwalk beauty contest."

"But the ladies wear the gowns better," returned Serena practically, "even if they haven't better figures. But I don't think they ought to do it unless they really need the money. I wouldn't."

"You couldn't," said her aunt tartly. "You're very lovely at times, and you've a superb figure, but you've got the boarding-school sports-clothes carriage. See the way you're standing now. Is that the way for a lady to stand—with your feet apart and your hands behind your back, like a hunting squire on the hearthstone?"

SERENA abandoned her boyish stance and coiled herself down on the couch.

"Some of them sell clothes, especially children's clothes," she went on. "They say Irene Somers made over four thousand in commissions last year. But it's very hard, and you have to drive your own car, and go round to all sorts of queer people in the suburbs."

"And some women run tearooms and gift shops," added her aunt, "and lose the money their friends have lent them. Whatever happened to the riding-school woman? Did you see her?"

"Mrs. Bollman. Yes, I went out to Greendale yesterday. She has seventeen horses and ponies—I could have a whole summer's job as assistant. Chiefly with her children's classes. I'd have to clean tack for seventeen horses. Not so good."

"Clean tack! You mean—clean harness? Like a common groom?"

"I don't mind it at all. We did at school, and we had to clean out stalls too."

"Upon my word!"

"It's awful on your hands, especially on your nails. There's acid in the metal polish. But that's not the reason I threw the job down. You see, Mrs. Bollman doesn't pay anything, and she charges you fifteen a week for board and room besides. She says she can get any number of girls who want to do it for the experience."

Miss Romeyn lighted a cigarette in scandalized silence.

The next day Serena lunched at the Cosmop with Nan Roberts, her Vixenville roommate. Serena was a girl of many acquaintances and few intimates. Nan was not only her dearest friend but her only real intimate in New York. With Nan she could unburden, almost as she could with Skinner. Today Nan was sympathetic but skeptical.

"Do you really mean it, Serena? I always thought your mother had simply oodles."

"I have a very small allowance," said Serena guardedly. "And I want to be independent of mama." Then she added slowly, "She thinks I ought to get married."

Nan looked at her shrewdly.

"And you want to write books and wait for the real one to come along. Didn't I hear something about a man in Washington last autumn?"

"Whatever you heard was wrong," answered Serena composedly but feeling herself growing cold.

Nan was still looking at her.

"I've just finished your book, Serena. It's grand—in lots of ways, of course. But the way you socked your mother—I think you're lucky to get any allowance at all."

"Yes," smiled Serena. "That's why I ought to get a job."

"You can almost always get a job as a holiday extra in the department stores. I'm starting Monday at Wolfe's as an Easter extra. I'll take you down, if you like. But it's only cigarette money—for two or three weeks, you know."

"I suppose I ought to," said Serena ungraciously. "It would be some sort of a start."

After lunch they went to Wolfe's. The personnel woman was extremely civil. Nan—bland and unscrupulous—made it quite clear that Serena was the daughter of Isabella McKeever of Washington. The personnel woman beamed at Serena, signed her on, and gave her Ladies' Stockings—which she had asked for. She was told to report Monday at eight.

"Wolfe's are ghastly snobs," observed Nan as they came out. "They'd take on any one in the Social Register, even if they were feeble-minded and color-blind."

Serena frowned.

"But aren't we just as bad? Aren't I trading on my mother's position?"

"You haven't anything else *to* trade on, have you, dear?" And then, contritely, "Oh, I didn't mean that, Serena. You know I think you're wonderful, with your looks, and your style, and your brains, and everything. But—I mean, you're not trained—in anything practical."

"I can take care of a horse," said Serena resentfully, "and I can teach riding. The one thing I *can* do well, I'd have to pay for getting a job. So Monday I'll sell stockings to fat old smelly women."

"You won't do even that," remarked the practical Nan, "unless we get our uniforms. We've got to find the employees' equipment department, wherever that may be."

"Those ruby-red collars and cuffs are ghastly," grumbled Serena.

"They're not so bad. They don't show the dirt. We can take off the collars and use them on sports dresses next summer."

Monday morning Serena was up very early. She fortified herself with a substantial boarding-school breakfast. Her aunt was up too, to see her off, rather irritable and distinctly mordant.

"I'm sure I don't know what your father would say," Miss Romeyn complained into her coffee cup. She accompanied Serena to the door.

"Oughtn't you have a dinner pail?" she inquired solicitously. "With a slab of cold pie and some soggy crullers or something?"

"Employees' lunchroom—eighteen-cent hot luncheon," recited Serena. "Good-by, Sally, you're a nice old thing."

"I declare I don't know what girls are coming to," was Aunt Sally's somewhat hackneyed parting shot.

"Coming to their senses, I hope," said Serena over her shoulder, and ran on down the stairs.

AT the store she was somewhat frightened at first. There was an hour's work before they opened to the public, taking off covers and arranging stock. The head girl on the counter, an efficient square-faced blonde with sturdy legs and feet, quickly put her at her ease. She gave Serena ten minutes' drill on the order book and pneumatic money-tube system.

"The hardest thing at first is making out your sales slip while the customer's talking at you—like as not changing her mind half a dozen times. If you gotta change the order, don't try to rub it out, 'cause that just smudges the carbon. Cross out the item an' start again. Don't let 'em get your goat. Don't answer 'em back. If you get balled up, say, 'Jest a moment, moddam,' and come to me. I'll be watching you. Now go to it, kid."

Serena did not fare so badly the first day. She made several mistakes, and she was very slow, handicapped by her unfamiliarity with the stock, the location of what seemed to her a myriad of makes, sizes, qualities, and shades. But the other girls—much to her surprise, for she had expected them to resent her—were uniformly considerate and helpful. Especially a dark quick-moving little creature who worked next to her much of the time: a girl with an alert tough little face and sleekly shingled hair. Her name was Jean, and her fingers snaked in and out among the stacked-up boxes on the shelves with the speed and certainty of a skilled typist. Time and again, while Serena was listening to a customer in an agony of unaccustomed concentration—trying to absorb the order and translate it into terms of one among the hundreds of boxes—time and again there would be a quick rustle behind her, and Jean would have slipped the required box into her vague hand.

When Serena got home that evening she was very tired. She had a crick in the small of her back, and the muscles in the calf of her legs were lame from so much standing, though she had carefully worn very flat-heeled shoes. She decided that New York shopgirl was definitely harder than Tucson waitress and infinitely harder than dancing all night.

The second day was very much like the first. Serena was getting on to the stock-storage system—it was, in fact, a skillfully planned layout of subclassifications, quite simple to use when the major divisions were once mastered, and Jean and the head girl had less and less frequently to come to her rescue. Still, she was very tired that night. She took a hot bath and went to bed directly after dinner. The truth was that Serena's whole physical and nervous mechanism was being speeded to a tempo to which it was not naturally geared. Serena was deliberate and thorough and painstaking. She had none of the lightninglike agility of the Jean type. Ladies' Stockings was not a good choice. She would have been better off in some slow-moving specialty that involved a small number of large transactions instead of a large number of small ones.

The third day she ran into trouble. Not her own trouble, curiously enough. It was late afternoon—the tag end of the day, when weariness is greatest and the closing gong still seems hours away to the world of shopgirls.

Serena had just finished with a charge customer and was handing over the package when she heard Jean at her elbow speaking to another customer.

"Out sizes don't come in the peach-bloom color, madam. I can give you peach bloom in standard size, or I can give you a shade pretty near the same in out size."

NOW, an out-size stocking is the trade euphemism for fat size; and peach bloom was a shade in demand at the moment. Jean's explanation was eminently proper. But for some reason—perhaps because the fat customer resented the manufacturer's failure to provide the latest tint in sufficient quantities to cover her dreadful legs—for some reason she lost her temper, and proceeded to vent it on the astonished salesgirl.

"I won't be spoken to that way! You're a stupid, impertinent girl."

Serena looked up. She disliked fat women. Especially she disliked this fat woman. She recognized her as Mrs. Lingdon Bell, a Washington hostess who gave lavish parties, principally attended by the Latin-American wing of the diplomatic corps. The woman's unprovoked attack on the salesgirl roused in Serena one of her rare cold rages.

"Pay no attention to her, Jean," she said in her most insolent drawl. "Nobody does in Washington, do they, Mrs. Bell?"

The fat woman's mouth fell open in astonishment. She looked at Serena—recognized her with dawning horror.

"It's—it's Serena Runcival!" she gasped, and waddled away without a word—her mouth still sagging.

"You'll get canned for that," whispered Jean. "See—she's talking to Mr. Ehricson now." Ehricson was the section manager.

"I don't care. She's a fat old sow," said Serena with deliberation. She felt a slight glow of satisfaction at having sprung to the defense of the downtrodden working class; she was one of them now, she told herself, and she was damned if she was going to stand by and see them insulted.

A PUZZLE BY CANDLELIGHT

BY F. GREGORY HARTSWICK

It seems there was a man and he had to work late at the office. It seems also that the electric lights went out, so he asked a clerk to bring him some candles. The clerk obliged with two, each of the same length; but, he explained as he lighted them, one would burn for four hours and the other for five hours. Our late-working man finished his job and started home; but as he blew out the candles he noticed that one was exactly four times as long as the other. Now, he had to charge the office for overtime, and he had forgotten to look at his watch; but from the length remaining of the candles he was able to figure out exactly how long he had been working. How long a time was it?

(The answer will be found on page 62)

"I don't care," she repeated. "You've been swell to me, Jean." Jean was already busy with another customer. Such things were part of the day's work.

But it was not Serena that was fired. Shortly before closing time Jean was sent for from the floor superintendent's office. After twenty minutes she came back—to get her pocketbook, which she kept under the counter. Her pinched little face was white.

"I wish you'd mind your own damned business," she said savagely to Serena. "Who asked you to butt into my affairs—huh?" She grabbed her pocketbook and walked away.

The store had closed and the other girls were arranging stock and covering the showcases. They were whispering among themselves. They seemed to draw apart from Serena. Dismayed, she sought out the head girl, and repeated to her just what had happened.

"They couldn't possibly fire Jean — could they?" she finished.

"Can't tell," was the guarded answer. "You'll know tomorrow."

SERENA went home with anger deep in her heart. Aunt Sally listened—quite seriously for once—and with few questions.

"I've heard of your Mrs. Bell. She's trying to break in here—chiefly because your mother has snubbed her so in Washington, I fancy."

"But what shall I do, Aunt Sal? If Jean is really fired, I mean. When it's my fault. Couldn't you come to the store tomorrow and talk to the floor super or something?"

Miss Romeyn lighted a cigarette and inhaled deeply and manfully before answering.

"If this girl is actually discharged, telephone to me and I'll see what can be done."

In the morning Jean was not at work. Serena got permission to leave the counter, and telephoned her aunt. About an hour later Miss Romeyn appeared at the counter. She looked very small, very urbane, and very regal. She introduced herself to the blonde head girl.

"I understand my niece has been making a fool of herself," was her sprightly opening. "These amateurs must be an awful trial to you, my dear. And now, I wonder if you could find me one of those handsome floorwalkers to pilot me to Mr. Wolfe's office? And can you spare my niece awhile? Oh, thank you. I fancy it'll be more peaceful for you without her."

Mr. Ernest Wolfe was the president of the store and the eldest of the famous Wolfe brothers. His office was very large, and furnished with a restrained severity that testified to the impeccable taste for which his family was noted. Wolfe himself was very tall and lean, with blond hair and a quiet, rather sad manner.

Miss Romeyn sailed into her subject. At the outset, and without in the least taking his attention from her, Wolfe scribbled on a teletype—and long before Aunt Sally and Serena had finished their recital, he was studying a folder on the case.

"Mrs. Bell seems to be a very large customer of ours," he suggested gently.

"And has justice nothing to do with it?" flared Serena.

"Yes indeed," he smiled still more gently. "Apparently no complaint was made against Miss Runcival."

"The woman's a beastly snob," snapped Aunt Sally.

"Who isn't?" demanded Wolfe softly. "Ninety-nine per cent of our customers are snobs. Our business is built on snobbery. I'm a snob—to hire your charming but inefficient niece—in the expectation that her snob friends will come and buy stockings from her."

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"Upon my word," chuckled Aunt Sally, "I think you have us all sized up. Tell me, Mr. Wolfe, were you a snob then, last year, when you gave me that magnificent check for the Amalgamated Charities Drive?"

"Certainly," he said quietly. "And that ten thousand has come back to me tenfold in added business from your set alone. I'm a business snob—that is the only difference. I make my snobbery pay me dividends."

"So do I," chortled Aunt Sal. "I charged fifteen thousand dollars last season for floating an oil man's daughter."

Mr. Wolfe bowed appreciatively.

"I think we understand one another."

"I'm sure we do," purred Miss Romeyn. "And now, how about this poor downtrodden working girl?"

"To me the case is utterly simple," said Wolfe. "I bow to *vis major.*"

"*Vis major?*" Serena's brows gathered in a frown.

"He means superior force," snapped Miss Romeyn. "Didn't you learn anything at school, Serena?"

"Precisely," agreed Wolfe. "First I bow to the superior force of the excellent Mrs. Bell. Then I reverse myself, and bow to the even more superior force of Miss Romeyn."

"I patronize the five-and-ten myself," suggested Aunt Sal with a laugh.

"From now on you will probably be a devoted patroness of Wolfe's Bargain Basement," he said with a gentle irony. "And so will your friends, I trust. And oh, by the way, Miss Runcival had occasion to speak of 'justice' when you first came in. She was quite right. The salesgirl will be reinstated, of course. And equally of course, Miss Runcival is discharged," he finished gently. "After all, we are selling stockings, and not trying to put social climbers in their place. Thank you, ladies."

He stood up and bowed, with just a shade too much of courtliness.

"Well—upon my word!" Aunt Sally gasped.

"I think that's absolutely fair," said Serena slowly and with obvious sincerity.

OUTSIDE, going down in the elevator, Aunt Sally spoke her mind. "I don't like that man. Not for discharging you—because you deserved that—and I admire his courage. But because he was laughing at us all the time. No—I don't like him."

"I do," retorted Serena stubbornly.

"Now, see here, Serena—let this be a lesson to you. And the next time tend to your own affairs," said her aunt.

When she got back to the flat that evening there was a letter for Serena with a Washington postmark. Serena turned it over slowly, with a queer gulpy feeling in her throat. It was addressed in Roger Loring's strong precise hand. She left it lying on the desk while she went in to change for dinner.

There were people coming to dine—Nan Roberts, and Terry Murdock, an engaging young gentleman-rider with many friends and no money, to whom Nan had recently got herself engaged. Terry rode his friends' horses in steeplechase or point-to-point with a reckless skill that had made him the peer of any professional in the country. On the side he peddled bonds with enough charm to get him past the secretaries of his rich friends, and incidentally to provide him with boots and breeches and club dues. Nan was horse- and Terry-crazy.

Serena, with her strong admiration for Nan's brave common sense and deep capacity for lovableness, resented Terry as a lightweight upon whom Nan was throwing herself away. It was Serena's first experience of the high-grade girl deifying the second-grade man because the first-grade ones are beyond her debutante reach.

ANOTHER man at dinner was a commercial illustrator of some fame whom Serena had met at her own literary tea and who had been importuning her to let him do some heads of her.

She was distrait at dinner and afterward. Nan and Terry were pathetically engrossed with each other, and the artist man was distinctly not first-chop, either in brains or breeding.

She went to bed that night without having read the letter. The next morning, directly after breakfast, she put the letter—unopened—into another envelope, and sealed and addressed it. Then she went out and posted it. The iron clang of the postbox as her letter dropped to the bottom, gave her a panicky desire to get it back. Suddenly she felt that she was being theatrical and middle class—that she should have read it decently and answered it with decent finality—whatever it might say. She was being cowardly because she dreaded tearing at the wound that she was trying to heal over. How little it had healed she was now newly aware. And what she was not aware of is that first love is nine parts love of love itself—and but one part love of man.

She walked over to Park Avenue and turned south. She was going down to the Grand Central district to follow up a lead that Nan Roberts had given her the night before. She strode with her head up, with a fine free swing and a countenance of contained serenity. Serena's feelings seldom showed on the outside. At Fifty-third Street two men turning in to the Racquet Club for a late breakfast looked at her. She recognized them as dancing stags, though she did not remember their names. She smiled and bowed—but rather vaguely.

"That's the famous Bella McKeever's daughter," said one man to the other, "and fairly rotten with money."

"Yes—I've met her. Quite a beauty—in a sort of Italian-primitive way. But too damned stuck on herself, if you ask me."

Serena continued on down the avenue. She was not stuck on herself. She was just a young girl trying desperately to forget the unworthiness of her lover.

Nothing developed from the Nan Roberts lead. Nor from any other lead for the next couple of weeks. Serena was beginning to lose some of her self-confidence. She found it the easiest thing in the world to get access to the people she wanted to see: the bigger they were, the more certain they were to know who she was and to be civil to her—as her mother's daughter. And the jobs were not hard to be had. It was the kind of jobs—with little or no pay—that discouraged her. Any number of opportunities to sell on commission of course, especially automobiles. But Serena had no stomach, yet, for the kind of personality-prostituting high-pressure selling where she had to pursue the buyer through the byways and back alleys of her own social caste.

It was some three weeks after losing her job at Wolfe's that she came home one late afternoon to find Jerry Skinner slouched in her desk chair by the window.

"Hello," he said in his tone of chronic aggrievedness. "I thought I'd drop in. How're you making out?"

Serena was glad to see him. Until she did see him she did not realize how terrifically she had missed him. She crossed over to her desk, put both arms about him, and hugged him slowly and hard.

"Oh, Jerry—I've been having a rotten time!"

"Huh-huh. I saw they took you for a ride on that book. What did you go writing a book for, without telling me? I'd have stopped you—if it took a club. You've no business writing a book—especially about your mother. You don't understand her any more than she does you. You described her—without bringing her to life."

"So you read it, Jerry?"

"No, Hendricks told me."

"Hendricks!" gasped Serena.

"Sure—Hendricks. His own novel's selling like hot cakes. Third large printing in five weeks. Did a swell job on your mother—tickled her pink. Bunk from cover to cover, of course. Mother's butler licked mother's daughter this trip. Able man, Hendricks."

Serena was laughing her low throaty laugh that seemed to gather pleasure as it went.

"Skinner dear, is any of that true?"

"Every word." He relapsed into gloom.

"Two things about your mother—she wanted me to tell you."

"Oh—so that's why you came over."

"No, not exactly. But you see, after you left for New York, your mother sort of took me into her confidence—about money and all that, you know. Well, she's really at the end of her rope now, and you'll have to be on your own after next month—for six or eight months anyway, until she's on her feet again. After she's been married—"

"Married!"

"Huh-huh, married. Didn't she mention it to you? I understood her to say you knew she had something of the sort in mind."

"Oh, but—for Heaven's sake, Jerry—whom is she going to marry?"

"Some art-collecting New York nabob she's been seeing off and on these last few years. Oodles of money. Merchant prince or something. Ernest Wolfe's the name, I believe. Why—what's—"

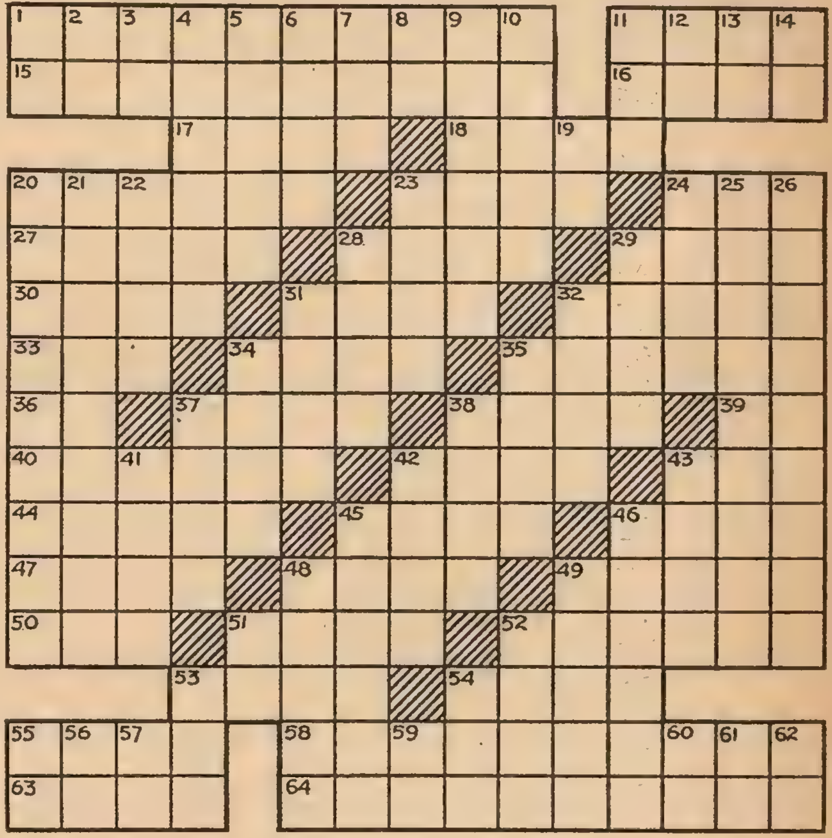
Serena coughed and sat down limply. Then she found a cigarette and lighted it very deliberately.

"I was in Mr. Wolfe's office a few weeks ago. He didn't mention intending to marry mama."

If her mother is at the end of her rope, where is Serena? If her mother is going to marry Mr. Wolfe, where will that leave Serena? And meanwhile she must have a job and money to keep her end up. Cornered, the young girl shows rare and exciting resourcefulness in the next issue of Liberty. Don't fail to get it.

Puzzle #59

Cockeyed Crosswords



HORIZONTAL

1 During January the breakage on this will be terrific
11 This year of grace—we hope
15 Self-satisfaction
16 The year the English met Bill the Frenchman
17 Literary lie
18 A musical number
20 And some musical weather
23 Mrs. MacTavish swam under water to get one in her hair
24 He could just eat up Mickey Mouse
27 Where Petruchio Tamed the Shrew
28 What irritable glass-makers give each other
29 What the canary became in the cat
30 Legal ivy on the old manse
31 Progress by the foot, not the thumb
32 It's got a kick like a mule
33 French they
34 The cost of crime
35 When girls hate Robert Taylor
36 Pirates' League (abbr.)
37 Dentists find them hardest to extract
38 Calm interlude
39 What goes before Shaw
40 High-class handles
42 A pushover for a big fat cow
43 Glamorous Amorous Onioneaters (abbr.)
44 A feather in a woman's hat
45 The Y makes it healthy
46 Bit of the Nutmeg State
47 Cronus's better ½
48 What hot dogs do
49 The kind of money behind the winner
50 Baconian institution
51 This makes a fuzz over peaches, and will a peach make a fuzz over it!
52 Sissy bazookas
53 Popular Eskimo drinks
54 What spinach gives Popeye
55 The year they let out Taft
58 Italy may have Ethiopia, Japan may want China, but these have been holding Java for years (two words)
63 What it's been for the past year
64 He who laughs last

VERTICAL

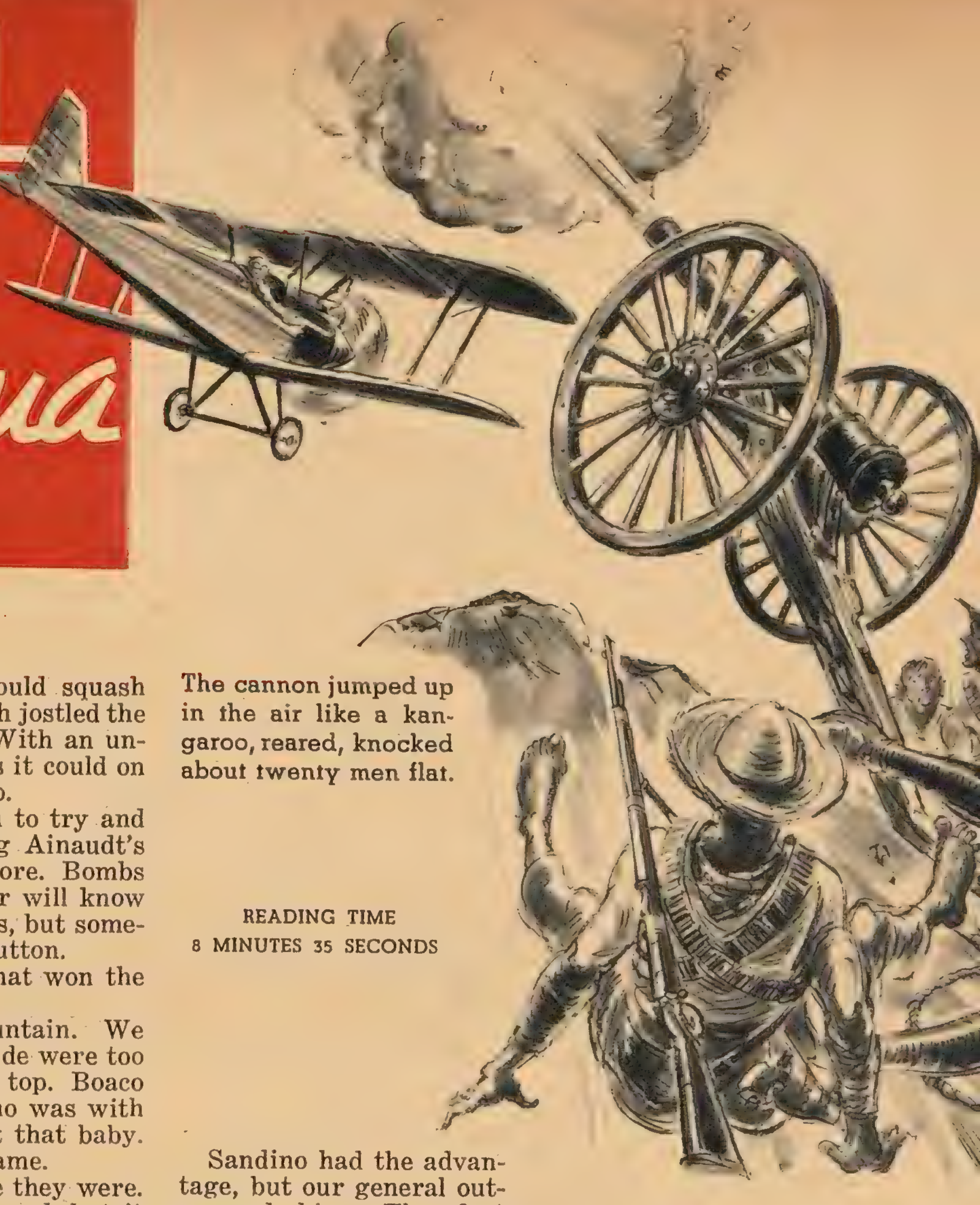
1 Where Mrs. Roger Williams hung out (abbr.)
2 A nosy letter
3 Where Gracie Allen's going South for the winter (abbr.)
4 Surpass in pedal dexterity
5 Peruvian taxi
6 Muggsy
7 Where drivers get balled up
8 What the Dems sure are
9 The gin in petroleum
10 All it takes to "No" Hitler
11 CX
12 The number of things on a nonagenarian's mind
13 It's a perfect bust
14 The year the Liberty Boys put over the Revolution
19 Letters of explanation
20 Mementoes of cellar-door sliding days
21 Auto back fire (two words)
22 Fancy jingles
23 Knock off shuteye
24 This has a whey with it
25 This is accompanied by swelling of the head and chest and I trouble
26 Pushemups
28 Popular sitting place for nervous people
29 What the Yanks are good for
31 Hikes with speed
32 High-toned summons
34 Large things that understand truck drivers
35 Established by partners
37 Fido's miserable joy—it brings him up to scratch
38 Where a horse's tail always comes in
41 Oh, boy—three pips!
42 Spark for a Chinese blow-up
43 The butt of a lot of smelly jokes
45 The Forgotten Man of 1936
46 Gals find this the big problem of male drivers
48 Hunk
49 The thickest things in a rubber tire
51 The spark of the airways (abbr.)
52 It's actually free in Germany
53 CXVI
54 Goofy Federal Legislation (abbr.)
55 Scotch dozen
56 This comes before the turn of a century
57 Jonah's unlucky number
59 Fraternal Ginsoppers (abbr.)
60 The cry of satisfaction
61 Billboy
62 Two opposing points about mariners (abbr.)

A	U	G	E	R	S		P	A	R	I	S		S	P	A
S	T	O	R	E	■	F	I	R	E	S	■	P	E	A	R
S	E	R	E	■	V	A	P	I	D	■	P	L	A	Y	A
	S	E	C	R	E	T	E	D	■	T	E	A	S	E	D
T	■	S	T	O	R	E	D	■	U	S	E	S	■	R	O
A	N	■	S	A	G	S	■	S	P	A	R	T	A	■	S
R	O	B	■	M	E	■	A	T	■	R	E	E	V	E	
E	R	O	S	■	R	O	L	E	S	■	D	R	I	E	S
S	I	N	A	I	■	M	O	R	O	S	■	S	A	L	E
	A	D	I	T	S	■	E	N	■	A	A	■	N	E	T
P	■	S	L	A	N	T	S	■	S	I	L	T	■	R	A
O	R	■	O	L	I	O	■	B	I	N	A	R	Y	■	E
L	A	R	R	U	P	■	P	A	N	T	R	I	E	S	
I	D	O	L	S	■	R	O	B	E	S	■	B	A	L	E
T	I	D	Y	■	B	A	R	E	S	■	H	E	R	O	N
E	O	S		M	E	T	E	S		P	A	S	S	E	D

Answer to last week's puzzle

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

HELL Over Nicaragua



The cannon jumped up in the air like a kangaroo, reared, knocked about twenty men flat.

READING TIME
8 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

PART THREE — CONCLUSION

I LEVELED off. In another second I would squash into the treetops. The same vibration which jostled the throttle shut suddenly bounced it open. With an uneven rattle, the motor picked up—as much as it could on seven cylinders. I hedge-hopped back to Boaco.

We fixed the motor and started out again to try and plug the Hill of the Horse. We were using Ainaudt's bombs now, and we had fewer duds than before. Bombs were exploding all over the hillside. I never will know whether it was one of mine or one of Mason's, but somebody hit the ammunition dump right on the button.

The entire hill erupted like a volcano. That won the battle—so we thought then.

Our side still held both flanks of the mountain. We were pretty sure that the slopes on the far side were too steep for the enemy to get his guns over the top. Boaco seemed fairly safe from attack. But Sandino was with those troops, and you never could tell about that baby. We kept up a pretty steady patrol just the same.

If we saw troops, it was hard to tell whose they were. Our side wore blue hatbands and the enemy red, but it was hard to get low enough to tell the colors anyway, and besides, the enemy all carried blue hatbands in their pockets, and when they saw an airplane they switched.

We had another method of telling who was who that worked a little better. We'd heave out a bomb close enough to scare the troops but not to hurt anybody. If it was our side, they waved a white flag or a bedspread. If they were enemy, we got a dose of machine-gun fire. So far, it had been a pretty good system.

For the best part of a day low-hanging clouds kept me from patrolling. When they lifted, I saw a column of men coming down a new bush road from the crest. I was sure they must be enemy even before they sent a bullet through my wing. I got right overhead and turned loose a lot of buckshot. That stopped the firing from directly below.

Off at an angle I saw a gang of men wrestling with an old three-pounder on wheels; they had got it almost to the crest. They saw me at the same time. They were so anxious to take a shot at me that they fired the cannon without putting any blocks behind the wheels. It jumped up in the air like a kangaroo, reared back down the slope, and knocked about twenty men flat on their backs.

They weren't the least bit discouraged; they tried it again and again. The shots went wild, and each time they fired the gun went farther down the mountain that they had just finished climbing. The last time I saw that cannon, it was halfway back to Muy Muy.

I turned back toward Boaco. As I neared the town I noticed a column of our own troops coming up the mountains. Whoever our general was, he knew his business. He was deploying his men in workmanlike manner. They were taking advantage of all the cover. Sandino had the advantage, but our general outguessed him. The first thing I knew, Sandino was stopped. I went back to Boaco with the news.

The commander had a fit. "Major Brooks," he fumed, "that is terrible! Fly over there and drop a message to the general. Order him to retreat. If he doesn't retreat, bomb him!"

I said, "Wait a minute. You didn't understand me. Our side's doing fine. The general's giving Sandino a licking. He's going to win this battle."

"*And if he wins this battle he'll be the next President. Order him to retreat!*"

It was too late for me to go, anyway. Nightfall ended the argument. In the morning Sandino's forces had disappeared as if the earth had swallowed them. We patrolled every foot of those mountains but we couldn't find any enemy. We did spot a big house that seemed suspicious. There were too many people entering and leaving. Still, they paid no attention to the planes.

I dropped a bomb near the front yard to make sure. Some one waved a tablecloth; they were friends. Then there was another white flag out back. A third waved out of a side window, then a fourth and a fifth. It looked like washday in the Bronx.

I was suspicious. The rebels were probably stealing our signals so that they could lie low for a while. I flew lower to tempt them into betraying themselves. No one fired. There was no way to be positive, so I went back to report.

Things settled down to a sort of undeclared armistice. The commander sent out spies, and I went back to Managua for repairs. I had been flying for weeks with a broken longeron bound together with baling wire.

The first thing that met me in Managua was a fan with

Dragon's-Eggs of Death—Armistice and Wedding Bells . . . and Finis for a Flying Yank's Daredevil Adventure

by MAJOR WILLIAM C. BROOKS

as told to

Kenneth Brown Collings

still another "invention." It was a bomb as big around as a full-sized ash can, but round, like a schoolhouse globe. There were nearly two bushels of dynamite in the thing, but, as usual, hardly anything else. Those kids couldn't seem to get wise to the fact that it took iron or lead being scattered around the landscape to make a bomb effective against troops in the open.

I didn't dare leave that giant pumpkin bomb in Managua. Since the advent of Ainaudt our bombs really exploded; it might go off and wreck the hangar. But it wouldn't go inside the fuselage. I took off with it tied outside with a piece of rope. Francisco popped at me as I went over his house. For once I was real mad at him; he damn near hit that bomb.

I landed at Boaco, and Mason took one look.

"Gimme that thing," he said.

"Damn glad to," I told him. "But what for?"

"Commander's tired of fooling. He wants to know if that house up there really is Sandino's headquarters."

"Have you tried any regular bombs since I left?"

"Sure. They're too small—they ignore them."

I looked at that ash can full of dynamite and doubted if any man living would ignore *that* when it went off!

Mason tied it to his crate. He flew across the roof of the house and laid the egg from about five hundred feet. He was aiming for the front yard, and that's just what he hit. There was a noise like the end of the world and flame shot hundreds of feet in the air.

It was Sandino's headquarters, all right. Rebel officers tumbled out of it like people coming out of the subway in the rush hour, and went away from there.

That ended the armistice. We had located Sandino, but we might better have left him in hiding. He proceeded to take Boaco away from us.

ILLUSTRATION BY WILL GRAVEN

As Rosie had prophesied, all the fighting stopped for the three days of the fiesta. A few weeks later we had another recess. This time a wedding was the cause. In Managua an American was marrying the daughter of one of Moncada's rebel generals.

Off the battlefield, President Adolfo Diaz and Moncada were warm personal friends. It was right and proper that the war should stop while the President acted as godfather to the bride—the godfather being a most important personage in a Spanish wedding.

There were some difficulties. Managua was not peaceful and the rebel army was too close for comfort. The customs of the country added to the President's danger. At a wedding the entire bridal party must *walk* from the bride's house to the church. Since his narrow escape when the coachman was butchered, Diaz hadn't *ridden* anywhere around the town, to say nothing of walking.

The wedding took place. For the entire distance from house to church the street was banked with guards. The wedding party walked between walls of rifles. I expected hell to tear loose any second, but it didn't. I guess it wasn't considered etiquette to break up a wedding just to assassinate the President.

The rainy season was on us full force. The rains were deluges and they came with clocklike precision. If it rained today at four, it rained tomorrow at exactly four forty. And each rain lasted exactly forty minutes.

The enemy were coming down from Boaco. We were ready to meet them at Toustepe. There were fifteen thousand men on each side, all set to do battle—except that the rain was due in a minute. The fight couldn't start for at least an hour; no one can stay out in a Nicaraguan deluge, and it takes a little while to get set again after the downpour stops.

Airplanes? You couldn't fly in a Nicaraguan rain; the enemy knew that. But they didn't know you could fly around those storms and come up behind them.

MASON and I followed the downpour, our propellers right on the tail of the last raindrops. We had all the buckshot we could carry, and a few small bombs.

The enemy never knew exactly how it happened. As it stopped raining water it commenced to rain lead pellets and bombs. We caught them completely off guard; all their horses stampeded. Two old airplanes moved fifteen thousand men ten miles before their generals could stop the rout. We won *that* fight.

But it was plain that our days in Nicaragua were numbered. The marines were arriving on every boat. So far, they were neutral observers, but that wouldn't last long. Special Representative Henry L. Stimson came down and started to negotiate for peace.

The conference was held at Toustepe. Once more buckshot played a part. It almost broke up the peace conference—by accident.

I was leisurely circling, getting ready to land. Down below I saw a lot of scurrying for cover. Somebody pointed a machine gun at me. That was a fine way to run a peace conference! I pulled away out of range. When they didn't shoot, I came back. It was the same thing all over again. Then I saw what was wrong: my buckshot bag had turned over and was leaking.

The gang said I was trying to break up the peace conference so I wouldn't lose my job.

I stood watching a new contingent of marines unload. I was burned brown—almost black; I needed a shave; I had on a big dirty felt hat and I was wearing a brace of pistols. I was thinking hard about losing my job, and I guess I was frowning. I probably did look pretty tough; anyway, I heard one young marine say to his buddy:

"There's a tough-looking customer. I wonder if he can talk English."

It was time to go home! I went down to say good-by to old Francisco.

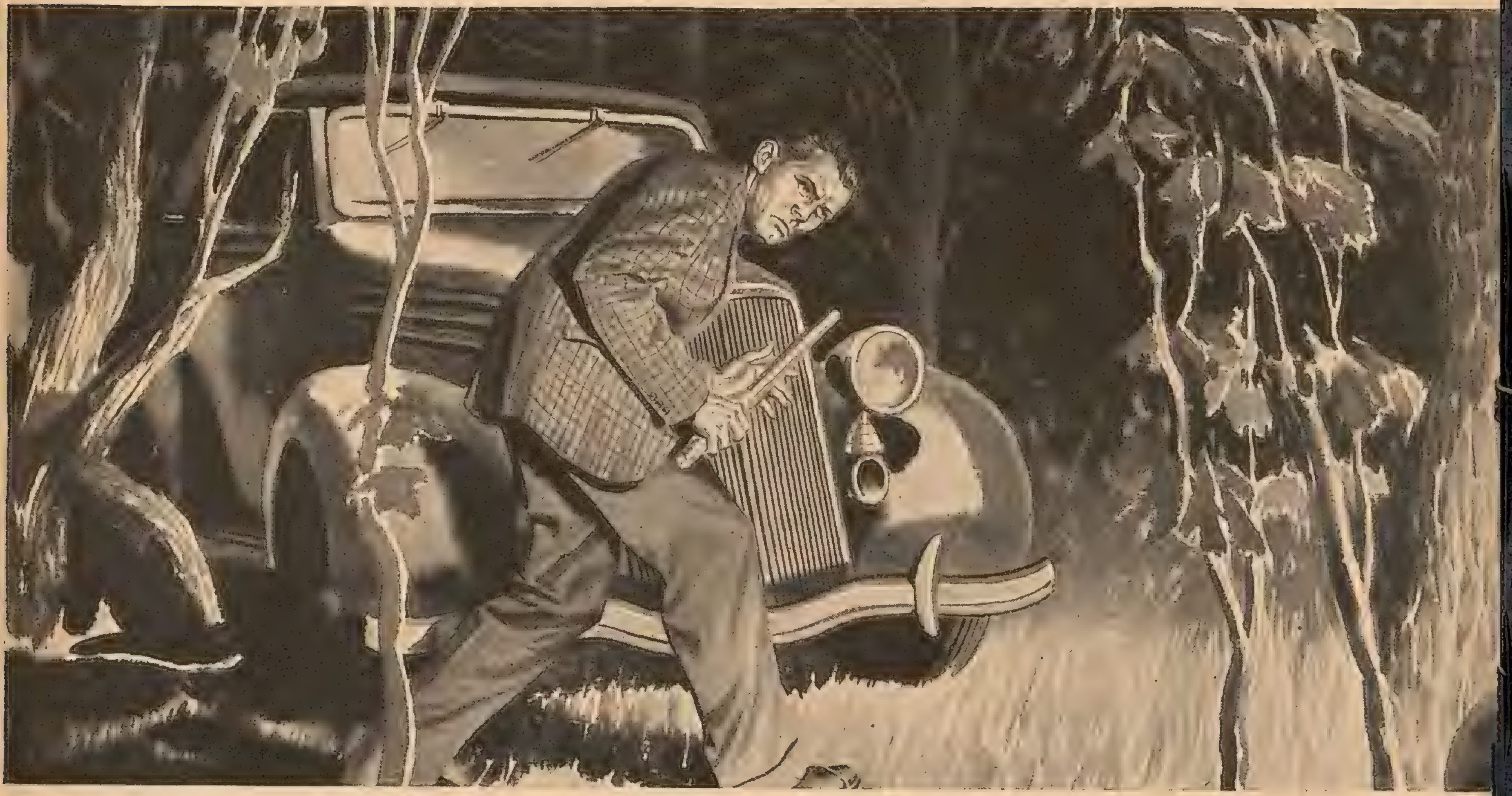
THE END

INSIDE STORY

A Detective Turns Author and Gives You a Grim and Notable Tale—of Death, a Man's Soul-Racking Dilemma, and the Haunting Nightmare-Trail

BY SCOTT LITTLETON

(Chief Investigator for the District Attorney's Office, Los Angeles County, California)



Our headlights were pointed right at the man, and when I switched them on, the tree branches didn't interfere with

READING TIME ● 42 MINUTES 38 SECONDS

I GUESS we'd been sitting in my car for half an hour when the other car came bumping slowly downhill toward us. It was a pretty clear night, but it was dark down there in the canyon where we were, and the driver of the oncoming car seemed to be feeling his way like he'd never been down there before.

We weren't afraid his headlights would show us up. We'd been down in that spot before—many times. We'd picked it out carefully, Helen and I, and knew that any gleam of nickelwork on our car would be hidden by the clump of cottonwoods alongside which we were parked. Knew that it was about as perfect a spot as a man and a woman could wish for in those hills.

We were afraid of something else.

Only that evening she'd told me what I'd been half expecting to hear right along. Her husband, she said, was beginning to get suspicious. Not of me, necessarily. John Morrill was one of the richest and most high-hat old boys in the city, and he'd hardly get the idea that his young wife was playing around with a cop. Yes, a cop—a lieutenant of detectives on the homicide squad.

I'd met Helen when the chief sent me to her home to talk to her about a man her chauffeur had killed in an accident. From then on it had been—well, there we were. Cheap hotels, motor camps, and back seats of automobiles in the hills. You can call it love if you want to.

We were afraid that old John himself, or somebody he'd hired, might be in that approaching car. And then where would we be? Where would Mrs. John Morrill be? And where would *I* be? Just a cop—but, believe me, I figured I had far more to lose than she had. I don't mean my job, although it meant a lot to me. And I don't mean my wife, either. Yes, I was married. Damned unhappily, or I don't think I'd have been down in that canyon even with a woman with the body and face and hot brand of loving Helen Morrill had to offer.

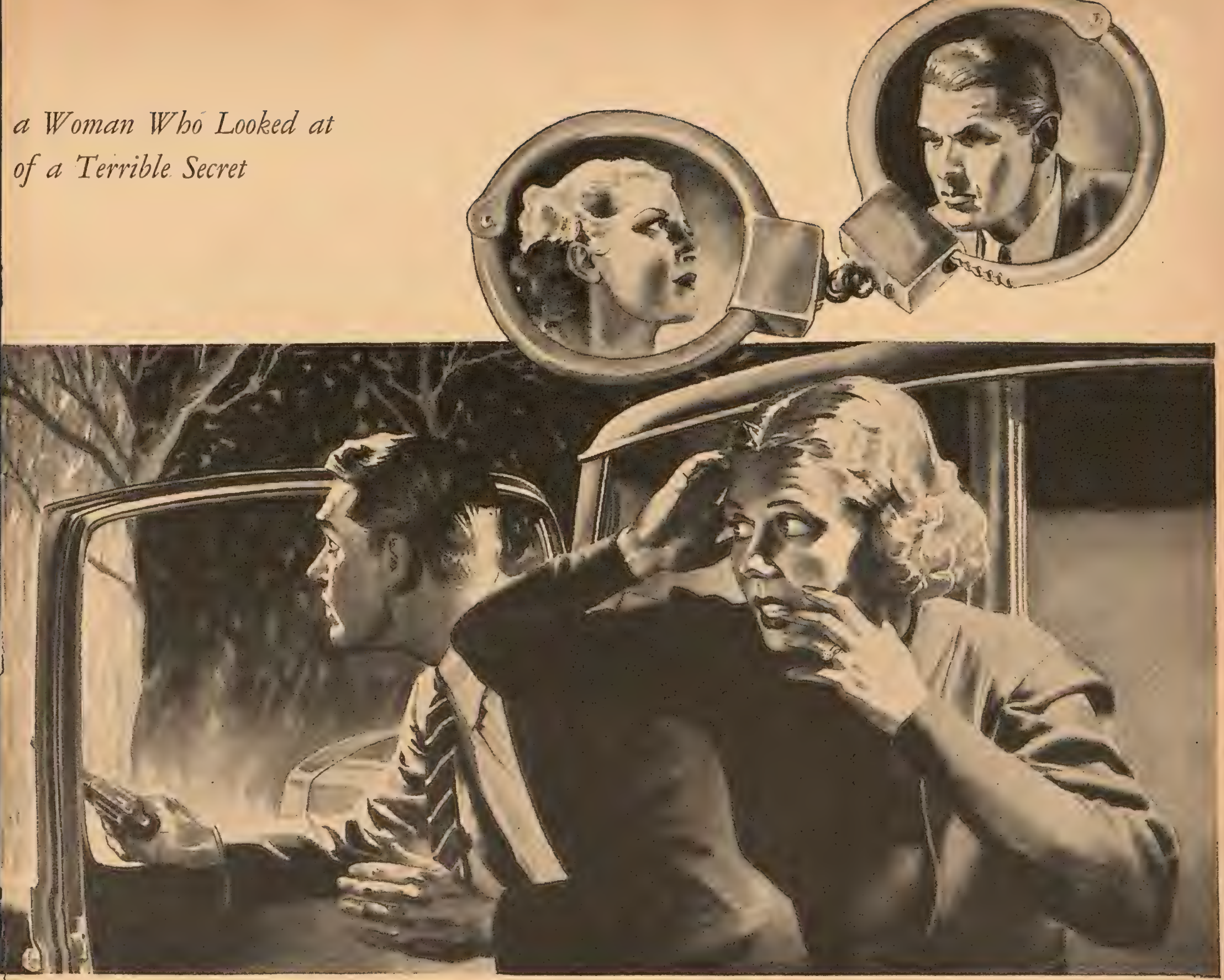
I mean my boy.

Ten years old, and one swell little guy. Just getting to the age when his dad was beginning to mean a lot to him, too. Only that morning he'd asked me to help him pick out a new pair of roller skates, and you should have seen his eyes while I was oiling them up for him. Hell! I'd have let my wife get the divorce she wanted long before that if it hadn't been for my boy. I was nuts about him, I tell you! And if John Morrill, or his private dicks, were in that car rolling down toward us, I knew what would happen. My wife would get what she wanted, and take my boy clean out of my life.

We held our breath, sitting stiffly apart from each

ILLUSTRATION BY

a Woman Who Looked at
of a Terrible Secret



our getting a good look at him. They framed him as he stood there looking straight at us and blinking with surprise.

other, as the car rolled toward us. It stopped not twenty feet away. Had we been seen? We waited. . . .

Its lights suddenly were switched off and it took some seconds for our eyes, dazzled by their brightness, to make out the shape of a low rakish expensive-looking coupé. Not one of the Morrill cars, we saw. When our eyes got used to the darkness again, we could see a man and a girl in it, the girl sitting at the wheel. For a while its engine continued to turn over softly; then it too was switched off.

We relaxed, and Helen came over into my arms again with a little sigh.

Then it happened.

The damnedest scream I've ever heard in my life, or ever expect to hear. A woman's scream. I can still hear it.

It came from that car not twenty feet away from us. From the woman in that car!

We jerked quickly apart and sat up as the scream came again and again.

Right in front of our eyes, in that car on the other side of the cottonwoods, a woman was being beaten to death.

The man with her was doing it. We could see his arm going up and down, his hand holding what looked like a length of pipe. He was half in and half out of the car as he clubbed her with this. After her screams stopped he kept on striking her.

Then suddenly he stopped, backed out of the car, and stood there, with the thing in his hands, as if wondering what to do next. Everything I've told you couldn't have taken over ten seconds; but it had taken that long for me to get myself together, to realize that I was a police officer—a homicide man—and that a murder was taking place right under my eyes!

I remember Helen frantically whispering "No!" and grabbing at me as, with almost one motion, I opened the car door to get out and leaned across the front seat to switch on the headlights and get my rod.

Our headlights were pointed right at the man, and when I switched them on the tree branches didn't interfere with our getting a good look at him. They framed him as he stood there looking straight at us and blinking with surprise.

For a fraction of a second he stood there looking at us, then dropped the thing in his hand and ran.

I was halfway to him when he did.

"Halt!" I yelled after him. "I'm an officer!"

But he wasn't stopping for hell or high water. I tore after him, still yelling for him to halt. Up the narrow road that led out of the canyon he went, stumbling once,

CHARLES BRYSON

then picking himself up to run all the faster. If he made the top of the hill and got out of sight, it might not be so easy to pick him up again.

There was only one thing to do, of course, and I pulled up short to do it. He was about fifty feet ahead of me. At that distance—

I raised my rod, got the front sight square on the middle of his back—

And then a funny thing happened.

You don't have to believe it, but I tell you it happened. To me, an officer—a homicide man.

The face of a little boy—my boy—suddenly was there, right in the middle of that guy's back; right over the front sight of my rod. Then the little face got bigger, blotting out everything, and there was my boy, climbing up over the front sight, laughing. Steadying himself on his new roller skates and holding out his arms as he came skating down the barrel toward me.

A Los Angeles Detective Writes a Distinguished Detective Story

SCOTT LITTLETON *whose photograph appears at the left, has led an extraordinary life. He started his career as a playwright, having studied in the George Pierce Baker Workshop at Yale. He served in naval aviation, during the war, as an ensign. Later, he heard the call of Hollywood. When "second in command" of Pathé Studios, he decided that he knew nothing of life in general, and he became an investigator for District Attorney Buron Fitts of Los Angeles County. When Mr. Fitts determined to build up a "G-man staff" of his own he chose Scott Littleton to be the foundation of it. Since then Mr. Littleton has become an outstanding criminologist. After writing the brilliant articles Death at the Lily Pond and Hollywood Shakedown—both published in Liberty—he has turned to fiction.*

No—I wasn't drunk.

My trigger finger suddenly felt paralyzed and my legs went dead as I realized the jam I was in.

Suppose I plugged the guy. Suppose I even caught up with him without plugging him. It would all come out, wouldn't it? How could I keep it from coming out? I suppose there *was* a slim chance of getting Helen out of the picture, if I'd been calm enough to take it. But, hell—I didn't even think of it!

Then the guy was at the top of the hill. Outlined a moment, then gone.

I stood there for a while in a kind of daze, then put my rod back in my pocket and went back to the coupé. In the lights from my car I looked things over. I had enough sense left not to touch anything—just look. The woman was dead, all right. The side of her head all bashed in. A bloody mess. Blood all over the inside of the coupé, too, where the guy had been swinging that pipe. That's what it was, a pipe, lying on the ground where he had dropped it. One end of it all red. The other end—where he had held it—was wrapped in a rag.

Then I heard Helen calling to me from our car, in a kind of moan. I went over to her.

"You didn't do it? You didn't do it?" I remember her asking me over and over again. She was hysterical as hell.

I told her to get down on the floor of the car and stay there while we drove out. I finally had to force her to do it, jerking her legs out from under her and sitting her down hard.

I backed the car out from behind the cottonwoods, headed into the road, drove it carefully around the coupé, and slashed up and out of the canyon like nobody's business.

I DIDN'T take Helen right back to the spot where we had been meeting each other. She was in no condition to get out of the car at that point. I drove through town until I was well clear of any residential district. Then I pulled off the boulevard, stopped and went to work on her, and finally got her sitting up on the front seat and beginning to talk a bit rationally. Then I drove on down to the ocean. We parked and sat there with the motor off, listening to the slap of the surf and trying to get our thoughts together.

I guess we sat there an hour, talking it over. And we finally decided on a plan of action—if you could call it that.

It was a question of but a short time before the woman's body would be discovered. From the class of the coupé and the expensive look of the woman's clothing, she was undoubtedly a somebody. And her killer certainly hadn't looked like a bum. A big, sort of prematurely grayish-haired man with a narrow sunburned face and bushy gray eyebrows. I didn't have the slightest idea who he was, and Helen said she certainly couldn't recall seeing him before. But we both agreed we could recognize him again anywhere.

There was a good possibility that the man's fingerprints would be found somewhere about the murder scene. If I happened to be assigned to the investigation after the body was found, it would be natural for me to make a fingerprint check, and that would be that. If they weren't, it was probable that sooner or later I'd come across the guy, or a picture of him, among the woman's contacts. Then, as carefully as I could, I'd lead the investigation around to him, so that the other investigators —or maybe even a newspaperman—would think that they, not I, had dug him out. If there weren't any prints, we'd have to tie him in some other way.

I ran Helen back to town—back to the spot where we used to meet each other. Then I went home. My wife was still up when I got there; it was about midnight.

"I thought you were going to get home earlier tonight," she said.

"I've been working," was all I said to her, and then: "Is the kid all right?"

"He's all right," she replied.

I tiptoed into his room to look at him, sleeping there in his bed. Suddenly I felt—well, just dirty. If there was only some way I could get clean—get a fresh grip on myself, start all over again—

"MARY," I said to my wife as I came out of the kid's room, "don't you think if we tried—"

"You're drunk," she said.

I guess she had smelled it on my breath, although God knows I wasn't! If she'd met me only a quarter of the way I think I might have gone right down to headquarters and told them the works. Helen wasn't on my mind at all; I guess I kind of hated Helen at that point.

But she didn't, and that was that.

About three o'clock the next afternoon the thing broke.

Some boys hunting squirrels had found the car and the dead woman in it. Scared stiff, they had run to our substation out there and had reported. Kelly, the man in charge of the substation, had gone with them to take a look, then had phoned us down at Central Homicide immediately.

God help me—I took the call!

Kelly said he had checked the license card of the car, which showed it registered in the name of an Elaine Blanchard. The initials E. B., he said, were on the woman's handbag, and it looked like she was it. The address given on the license card was a place over on the Heights—over in the district where Helen Morrill lived.

It dawned on me I'd heard Helen speak of a family named Blanchard living near her. The Blanchards had a daughter, I remember her saying—a society debutante.

I told Kelly we'd get on the job pronto, and went into Captain Lawrence's office to report the thing. He detailed me right on to the case. Me!

Even while I was talking to him the newspaper boys came streaming into the office. He gave them just the barest details for an extra, then grabbed his hat and called to Spike Brant and Bill McClintock, two more of the homicide boys, to come along with us.

We stopped above the canyon and walked down the road to the car. And don't think that road didn't have something to say to Cap right away!

"Two cars have been down here. Not long ago, either," he said. "Two different sets of tracks. See where one of them has run over the other? We'll make molds of them."

There were the tracks of my car, swinging wide of the coupé's and leading right around in back of them! I could see Cap Lawrence take the tracks in with a glance. In fact, before going to the coupé, the old bloodhound followed my tracks through all the backing and turning I had had to do to get back there.

"This set," he said, "overlies the other set. Maybe whoever did it was waiting back here for her."

Bill McClintock shook his head. "Looks like something else to me."

"What?" I asked him, wondering if he was likely to make a good guess.

Bill's answer to my question nearly knocked me for a loop.

"*You* weren't in here last night, by any chance, with some cutie, were you?" he asked.

"Me?" I managed to get out.

"Yes, you, you old Romeo. Your tracks are exactly like these, if I remember them right. Come clean now—come clean!"

Then I saw he was only kidding, and that Cap was laughing too. I faked a laugh, but it took all I had to do it. I was glad that *that* moment was over! But it was followed right away by another.

There were my footprints of the night before, where I had run toward the man standing in our headlights. As we started over to the coupé, Cap caught sight of them. McClintock and Brant too.

"Be sure to make a mold of these too," Cap said to me. "They look just as recent as the tire tracks."

So I'd have to do something about my shoes, as well as my tires. If the boys got to kidding me about *them*, along with the tire tracks, it might be just too bad!

THE coupé was in the exact spot it had been in the night before. The dead girl was in the same position, too, her head—or what was left of it—hanging over the driver's door. Later her picture showed us that she had been a damned pretty dark-haired kid about twenty-two.

The pipe was still on the ground where he had dropped it. We had brought our fingerprint outfit along with us, of course, and Cap told McClintock to get busy on the pipe and Brant to start in on the car.

"You go back up and get the plaster," he said to me, "and start in on those tracks and footprints."

When I got to the top of the hill about six autoloads of newspapermen arrived, and they all walked back down with me, yipping for the low-down.

Cap Lawrence had the case all solved for them when we got back to the car.

"It's clear enough," he said, showing them the tracks leading around back of the cottonwoods. "Whoever did it was in the car with her, or was lying in wait for her in another car back there. And whoever did it robbed her, or tried to make it look like robbery. Her handbag was open with nothing in it, and her rings and something she was wearing on the front of her dress are gone. You can see where she was wearing them."

This was new to me. In the darkness and in my excitement the night before I hadn't noticed any such details.

There were prints on the car, all right, plenty of them, although McClintock couldn't find any on the pipe.

Catching COLD?

Quick!...Take these

2 "first steps"—

1.
CLEANSE THE INTESTINAL TRACT
2.
HELP NATURE COMBAT ACIDITY

Sal Hepatica does BOTH!

"GET YOUR system ready for a fight," warn physicians, "whenever you take cold." They advocate two basic steps:

1. **Cleanse the intestinal tract of waste.**
2. **Help Nature combat the acidity that frequently accompanies a cold.**

And Sal Hepatica does both! Not only does this mineral salt laxative cleanse the intestinal tract—quickly, gently, and thoroughly—but it helps Nature combat acidity, too. Sal Hepatica brings about an alkaline (anti-acid) reaction, helps your system swing back toward the alkaline reserve so necessary to health.

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So be modern. When a cold comes your way, take two teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. In addition, get plenty of rest and quiet—go to bed, call a doctor if your cold is severe. Watch your diet. Drink plenty of liquids. It pays to fight a cold the modern way. Get Sal Hepatica today.

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ADEX

The modern way for adults to take Vitamins A and D

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One tablet equals a spoonful of good cod liver oil

And did I feel good when Brant looked up to say he'd found some swell ones on the metal clasp of her handbag! Some of these probably were the girl's, but it was a good bet that some of them belonged to the big guy, too.

I was working away on the tire tracks when Brant, after rolling prints off the dead girl's fingers, announced there were others on the handbag clasp besides hers.

I guess we were out there all of two hours before we got through with the work that has to be done at the scene of a killing like that and the coroner carted what was left of Elaine Blanchard away. And when we quit and went back to town I was feeling a hell of a lot better.

The fingerprint check in the local bureau didn't give us a thing. I won't go into the details of our questioning the Blanchards, except that talking to that father and mother was just about the toughest thing I ever had to do. I couldn't help thinking how I'd feel and what I'd do if it had been my boy instead of their daughter.

Talking to the Blanchard servants didn't bring anything out either, or looking through the dead girl's personal things. By the time we left the Blanchard place, which was about one in the morning, all we had to show for our work was a pretty complete list of people the girl had known. Cap told us to go home and get some rest and we would start checking these first thing in the morning. He told the newspapermen his questioning had revealed not the slightest reason why any one would have wished the girl harm. Pending further investigation, he gave it as his opinion that the motive for the crime had been robbery. Plaster molds had been made of the tracks of another automobile and a man's footprints found on the murder scene. A state-wide—yes, a nationwide—search, he said, would immediately be begun for the owner of the tires and shoes that had made those tracks.

And you can figure how I felt listening to him!

BUT after the newspapermen left he told us something he'd held out on them. The autopsy surgeon, he told us, had phoned him that Elaine had been pregnant. About three months along. I was way ahead of him as he reconstructed what might have happened. Some guy—probably some married guy—he said, had gotten her that way. Maybe he was some guy she'd been crazy about and had been meeting without the knowledge of her family or any of her close friends. Maybe she'd been after him to get rid of his wife and marry her, and he'd taken that way out when she had told him she was going to go through with having his kid. A screwy idea, Cap admitted, but not one to be overlooked.

Overlooked? I'll say it wasn't to be overlooked! I was sure Cap had hit the thing right on the head. And—*I knew the guy!*

Or did I? Suppose we never did dig him up?

At that hour of the night it was too late to call Helen and tell her how things were going. It wasn't that I had a yen to call her. I think my yen for Helen Morrill went out of me the night before while I stood there in my kid's room looking down at him sleeping. If I called her now it would be only because I wanted to be sure she wasn't doing anything dumb. I'd call her in the morning, I decided.

I went on home. The lights were all out when I got there, and it looked like my wife was asleep. I was dog-tired, but I figured I'd never get a better chance to do something about my car's tires. So I drove into my garage, locked its doors as quietly as I could, and went to work.

My idea was to change them all around—put the front ones on the back and put the spare in the place of one of the front ones. It wouldn't do to buy any new tires, I realized; that *would* look funny.

I WORKED as quietly and as fast as I could. My house was built into a hillside, with the garage under it; you could go directly up into the kitchen from the garage by some cellar stairs. There wasn't much chance of my wife hearing me, I figured.

But I was wrong.

I'd gotten the front end of the car jacked up and one of the front tires off when all of a sudden I heard her footsteps coming down the stairs. I remember how the sweat turned cold all over me. She must have read the evening papers, which told all about the "mysterious" tire tracks. If she started putting two and two together, like women do—

"Is that you?" she called, halfway down the stairs.

"Yes," I answered. "A tire started to go flat on me, and I'm changing it."

"At this time of night?"

"Why not?"

She didn't say anything more for about a minute. Then, "All right," she said, and started back upstairs.

"I'll be right up," I called after her.

"All right," she said again, and that was that.

It was a close squeak. I certainly didn't want anybody, let alone my wife, seeing me monkeying with those tires.

I finally got them all changed around the way I wanted them, and went upstairs and to bed, to sleep a good deal better than I had the night before.

I was down at headquarters by nine the next morning, the time Cap had wanted us to start the contact checking. Before reporting, however, I got in a call to Helen. She said she had slept well enough, too, after reading the evening papers. She said she felt sure everything was going to come out all right, and for me not to worry. She wasn't letting herself worry, she said, so why should I?

I told her I would get in touch with her if anything important broke, and went on down to headquarters.

Cap and Chief of Police Barnes—

he was in on things now—had the work all mapped out for a dozen of us. He gave me my list of people to see and I started out.

The first guy on my list was the president of the bank where the Blanchards kept their dough. The idea was to have him turn over the girl's checking account to me, to see if there were any leads in that. There often are in bank accounts, although I didn't expect to find anything out of line in the account of a girl like Elaine Blanchard. That big guy certainly hadn't looked like any one a girl like her would have been paying off.

And now listen to what happened. Maybe you won't believe it, but it's God's own truth.

I turned into the front entrance of the bank, and in the lobby—yes, you've guessed it—

There he was!

Him!

He was sitting at a desk back of the long marble counter where the vice-presidents and cashiers sat. He was sitting there talking to some customer, and I got a swell view of his sunburned face without his so much as glancing over where I was.

There was one of those little wedge-shaped brass name plates on the counter by him. Horsing around the lobby as though I was looking for somebody, I got near enough to read the name on it. DUNCAN LORING, Ass't Cashier, it said.

I WENT on back to the president's office and introduced myself. The president said he would do everything in his power to help us clear up the terrible crime. The Blanchards had not only been customers but close personal friends, he said, and he was all broken up about it.

I told him what I wanted—and what do you think? He took me back down the line and introduced me to Loring! You could have knocked me over with a feather!

"Loring," he introduced, "this gentleman is from the police department and I want you to give him all the help he desires. It's about the Blanchard murder."

The guy took it without batting an eyelash!

He stuck out his hand—I had to take it—and said:

"I'll be most happy to do anything I can."

He looked me right in the eyes.

"I'm turning him over to you," the president said to him, "because you probably had more personal contacts with Miss Blanchard than any one else here. Mr. Loring," he said to me, "was in much the same position as myself. A personal friend of the poor girl as well as her banker. Isn't that right, Loring? And Mrs. Loring knew her well too?"

"Yes," Loring said—again without batting an eye. "Mrs. Loring was just as shocked by the tragedy as I was."

He heaved a big sigh, then came back at me steadily with those cold eyes.

He was young just a moment ago-

Don't let this happen to *you*

HE walked through the door a youngster. But he left his youth in the check-room along with his hat just a moment ago. When she saw his bald head she saw an old man. Don't let this happen to you.

If dandruff is leaving telltale warnings on your coat collar, it's high time for Kreml. For Kreml removes every trace of dandruff. And don't disregard the warning your comb gives you when it carries away your hair. Kreml checks falling hair by stimulating the scalp and replacing oils in dry, brittle hair. Don't wait until those thinning spots at your temples join up with the thin spot on top of your head. Use Kreml—and use it every day.

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REMOVES DANDRUFF AND CHECKS FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

Her mother taught her
Never to let more than one day pass

Years ago her mother taught her the importance of regular elimination.

Ever since she can remember, there has been a box of Olive Tablets on the bathroom shelf just as a reminder not to let more than one day go by without doing something to assist Nature.

Originally the formula of an Ohio physician, Dr. Edwards, Olive Tablets are now widely recognized as a standard proprietary.

Mild and gentle in their action, one little pellet is usually all you need to take to get desired results. Thousands of women have made Olive Tablets their favorite laxative. Three sizes: 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. All druggists.

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THE LAXATIVE OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

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The Only cough drop medicated with throat-soothing ingredients of Vicks VapoRub.

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"Have you any—leads?" he asked. "Any idea who did it?"

For a fraction of a second I thought about disguising my voice, then decided not to. After all, he'd only heard it once, and I'd been yelling.

"No," I said. "Not an idea. The chief thinks it was a robbery. Of course," I said, "killers often try to make a job like that look like robbery. That's why we're checking all the girl's personal contacts we can, in the hopes of getting some kind of a lead."

"And you haven't found anything yet?"

"Not a damned thing."

Again, was I kidding myself, or did he seem to look relieved? He picked up a glass paperweight from his desk and started playing with it absentmindedly. Spreading his prints all over the thing! And I had to stand there and watch him do it!

I told him I wanted to look over the girl's accounts.

"That will be easy," he said.

He went to get them and the president went back to his office.

Pretty soon Loring came back carrying some ledger pages and a bundle of checks.

We got down to business, and I made as good a show of interest as I could, asking him a lot of dumb questions about the parties the girl had paid out money to and so on. My play, I figured, was to be just a dumb flatfoot carrying out orders. Already a way to get his prints without his knowing it was coming into my mind.

I remember looking at his sunburned neck as he bent over the counter and saying to myself, Mister, if you only knew it, there's hemp around that number sixteen of yours right now!

We got through the ledger sheets and all the checks, and I told him I guessed there wasn't anything in them to interest us. He said he was sorry—and then had the gall to tell me that his wife had really been more of a personal friend of the girl and her family than he had been.

"I'D suggest that you talk with Mrs. Loring," he said. "We all belonged to the same golf club and she used to see a lot more of Elaine than I did. Of course I used to see her when she came in here to the bank and on parties now and then. But all I know about her private life won't help you very much, I'm afraid. About all I can do is give you names of as many of her friends as I can think of. Some of them might have some information of value to you."

I asked him a few questions about his personal contacts with the girl, which he answered easily enough. Then I started away; but he stopped me.

"There's one thing," he said. He picked up the paperweight and started jiggling it again. "The last few times I saw Elaine," he said, "she wasn't looking any too well. Looked as though she might have had something on her mind."

The cold-blooded devil! Fishing to find out if the autopsy had shown anything.

"Her family told us her health was O. K.," I said, "and it certainly wasn't suicide."

He gave a little laugh.

"No—I guess it wasn't anything like that," he said. Then, "O. K.," he said as I left him. "If I can think of anything else I'll make a note of it."

I said thank you to him and went on out of the bank. I decided there was one thing I wanted to do before going after his fingerprints. I wanted Helen Morrill to get a look at him.

She was home when I phoned her, and she finally said she'd come on down and meet me at a certain spot an hour later, after she'd been in the bank for a look.

I put in the hour going through the motions of checking some other people the chief had on his list, then met her at the spot.

"WAS it?" was the first thing I said to her.

"It was," she said.

That was all I wanted to hear from her. I said good-by to her in a hurry and started away; but she hung on to me.

"You're not going to do anything foolish?" she asked.

I told her not to worry. That Duncan Loring could go scot-free before I'd take any chances. But she still hung on.

"What about — tonight?" she wanted to know.

"Tonight?"

"Yes; you and me," she said, getting her perfume up close to me, where she figured it would do the most good. "You aren't going to let this thing—spoil everything, are you?"

I guess I must have given her a funny look, because she let go of me and gave a funny little laugh.

"O. K., Sherlock," she said. Then, "If you want me, you know where to get me."

I told her I'd give her a buzz maybe, then got away from her as quickly as I could.

It was getting along toward noon, so I figured it was a good time to drop in at headquarters and get started on the plan I had in mind for getting Loring's prints. As I said, we had checked all the prints we had found on the car and the handbag and had found nothing in the local Identification Bureau to match them. We had also air-mailed them to Washington immediately, and there was a chance, I knew, that if Loring had been in the war or had had his prints taken somewhere else along the line we'd soon get a wire back telling us so. But I wasn't counting much on it.

I was going to get a picture of the dead girl and have it framed under glass in a smooth all-silver frame. Then I'd wipe the whole thing clean and take it along with me to the bank. There I'd hand it to him and ask him if the picture was a good likeness.

He'd have to take it in his hands—if you're good at it you can force a guy to take a thing like that in both his hands. There'd be his prints!

We had a picture of the girl at headquarters, I knew. I went in for it. And there I got the second big surprise of the morning.

The chief said they had found the guy who had killed Elaine Blanchard!

The guy's name was Patrouklas, the chief said, and he was a little Greek that had been picked up drunk and booked for vagrancy by some radio coppers over on the West Side. On him the coppers had found quite a sum of money, plus some ladies' rings and a diamond brooch. A check had proved these to be Elaine Blanchard's, and the little Greek's fingerprints *were those on the handbag!*

The squad room and Cap Lawrence's office were a madhouse of newspapermen, photographers, and detectives, all milling around and talking at once. Scared stiff, the little Greek sat on a chair in a corner, handcuffed and blinking at the flashlights, and completely ga-ga to the questions everybody was firing at him. I took one look at him, and knew that if *he* was the guy I had seen beating Elaine Blanchard to death I was a Chinaman!

I cornered Spike Brant long enough to get some details. The Greek was our man, he said. He had already told the boys three conflicting stories, which was proof enough in itself. First he'd told them he'd found the jewelry and money on a road about a mile from the murder spot, wrapped in some paper. Then he'd told them he'd pinched it off a guy in a flophouse where he'd slept the night before. Finally he'd told them he'd been sleeping in an abandoned shack in a near-by canyon, and that about daybreak he had wandered over into our canyon and had there found the car with the dead girl in it. He'd taken her money and jewelry and come on into town, where he had proceeded to drink up some of the money and had thus gotten himself vagged.

"But we'll make him tell all about that car he and his mob were waiting in," Spike said. "And who belonged to those footprints leading from behind the trees. It's a cinch his foot doesn't fit the cast, so he must have had somebody with him."

I TOOK another look at the poor little devil, and began to feel kind of faint. Letting Loring get away with it was one thing, but hanging an innocent man was something else—a hell of a something else!

It took me a minute or so to pull myself together. Then I decided to go down to the Dutchman's on the corner for a shot of redeye.

It made me feel better. After all, a lot could happen before the judge cleared his throat and said those final words. I'd *make* it happen, by heaven!

The first thing was to go ahead with my plan for getting Loring's prints. So I went back to headquarters, and in the hullabaloo still going on there nobody paid any attention to me taking a copy of the developed prints and the picture of the girl out of the files.

Nobody was home when I got there, so I had no trouble sneaking the silver frame off my wife's bureau, putting Elaine's picture in it, and then smearing it ever so lightly with a thin coating of vaseline—not enough to arouse suspicion, but enough. And the picture I took out of it to do this made me all the more anxious to do a good job. Yes, it was my boy's picture—one of his baby pictures. Call me a big cream puff if you want to, but I kissed that picture when I took it out of its frame—kissed it and kind of asked its pardon, I guess.

I wrapped it loosely in some paper, then drove back downtown. When I got to the bank, extras were on the streets about the Greek. That wasn't so good, I realized. If Loring had seen them, he would wonder why the hell I'd be coming back to talk to *him.*

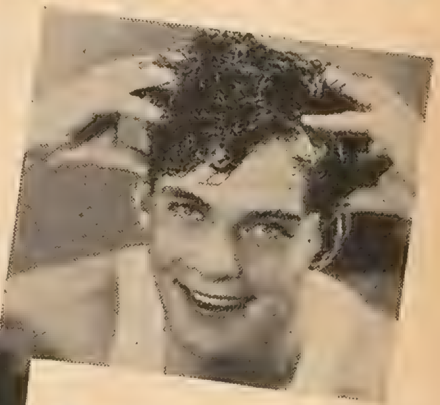
He had just gotten back from lunch and did seem a bit surprised to see me. As I went toward him I put on a big grin, like I was tickled to death.

"Well, we did it!" I said. "We got the guy!"

"I see you have," he said. "I congratulate you!"

"It certainly saves us a lot of work," I said, leaning on the counter and putting the wrapped-up picture down in front of me. "Routine work. Checking people, like I told you." I indicated the bundle on the counter. "If

Two Quick Tricks



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2 Brush a few drops of Tonic into the hair every morning to keep it in place.. If yours is dry or inclined to dandruff, a bit rubbed directly into the scalp prevents 'shedding'.

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I've shown this thing to one person today, I've shown it to a dozen."

"What's that?" he asked, like I figured he would.

"Oh, just a picture of the girl," I said, carelessly taking off the wrapping and holding it up with the back of the frame toward him. "She was a pretty kid, wasn't she?" I said, making a play at looking at her admiringly. "Or would you say it was a good likeness?"

As I spoke I turned it quickly and pulled the old forcing trick on him. It worked, all right. He took it squarely in his hands—put both his thumbs and all his fingers on it just where I wanted them!

"Why, yes," he said. "I'd say that it was."

I took it out of his hands as quickly as I dared. I certainly didn't want him to smudge those prints. I could *see* some of them where his fingers had been!

When I did, I went right back home. My wife was still out and the boy still in school, so I had the place to myself while I dusted and checked those prints. And, by Jove, there they were! Three fingers and a thumb of the guy's left hand—on the instrument board of Elaine Blanchard's coupé! That put him, dead bang, in the car. All I had to do now was find out *why* he had killed her!

I figured that the smart thing to do as far as Cap and the rest of the boys were concerned was to go on record with them as not being so sure that the Greek was our man. They'd think I was crazy, but that would be all right. It would at least give me an excuse for working on other angles during my spare time and during as much on-duty time as I could get away with.

I went back to headquarters and started in on Cap along that line. Just as I figured, he told me I was crazy. But he was a pretty good old guy, Cap, and he believed in giving his men all the rope they wanted. He told me to go ahead if it would make me feel any better. As far as the department was concerned, he said, the Blanchard investigation was closed.

ALL during the trial I worked my head off backtracking on the movements of both Loring and Elaine Blanchard, hoping to dig up something before sentence was passed.

But I didn't.

A dumb jury and a defense lawyer who didn't know enough to come in out of the rain convicted him of first degree, and the judge had no choice but to throw the book at him.

I can't tell you how I felt when the judge sentenced the little guy to death and I realized that within ninety days, unless I somehow made the grade or his appeal was upheld, he would swing. They put 'em over the road fast in our state. It was all like a bad dream, and there were times when I got closer to the point of spilling everything than I ever had before. I began drinking pretty steadily.

Looking back at it now, it was all like a nightmare. The little Greek's appeal failed, and two weeks before the time set for his execution I still hadn't been able to dig up anything. Physically and mentally, I was just about a wreck.

Then one day I found what I was after. I found where he and Elaine Blanchard, over a period of a year, had been spending a lot of week ends together as man and wife. Under an assumed name, of course. But his signature on the register at the place—a little hotel way down in the desert—checked absolutely with his signature I had been able to snivvy from the bank. And I could produce at least half a dozen witnesses who would identify the picture of Elaine as the woman they had believed to be his wife!

There were ten days yet before the Greek was to swing.

I WENT straight to Cap with my dope, and to my relief he didn't ask *why* I'd picked on Duncan Loring—just took it for granted that I'd dug him up naturally. He was interested all right, and went with me to the chief. After I'd laid it on the line for the chief, who didn't seem so interested, the three of us went over to the D. A.'s office. And right away the D. A. started to pick flaws. Suppose Loring had had an affair with the Blanchard girl and was responsible for her condition. What did that prove? How did we expect to tie him in with the actual murder?

"We could see if his prints match any of those on the car," said Cap, and I could have kissed him.

The D. A. agreed this would be possible. Then he rang for his secretary and told her to phone Loring at the bank and ask him to come right up.

For sheer unadulterated nerve I certainly had to hand it to the guy when he came into that office. He must have guessed why the D. A. had sent for him, but you never could have told it from his face.

"You sent for me, Mr. Henry?" he said.

"Yes," said the D. A. "Sit down." He started introducing us, and Loring looked hard at me.

"I've met *this* gentleman before," he said, meaning me. Was that all he meant, I wondered? Was he on to me and giving me a warning?

"I've asked you to come in here, Mr. Loring," the D. A. began—but Loring took the play right out of his hands.

"I think I know why you want me, Mr. Henry," he said. "You've found out about my relations with Miss Blanchard."

We hadn't expected anything like that.

"Why, yes," said the D. A. "And, to be frank with you, we'd like to know why you've kept silent about them."

Loring gave an apologetic little smile.

"I'll be quite frank with you, Mr. Henry," he said. "When you picked up the murderer of Miss Blanchard, I saw no use in involving either myself or my family in an unnecessary scandal. Had you not picked him up when you did, I assure you I would have come forward."

"*Why* would you have come forward?" Cap shot at him.

"It's simple enough, Captain. I suppose I must have been the last person, outside the murderer, to see Miss Blanchard alive."

The devil! The smart cold-blooded devil! He figured he must have left his prints somewhere on the car and he was beating us to the punch!

"What do you mean by that, Loring?" the D. A. asked. "When did you last see Miss Blanchard alive?"

"I was in her car with her that afternoon."

"What time that afternoon?"

"It was after banking hours. From half past four to—six o'clock, say."

"Where did she pick you up?"

"Near the bank."

"And where did she let you out?"

"At the same place. Near the bank. I'll explain everything, if you will permit me."

"That's what you're here for. We want the whole truth, Loring," the D. A. said in the hard-boiled tone he used when he figured he was getting hot on something.

Loring took another look around at us and went ahead:

"I will admit that my relations with Miss Blanchard were not everything that they should have been," he said, "and I am more than sorry about that. Undoubtedly you gentlemen discovered her condition, which was referred to during the trial. Well, I'll even admit I may have been the cause of that. Miss Blanchard must have thought so"—again he looked at us carefully—"because she accused me of it. That afternoon, gentlemen, I went out in her car with her to try and make her see that I couldn't do what she asked. She wanted me to divorce my wife, whom I love dearly in spite of everything, and marry her. She insisted that she was going to have the child and tell the world that I was its father. So—"

"So you killed her. Isn't that right, Loring?" the D. A. asked, leaning suddenly across the desk toward him.

"I killed her?"

LORING got up out of his chair.

"Good God, gentlemen!" he said. "Are you accusing *me?*"

"Of course we're accusing you!" said Cap. "You know damned well you killed her. Beat her to death with a pipe!"

"*I* beat that poor girl to death? In God's name—and then come down here and tell you all this? What do you think I am, gentlemen? A fool? As God is my witness, Mr. Henry, I tell you I had no more to do with the death of Elaine Blanchard than you did!"

It was impressive, all right. It was even having its effect on the D. A.

Then Cap pulled one out of the air that hit me right between the eyes. It was the last thing in the world I expected.

"What would you say, Loring," he asked, "if we told you we could produce witnesses who were in another car not thirty feet from you and *saw* you kill her?"

For a moment the room went round and round before me; then I realized that Cap was only bluffing. I couldn't help looking at Loring. And I could see he had my number—knew that I was the guy.

"What would I say?" he repeated. Then he gave me another look, and decided. "Why, I'd say, gentlemen, that you couldn't possibly produce such witnesses, because they don't exist!"

"Have you any questions you want to ask?" the chief said to me.

I snapped out of it enough to shake my head.

"Can you tell us where you were that evening, Mr. Loring," the D. A. asked in a politer tone, "after Miss Blanchard left you at the bank?"

Loring was equal to that one, too.

"I can't, Mr. Henry," he said. "Believe me, I wish I could. It would certainly convince you I was innocent, wouldn't it? But I am telling you the absolute truth, even if it makes things look hopeless for me." He gave a sad little smile. "I know I did wrong in my relations with

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Miss Blanchard," he went on. "I realize that what happened gives you every reason to believe I had a motive for killing the poor girl. But, gentlemen—let me ask you. You, Mr. Henry, from what you know of me, do you honestly believe I would have done a thing like that? Do you believe any jury would decide that I, and not a man found in possession of the girl's jewelry, did it?"

"It fits in with the Greek's story of finding the girl dead," said Cap.

The D. A. fiddled for a while with his pencil. "I'm going to let you go for the time being, Loring," he said.

"I understand perfectly, Mr. Henry," Loring said. "Whenever you want me, you know where to find me."

Then he went out.

"Not so hot," said Cap. "But then, it might be so."

"I believe him," said the chief.

"I'm inclined to," said the D. A. "A man couldn't be so dumb as to walk in here and supply himself with a motive like that. What do *you* think?" he asked, turning to me.

I'd just sat there listening to them without a word—listening to them throw everything I'd dug up out the window. They were squeezing me, squeezing me. If I didn't speak now—the whole thing was up to me!

The Greek—

I was on my feet, looking down at them—down at their surprised faces.

"I know what *I* think," I remember saying. "I think I can have that guy in a cell for you by tonight!"

THEN I must have rushed out of that office like I'd suddenly gone nuts. I kind of came to myself in a phone booth, calling Helen Morrill.

She was at home. I told her that I had to see her at once. I had the feeling of somebody else using my voice.

"Won't tonight do?" she asked.

I told her it wouldn't; it had to be right now. Finally she agreed to come right downtown to the spot where I met her that time before. I guess she could tell from my voice that she had to come.

I went over to the spot, and this time she showed up in about twenty minutes. She looked plenty worried.

"The jig's up," I told her.

"Your wife?" she asked. That was all she had on her mind!

"No, not my wife," I said. "You and me."

I told her how I'd tied Loring into the thing, only to have him snake out of it by admitting almost everything and outbluffing the D. A. I told her how the only thing in God's world that could save the Greek now would be the truth.

She stood there listening, with her eyes getting wilder and wilder looking.

"You're not serious?" she asked, when I got through. "You don't mean that I—that we—have to come forward, do you?"

I told her I meant just that.

"Have you gone crazy?" she asked.

"The Greek didn't kill her," I said.

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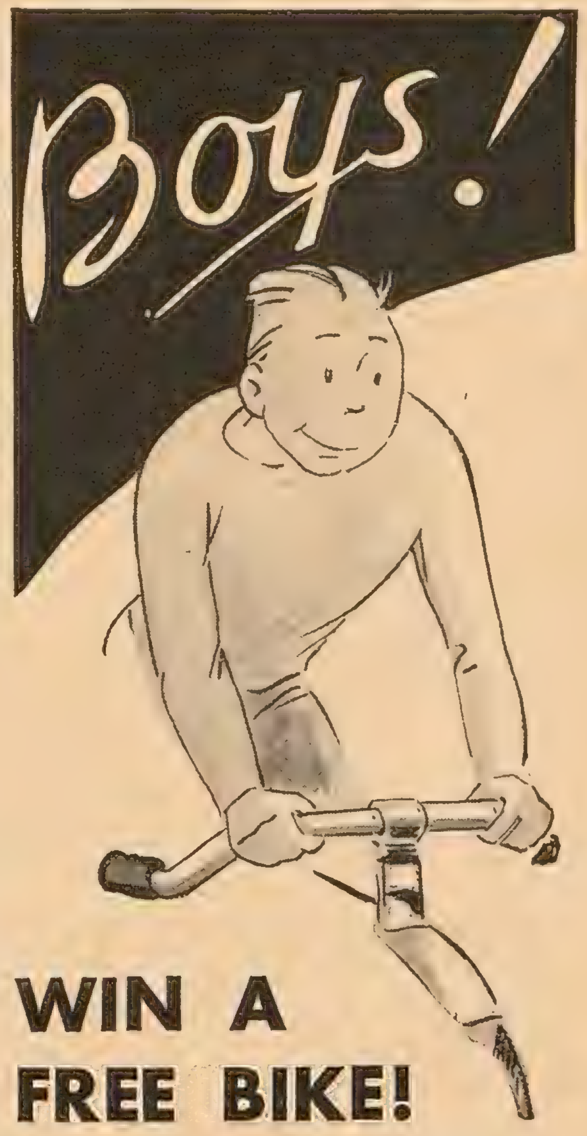

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"Suppose he didn't," she said. "Do you mean to say you'd throw overboard your happiness, and my happiness—yes, and the happiness of Loring's wife and children, who didn't have a thing to do with it—for the sake of a worthless little Greek?"

I tried to explain to her I'd done everything in my power to save the Greek; but she wouldn't listen to me.

"A dirty thieving little foreigner!" she said. "A man who would steal jewels and money from the body of a dead woman! I know you're crazy even to think of it! Good God! Don't you realize what it would mean to me?"

I began to get sore at that point.

"What the hell do you think it's going to mean to *me?*" I asked her.

"Oh, you're too ridiculous!" she said, turning away from me and beginning to walk up and down. "You talk like a child."

"We're both in this thing together," I reminded her. "And an innocent guy is going to be hung. If he hangs, it's us that'll spring the trap, and you know it!"

"Of course I know it," she said. The tears began coming into her eyes and she began chewing her lips. "Do you think I *like* it any more than you do?"

"The whole point, Helen," I said, "is that the Greek didn't do it."

"That isn't the whole point!" she said. "The whole point is—you and me. Leave me out of it, if you want to. The whole point is your boy. You know what your wife can do—what she will do—if this comes out. Do you want to lose your boy? Does that Greek mean more to you than your son?"

It was like she had stuck a knife in me and turned it.

"Let's leave my kid out of this, Helen," I told her. "I know what I'm letting myself in for. All I want to know is: are you going to the D. A.'s office with me now and tell them the truth?"

"No!" she said.

"The Greek didn't do it, Helen," I reminded her, for the last time.

"I don't care if he didn't," she said. "I'm not going to do a thing! Not a single damned thing!"

For about a minute, I guess, we just stood there looking at each other. A hell of a lot went through my mind in that minute. Something like what goes through a drowning man's mind, I guess, before he goes down for the last time: the years behind me—my boy—and the years ahead of me.

"All right, Helen," I said quietly. "Then I'll have to put you under arrest."

She looked at me as though I had hit her.

"Me—*you're* arresting—*me?*"

"Yes," I said. "As a material witness in the murder of Elaine Blanchard." I took her by the arm and started for the door of the place. "We'll go on up to the office," I said.

And we went. Kicking and screaming, I took her out of the place and out on to the sidewalk. I still have the marks on my forearm where she bit me. Believe me, in more ways than one she was the toughest prisoner I ever took in in my life. But I got her there. And after I laid it on the line for them she talked, all right. I made her.

And that's about all there is to the inside story of the Blanchard case.

Yes, the Greek was saved.

Yes, Loring swung.

Yes, Helen Morrill lost her happy home.

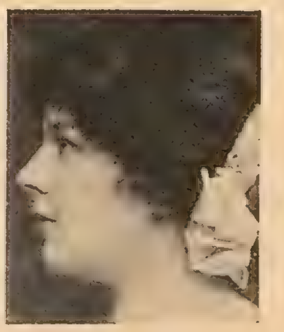
Yes, I got kicked off the force.

And—yes—I lost my boy. The court wouldn't even let me see him.

But, by Heaven, I can still look you in the face! And maybe some day, when he gets old enough, my boy will understand.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS



1—What star appears in the early photo to the right? Clues: Her name is shared with an epic poet and a variety of short-legged bird. She scored triumphs at Covent Garden and the Met. Her professional debut took place at Paris, but she was born (1872) at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

2—Are spars spliced or sliced?

3—Who said, "So you're the little lady that made the war!" to whom?

4—Does a titmouse eat insects, cheese, or eggs?

5—Where do expectant fathers follow a rigid diet?

6—Zlotys, belgas, and schillings are monetary units of which countries?

7—What war novel was the best seller of 1929?

8—Which wine added to land forms cities on two coasts of the United States?

9—What country leads in beef eaters?

10—Which exponent of Greek dancing was born in San Francisco, established a school for dancing near Berlin, and was killed in an automobile accident at Nice?

11—Is a goldfish a minnow, carp, or mullet?

12—What, in medieval Christian ethics, were the seven principal virtues?

13—Which ton weighs 2,204.6 pounds?

14—What was the nationality of the composer Offenbach (1819-80)?

15—Chemically speaking, what is the value of the average man?

16—The Murray is the largest river of which continent?

17—Is a nutmeg a nut?

18—Where are Washington University, Washington College, and State College of Washington?

19—What evidence does the Bible give that the earth once reversed its motion?

20—Who in 1906 was American railway king?

(Answers will be found on page 57)

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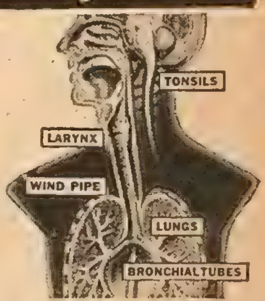

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To the Ladies

by

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SOMEWHERE in jungly Africa resides a big black native chief who thinks *we* spell his name C-O-T-Y, same as the perfume. He thinks so because Phil Plant gave him a bottle of Coty and said, "See there—that's your name in our language."

Philip Morgan Plant is one of the increasing number of young American millionaires who devote time and money to science. He has just gone back to Africa to experiment with the auto trailer as a new means of safari transportation. I asked him where he got the idea. He said:

"At a county fair in Connecticut. I was exhibiting fancy bantams and pheasants at the poultry show. Took my trailer along because experience had taught me that you never can find a comfortable place to sit down and relax at a county fair. Then it occurred to me that a trailer might suit an African expedition more advantageously than the usual tent, so I am on my way to try it."

Mr. Plant has equipped his trailer with electric fans, copper screens, shower bath, refrigerating unit, etc. In Africa he will collect specimens of wart hogs and ostriches for the American Museum of Natural History. Mrs. Plant, who accompanies him on the safari, is an expert at the newest of wifely occupations—the brand-new art of trailer housekeeping.

● Just been talking about precious stones with a lady who owns one of the world's famous collections. She is Marguerite Wenner Gren, American wife of Axel Wenner Gren, Swedish industrial magnate. She showed me her string of emeralds, each as large as a walnut; her black pearls that could ransom a rajah; and a ruby the size of your big toe.

"Have you ever noticed," she said, "that girls born in October are apt to be exceptionally fond of jewels? I was born in October, I always have loved them, and I believe they bring me luck."

(Bring her luck is right!)

PHILIP MORGAN PLANT

Marguerite Wenner Gren says the secret of wearing fine jewels effectively is the careful study of combining them with clothes that enhance their beauty. If you want to look barbaric, she says, wear rubies, sapphires, diamonds, and emeralds, all at the same time.

Sound advice, I am sure.

(I wish I could use it.)

● Loud laughter from a group of sportsmen who heard me complain about the high market price of wild game. They had just been figuring up their own expenses for the recent shooting season. They showed me their itemized account—guns, guides, dogs, camp charges, transportation, et cetera. "Every bird we brought home," they said, "cost us at least seven dollars." Up spoke an English friend who happened to be present. It is a proven fact, he declared, that the cost of fox hunting in England—with horses, hounds, red coats, and so on—averages not less than five thousand dollars for every fox killed. Which certainly makes fox hunting the most expensive as well as the most repulsive form of fashionable cruelty.

● Letter from a girl with a healthy appetite:

"Please tell me what to order," she asks, "when my young man takes me out to dine at a good restaurant. I never can think of anything but chicken."

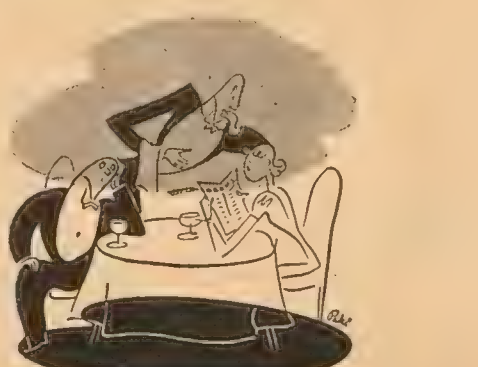
This is an important question. It deserves a thoughtful answer. Because of their professional facilities, really good restaurants can prepare certain dishes better than you ever can get them from a home kitchen. One of these is a steak broiled over a charcoal fire. Also various wine-sauce specialties—sole Marguéry, lobster Thermidor, veal Marengo.

● The storm of Britain's royal romance has washed up many a flotsam bit of information on the shores of world-wide curiosity. In Brazil, I am told, there lives a dark-haired lady named Marta who bears the most striking resemblance, both physically and in temperament, to Mrs. Simpson. And it was to this Señorita Marta, I understand, that His Majesty paid very notable attention when he visited South America as the Prince of Wales. Like the girl from Baltimore, Marta is said to be remarkably outspoken, vivacious, forthright.

● John W. King has written an interesting pamphlet on the care of the hair. It's called Give Your Hair a Chance. (Bradner Publishing Co., Cambridge, Massachusetts. Price $1.)

● It isn't without consideration that I give you rather *partyfied* recipes as a rule. I leave out the good old family dishes because you can look them up for yourself in any home cookbook. This part of my job, as I see it, is to show you recipes that you aren't likely to find elsewhere. Here's a new one to try at your next supper party:

Roll thin slices of cold boiled ham into cornucopia shapes. Skewer the small end of each with a toothpick. Fill with rich creamy salad—chopped cauliflower, chopped olives, and diced beets in stiff mayonnaise.



OL' MAN RIVER AGAIN

Folklore and Shanty Boaters of the Mississippi Inhabit a Novel, Colorful Film . . . Chorus Girls and Insurance Join Up in a Hollywood Revue

by

BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 51 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

Buddy Ebsen, Walter Brennan, and Barbara Stanwyck in Banjo on My Knee, a colorful tale of shanty boaters.

★ ★ ★ ½ BANJO ON MY KNEE

THE PLAYERS: Barbara Stanwyck, Joel McCrea, Helen Westley, Buddy Ebsen, Walter Brennan, Walter Catlett, Anthony Martin, Katherine De Mille, Victor Kilian, Minna Gombell, Spencer Charters, the Hall Johnson Choir. Screen play by Nunnally Johnson, based on a novel by Harry Hamilton. Directed by John Cromwell. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox.

HARRY HAMILTON found a brand-new background for his novel, Banjo on My Knee. He used the shanty boaters of the Mississippi as his characters, the strange river barges pulled up on mud bars along the turbulent river as his setting. Out of it all he extracted a richly flavored colorful yarn of a fast disappearing segment of American life.

Ernie Holley, a young river nomad, wanders away, brings back a land bride. Then he runs away again — but the bride waits on. In anger she finally steals off to New Orleans, becomes a dancer in a cheap waterfront café. But, for all the wanderlust in his blood, Ernie comes back. He can't forget his Pearl. The denouement isn't quite as simple as all that—and we won't kill the surprise by telling it.

We never have liked Barbara Stanwyck on the screen as much as we like her in the role of the primitively emotional Pearl. Joel McCrea is adequate as the recreant river buck Ernie, but the film is stolen, lock, stock, and barrel, by Walter Brennan as Ernie's tobacco-chewing dad, Pop Newt Holley.

Buddy Ebsen adds a lively characterization to the proceedings, a rugged portrait of Ernie's kid brother, given to dancing on the river boat's deck and dozing in the sun.

Into the rhythm and color of the story are worked a number of melodies with the flavor of the muddy Mississippi. This musical background, by Songsmiths James McHugh and Harold Adamson, catches the elusive allure of folk melody.

VITAL STATISTICS: Harry Hamilton lived a year among houseboat folk of the Lower Mississippi writing the novel chassis of this. Novel was submitted to Hollywood in galley proofs one Saturday morning; before evening four studios were bidding for it, Zanuck winning, money down. Some sort of quick sales record established. . . . It's even money that Barbara Stanwyck will snatch Prettymans Bob Taylor all for herself from the Hungry for Tayloring Female Millions. Frank Fay is yet to come through with the divorce diploma. . . . Lushly brunette Kitty De Mille is filmdom's fightin'est gal. Among others has battled George Raft, Wally Beery, John Miljan, and has often been killed. By far her most exhausting fight was one with Stanwyck in this, Marquis of Queensberry rules being off, hair pulling, fingernail work, and self lip biting featuring the going. . . . Buddy Ebsen changed to Buddy from Christian Rudolph because easier to write. . . . Tony Martin was spotted by movie scout on radio hit song program, didn't break into film until four years later when heard singing at Hollywood's swank Trocadero. . . . Helen Westley was born in Brooklyn as Henrietta Remsen Meserole Manney; married around eighteen, retired from stage to raise her daughter; went back to become famous as Theatre Guilded sourpuss. . . . The Catlett eyes were partly weakened by gazing over footlights for many years (forty); he wears lensless glasses onscreen, reallies off. Has made over a half million clowning; can handle a gallery heckler with a long witty lance. Likes to go on excursions combining golf, fishing, sketching; is a chain smoker; is superstitious about twenty-five-year-old pair of shoes given him by late Ferris Hartman, Frisco impresario, wearing them first day of every new picture. . . . Tough time had by all seeking fake jewelry for to cheapen Kitty De Mille—five & ten sparklers looking very Tiffancy indeed when photogged. . . . Victor Kilian attracted Hollywood attention as a pantless soldier in staged Valley Forge. Drove laundry wagon for his Jersey City paw till Thespis lured him with painted lips (yippee!). . . . Joel McCrea doesn't give a million dollars about being a star, but likes big money; also likes to punch cows, ride herd, valet crops on his rural Cal. retreat, father his two children by Frances Dee, cultivate that wholesomeness that shines through the grease paint. . . . Walter Old Atrocity Brennan is not a Hahvahd man but Cambridge educated; put on shows during war with Osgood Perkins. . . . Nunnally Johnson has the only crew haircut among Hollywood producers; never wears a hat.

Selznick's Success

THE remarkable success with The Garden of Allah, which broke all records at Radio City and other theaters throughout the country, is another notable achievement to be credited to David O. Selznick. There were many skeptics in the early stages of the production and even this department facetiously referred to the squandering of one million and a half on this picture. It appears that Mr. Selznick knew very well what he was doing with the money he spent on this production. Our congratulations to Mr. Selznick!

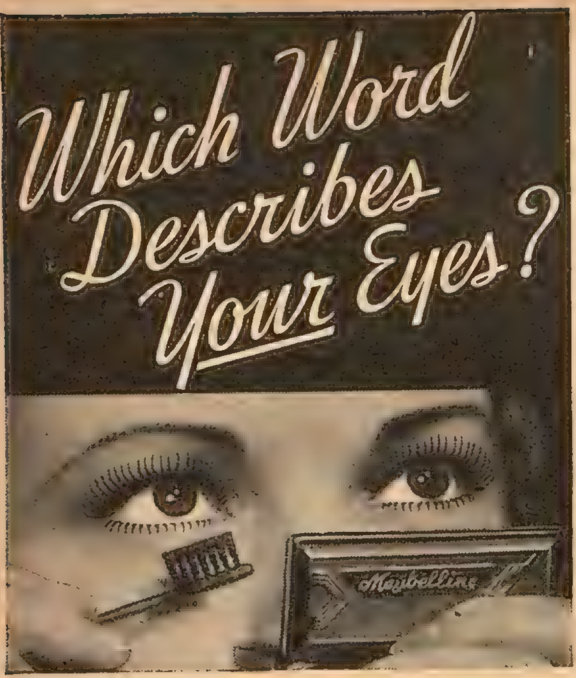
★ ★ ★ ½ GOLD DIGGERS OF 1937

THE PLAYERS: Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell, Victor Moore, Lee Dixon, Osgood Perkins, Charles D. Brown, Rosaline Marquis, Irene Ware, William Davidson, Joseph Crehan, Susan Fleming. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. Produced by Warner Brothers.

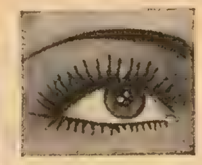
WHO but Hollywood would think of building a musical extravaganza around high-pressure insurance selling and chorus girls? Somehow they do not appear to go together. However, you will be surprised to find that the result is entertaining, with more story than the usual film revue.

Rosmer Peek sells a million-dollar policy to the veteran showman J. J. Hobart, who is being double-crossed by a couple of slick theater business aides. Hobart is a hypochondriac—and the duo, thinking he is really sick, desperately try to get him out of the way in order to collect the insurance.

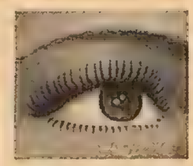
The revue has the usual big chorus numbers, which appear to occupy four or five acres of stage space. They are effective, no mistaking that.


Which Word Describes Your Eyes?
Maybelline

COLORLESS
Pale, Scraggly lashes. Eyes look blank — need proper make-up.



CONSPICUOUS
Heavy, blobby, ordinary mascara. Eyes look hard, unattractive.



CHARMING
Dark, luxuriant, natural appearing lashes — with Maybelline make-up in good taste.

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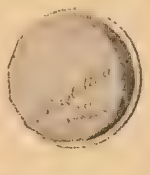
YOUR eyes are your most important beauty feature. Frame them properly, charmingly, with long, dark, lustrous lashes—best achieved with a few simple brush strokes of Maybelline's new Cream-form or popular Solid-form Mascara.

★ At last—end all worries about having pale, unattractive lashes, or that conspicuous, hard, "made-up" look. Darken your lashes with Maybelline—non-smarting, tear-proof, absolutely harmless. Easy to apply. Creamy-smooth in texture. Tends to curl lashes into lovely sweeping fringe. Reasonably priced at leading toilet goods counters.

★ Form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with the pure, velvet-soft Maybelline Eye Shadow—deepens, accentuates the color and sparkle of your eyes.

★ You'll adore all the delightful Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Preferred by more than 10,000,000 discriminating, style-conscious women. Generous introductory sizes at 10c stores. Try them today — you'll be delighted!



Maybelline creamy Eye Shadow. Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green or Violet.

Maybelline smooth Eyebrow Pencil, Black, Brown or Blue.

Maybelline Cream Mascara — Black, Brown or Blue in dainty zipperbag. Easily applied without water. 75c.

Maybelline

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THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Dick Powell is a pleasant insurance salesman; Joan Blondell is his sweetheart, a chorine who becomes a star overnight; while Victor Moore steals the film as the nervous, jumpy, pill-dieting J. J. Hobart. And Glenda Farrell, hired by the crooks to raise the Hobart blood pressure, is a pleasant aid to the revue.

VITAL STATISTICS: Warners started Gold Digging silently in 1923, using late Avery Hopwood's farce as groundwork. Skipped to 1930, when it made first noisie, Gold Diggers on B'way, with Conway Tearle, Nancy Welford, Winnie Lightner, Ann Pennington's knees, Lilyan Tashman, Roy del Ruth megging. Dick Powell first gold dug in '33 as minor player; took lead in '35 with Gloria Stuart. There've been five Gold Diggies, and though phrase has disappeared from practice and slanguage, there'll be lots more. . . . 1937 chorine diggers are streamlined; weigh three pounds more than their '33 sisters, being slimmer in the gamb and plumper in the chassis; take more exercise, worry less; want their ideal man dark, wavy-haired, 178 pounds, 5 feet 11, moneyed, blue-eyed, a non-beret wearer, a non-bathtub singer, a non-leaver of cig butts in coffeecups, a non-attention payer to other chorines; a moderate drinker, gambler, intellectual. . . . Of 104 streamlined gals in this, most want marriage, most of these from one to four children. Twelve of them would rather star than marry; six intend to pursue careers despite hell'n'hiwater'n'babies. None expects to be wife of a President, mother of quins or sexties. All want diamonds, furs, cars, about $50,000, but some would marry for coffee and cakes and love. . . . Two hours after getting his marriage license to marry twice wed Joan Blondell, Dick Powell and Joan Blondell were back on set firing machine guns at each other in All's Fair in Love and War number. . . . Lee Dixon got himself discovered hoofing for Rudy Vallee down at Dallas this summer; is twenty-two. . . . When asked to use a double to fall in swimming pool for him Victor Wintergreen Moore said indignantly: "A double? And me in my early fifties? I never had a double on the stage!" Vic's a stomach worrier: paunch diminishment would decrease his funniness. . . . Osgood Perkins plays sympathetic clubmen type heroes for Broadway; in Hollywood he becomes a Mr. Hyde. . . . Joseph Crehan's side line is raising giant tarantulas on his San Fernando digs. Sells the cute little itsy bitsy hairy wairy wuzzum guzzums to collectors. Is working on serum against tarantula bite, also black widow embrace! . . . Glenda Farrell doesn't care about Well Dressed Dame title; wants Most Comfy Dressed—hence wears slacks beneath $40,000 mink coats. . . . Got so hot on set, automatic sprinklers set going without warning, drenching orchestra, filling big horns. . . . Jack (Li'l' Arthur) Johnson plays a chauffeur in this.

★ ★ ½ THREE SMART GIRLS

THE PLAYERS: Binnie Barnes, Alice Brady, Ray Milland, Charles Winninger, Mischa Auer, Nan Grey, Barbara Read, Deanna Durbin, Ernest Cossart, Hobart Cavanaugh, John King, Lucille Watson, Nella Walker. Original story and screen play by Adele Commandini. Directed by Henry Koster. Produced by Universal.

WHEN you see this comedy you will be in at the unveiling of a potential screen star, fourteen-year-old Deanna Durbin, doubtless known to you as the highly promising radio find of Eddie Cantor. Probably you have heard her on the airways with Eddie.

The three daughters of a gay rounder make a hasty trip from England to New York to rescue their daddy from the clutches of a dazzling gold digger. They know that their mother still loves the recreant playboy, papa Judson Craig. Miss Durbin, as the youngest of the trio, reveals a nice camera personality and a glowing voice. She has real possibilities. Charles Winninger is the wandering father; Binnie Barnes is attractive in spite of outlandish attire as the adventuress; Ray Milland presents a pleasant personality as a young British lord who gets involved in the plot. Again Mischa Auer, as a penniless and thirsty Hungarian count, makes a slender bit stand out.

VITAL STATISTICS: Deanna Durbin is indubitably thirteen; if doubted, studio officials will

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Caused by Tired Kidneys

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The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

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MEN'S
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We defy you to tell these magnificent, new, absolutely accurate 1937 model wrist watches from others costing $20.00 to $30.00! Guaranteed by 100-year-old, *million-dollar factory!* SEND ONLY 25 CENTS to cover cost of packing and shipping. Pay only $3 monthly till total balance of $6.00 is paid. Nothing more to pay. No red tape. Unconditional money back guarantee. Watch shipped same day. *Both* strap and link bracelet included FREE with either watch. We take all the risk.
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indignantly wave photostatic birth certiffies in your face. Deanna is fancy Canadian for Diana. Was born in Winnipeg, immigrated to Hollywood at one. At five she was trilling her kiddy songs with such clarity, an elder sister urged maw Durbin to voice-train Deanna. Made her screen debut in an M-G-M short after singing her head off around Hollywood at parties. . . . Binnie Barnes finally took a flying trip to Texas, her first. Heard a real Texas drawl and decided never again, come what may, to go back to being Texas Binnie Barnes, who learned to drawl and spin rope for English vodvil stage by correspondence course. . . . Twenty-one years ago Charles Winninger played in Elko Comedies for Universal in a slapstick opera. . . . Mischa Auer keeps fit doing that ape imitation by popular request. . . . Authorix Adele Commandini crashed lit'ry world doing ten-dollar pomes for New York newspapers. . . . Barbara Read tore up a film contract two years ago. Spent twenty-four months in tiny Cal. stock co. doing twenty-four roles, gaining twenty-four years of experience. She's of Port Arthur, Canada. . . . Tall darn-handsome John King owes it all to Ben Bernie, who snatched him from checking and stoking in a Cincy grain elevator, selling radios, furniture, and candy, for singing on radio. Zeppo Marx, now a movie flesh peddler, helped him crash movies. John's hard as nails; has a new plane. . . . Hobart Cavanaugh might have been a civil engineer hadn't he been in same U. of Cal. class which included W. Catlett, L. Holtz, C. Ruggles, uncivil comedians who switched Hobart to the theater. First job: ticket seller in b. o. . . . Ernest Cossart is the only screen butler with a butler of his own. . . . Nan Grey flipped a coin some years ago to choose a vacation ground. It fell heads, which meant Hollywood. Met an agent friend who urged and urged until Nan coyly succumbed to movie gold. . . . Hollywood interprets Lucille Watson's reserve as taciturnity. . . . The French Riviera for this was discovered up around Lake Arrowhead, but Mediterranean effect was spoiled by unexpected eight-inch fall of snow. Studio refrained from vacuuming snow with giant suckers, but protested vigorously to the California Chamber of Commerce.

★ ★ ½ LIVING DANGEROUSLY

THE PLAYERS: Otto Kruger, Leonora Corbett, Francis Lister, Aileen Marson, Lawrence Anderson, Eric Stanley, Charles Mortimer, Hubert Harben, Iris Hoey, James Carew, Hartley Power. Scenario by Dudley Leslie and Marjorie Jeans, from a play by Reginald Simpson and Frank Gregory. Directed by Herbert Brenon. Produced by Alliance-Gaumont British.

HERBERT BRENON, the brilliant Irishman who made such notable and widely diversified films as Beau Geste and Peter Pan, is on a comeback expedition in his own country, England. And this London-and-Brenon-made melodrama has tenseness and skillful building. The Brenon skill is still there.

A successful London physician kills a stranger who makes a mysterious visit to his Manhattan home. Then the story flashes back and, bit by bit, you discover why the British-born Dr. Norton comes to resort in desperation to murder. American actor Otto Kruger plays the emotionally torn Dr. Norton very well, and a scoundrelly doctor is forcefully done by Francis Lister. Some of the strong moments of the film come in a dramatic session of the British General Medical Council.

VITAL STATISTICS: This was a play which ran a solid year in London, knocking 'em dead with a terrific twist finish in which the district attorney deliberately shoots his murder-accused friend to give him an alibi. Whole play was writ for this end. Made into a British talker (English for talkie), it opened last June; has been running ever since. Imported here, censor Hays refused to permit its release unless murderer was brought to trial. Cast having dispersed, 'twas impossible to shoot new end, which would have been anticlimactic and ruined it anyway, so censors merely clipped off entire shooting at end, ruining it even more. . . . Otto Kruger is the quickest study in the world, once learning eighty-five pages of O'Neill's The Straw in twenty-four hours, going on stage letter-perfect and muffing nary a line. . . . Francis Lister and Margot Grahame's reconciliation doesn't seem to be taking: they are keeping separate continents. . . . Back in '76 James Carew was born in Goshen, Indiana, debutted in Chicago in '97, conquered British stage after 1905; has played in about sixty silents and talkers, including The Mystery of the Marie Celeste for the Hammer Co., which is quite the apropos name for a talker co. Carew is widower of Dame Ellen Terry. Goshen accent's gone. . . . Hubert Harben's had a spot of commercial life before sinking to the stage and knocked 'em dead around Austrailyer with Barrie Repco, Dion Boucicault himself assisting with the acting. Megger Herbert Brenon is a Dubliner, middle-named St. John, and started as a call boy for Augustin Daly. Got hamming himself, busted into Hollywood writing scenarios for Laemmle back (1909) when a good scenario came to about $37.50.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Winterset, Nine Days a Queen, The Texas Rangers, Romeo and Juliet.

★★★½—The Plainsman, Born to Dance, Lloyds of London, Love on the Run, Three Men on a Horse, The Charge of the Light Brigade, Libeled Lady, The Big Broadcast of 1937, La Kermesse Héroïque, Dodsworth, Valiant Is the Word for Carrie, Swing Time, Girls' Dormitory, Sing, Baby, Sing, San Francisco.

★★★—The Garden of Allah, Champagne Waltz, Pete Smith Shorts, The President's Mystery, The Gay Desperado, Ramona, The Devil Is a Sissy, How to Vote, Court of Human Relations, Draegerman Courage, Lady Be Careful, Stage Struck, To Mary—With Love, My Man Godfrey, The Bride Walks Out, The White Angel.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 53

1—Louise Homer, American operatic contralto.

2—Spliced.

3—Abraham Lincoln to Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of Uncle Tom's Cabin.

4—This small bird eats insects and the eggs of other birds, among other foods.

5—On the island of Yap (approximately 500 miles southwest of Guam), where the father is held at fault if the child is stillborn.

6—Poland, Belgium, and Austria.

7—All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque.

8—Port (Portland, Maine, and Portland, Oregon).

9—Argentina. The South American republic has an annual per capita consumption of 296 pounds of beef per person; Canada, 66.1 pounds; Great Britain, 63.5 pounds; the United States, 41.4 pounds.

10—Isadora Duncan (1880-1927).

11—A carp.

12—Purity, obedience, benevolence, faith, hope, love, humility.

13—The metric ton (1,000 kilograms).

14—French Hebrew.

15—About one dollar (according to the market value of the various chemical elements that go to make up the human body. Among the elements: aluminum, ammonia, arsenic, carbonate of calcium, carbon, fluorine, iron, magnesium, manganese, phosphorus, salt, saltpeter, silica, sulphur, and water).

16—Australia.

17—Yes, since it is a seed or kernel.

18—St. Louis, Missouri; Chestertown, Maryland; Pullman, Washington.

19—When a sundial moved backward, 2 Kings 20:11—"And Isaiah the prophet cried unto the Lord: and he brought the shadow ten degrees backward, by which it had gone down in the dial of Ahaz."

20—E. H. Harriman

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BE A NAME DETECTIVE AND CLAIM YOUR CASH REWARD!

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START YOUR ENTRY NOW!

HERE'S a contest that every one can play! Everything you need to get started is right here on this page! Read the rules so that you understand the conditions. Then get busy and find the name of one of the movie players hidden in the lists of places in Washington and Iowa. The player's first name is the name of a place in one state, and the last name is the name of a place in the other state. The first name is not necessarily in the first group. It may be in the second group, in which case the last name will appear in the first group. It may be in the second group, in which case the last name will appear in the first group. This week's name is one of those listed below at the right. With a clue like that to work on a persevering name detective is sure to locate his man before long. When you have run down the name, file it in a convenient place. Do not send it in until the end of the contest, when you will have a complete list of ten names. Remember, there is only one person's name to be identified this week.

The RULES

1. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Liberty and members of their families.
2. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish two groups of place names in the United States or in Canada. Each group will contain either the first or last name of a well known motion-picture player. Only one player will be named each week. You may find the player's first name in the second group of places and the last name in the first group, or vice versa.
3. Save all names until you have a complete set of ten at the close of the contest. Then send them in at the same time, as a unit, together with a note of not more than 100 words on the subject, "The article, story, or feature that I have liked best in Liberty during the ten weeks of this contest, and why."
4. For the entry with the greatest number of correctly discovered names accompanied by the best letter of preference judged on the basis of clarity, logic, and convincingness, Liberty will award a First Prize of $500. For the next best entry on this basis Liberty will pay a Second Prize of $200. A Third Prize of $100, twenty prizes of $10 each, and one hundred prizes of $5 each will also be paid on this basis. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
5. Address all entries to Man-Hunt Director, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
6. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, March 31, the closing date of this contest.
7. The judges will be the contest board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Avoid ornamentation. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned nor can Liberty enter into correspondence concerning any entry. Authorities used: Rand McNally Commercial Atlas, 1936, and United States Postal Guide, 1935.

FIND THE COMPLETE NAME OF ONE OF THESE:

MAE WEST
GARY COOPER
FORRESTER HARVEY
BETTY GRABLE
JOAN CRAWFORD
KATHLEEN BURKE
ROBERT MONTGOMERY
SPENCER TRACY
CARL BRISSON
NANCY CARROLL
COLIN CLIVE
JANET GAYNOR
GEORGE ARLISS
PHYLLIS BROOKS
ESTELLE TAYLOR

WASHINGTON

Blaine, Sumas, Lemola, Shuksan, Nighthawk, Chopaka, Circle, Chesaw, Molson, Toroda, Nooksack, Warnick, Lawrence, Glacier, Havillah, Finley, Kipling, Marble, Orient, Metaline, Marietta, Wahl, VanWyck, Van Zandt, Loomis, Walla Walla, Ryan, Aladdin, Sullivan, Ione, Sockeye, Wickersham, Acme, Alger, Welcome. Anglin, Marcus, Evans, Tiger, Lost Creek, Divide, Sedro Woolley, Edison, Concrete, Prairie, Mazama, Huntley, Blueside, Colville, Kooskooskie, Dewey, Allen, Birdsview, Sauk, Riverside, Omak, Orin, Rice, Arden, Ruby, Mt. Vernon, Touchet, Cicero, Twisp, Addy, Bow, Okanogan, Gifford, Daisy, Jared, Milltown, Bryant, Oso, Lyle, Fountain, Haxel, Carlton, Olema, Joyce, Kalkena, Wolfred, Cusick, Royal, Whitney, Pysht, Dungebess, Arlington, Hall, Brewster, Hunters, Crawford, Camas, Loon Lake, Beaver, Elwha, Blyn, Siscoe, Robe, Keller, Pateros, McKinley, Delrio, Barry, Usk, Gray, Uncus, Austin, Sixprong Forks, Granite Falls, Manson, Plum, Clark, Miles, Tweedie, Deer, Lapush, Cook, Ariel, Tomar, Dabob, Pearl, Brief, Peach, Harvey, Chelan, Tumtum, Bangor, River Home, Sultan, Bothell, Index, Novelty, Startup, Gaynor, Bray, Wilbur, Dixie, Peone, Elk, Duckabush, Chico, Skykomish, Goldendale, Farmer, Baird, Hartline, Dishman, Spokane, Nellita, Crosby, Manette, Seattle, Peopla, Snoqualmie, Cashmere, Olds, Medical Lake, Waukon, Queets, Burley, Tyler, Bluelight, Taylor, Bacon, Bluestem, Spangle, Fishtrap, Mica, Paterson, Potlatch, Tahuya, Kent, Black Diamond, Malaga, Soap Lake, Ephrata, Juler, Stratford, Moclips, Matlocks, Tacoma, Rosedale, Trinidad, Quincy, Bee, Moody, Batum, Rosalia, Tekoa, Aloha, Humptulips, Mae, Tahola, Puyallup, Burnett, Selah, Burke, Ruff, Revere, Cashup, Tulips, Stimson, Wallula, Spanaway, Thorp, Kittitas, Warden, Vassas, Ralston, Steptoe, McCormick, Aberdeen, Satsop, Tumwater, Electron, Providence, Tracy, Pizarro, Yelm, Lanchester, Melbourne, Cosmopolis, Arctic, Rainier, Umtanum, Beverly, Smyrna, Lind, Dusty, Brooklyn, Canto, Vesta, Tono, Connie, Wymer, Paha, Hatton, Penawawa, Corfu, Pampa, Willipa, Raymond, Doty, Dryad, Kalama, Rimrock, Nache, Yakima, Sulphur, Hay, Coulton, Oysterville, Globe, Mesa, Frances, Mossyrock, Kosmos, Ethel, Donald, Zillah, Ringold, Tyler, Knab, Ceres, Pe Ell, Harmony, Cowiche, Cactus, Relief, Zumwalt, Nemah, Malone, Fisher, Cranberry, Tower, White Swan, Toutle, Outlook, Lucus, Bickleton, Toppenish, Long, Skadat, Towal, Page, Chinook, Stella, Allyn, Emerald, Sunnyside, Pasco, Shaw, Hadley, Dodd, Vancouver, Kelso, Kiona, Alpha.

IOWA

Little Rock, Harris, Montgomery, Pilot, Rake, Mona, Meyer, David, Payne, Hesper, Dorchester, Edna, George, Milford, Terril, Halfa, Neils, Utica, Thompson, Carpenter, Canoe, Stacyville, Doon, Perkins, Melvin, Lowell, Langdon, Woden, Miller, Maud, Harper, Church, Lycurgas, Carmel, Udell, Hartley, Royal, Dickens, Burt, Mason City, Saude, Acme, Confidence, Ute, Spillville, Maurice, Gaza, Rossie, Webb, Paulina, Kanawha, Emery, Coin, Floyd, Devon, Festina, Hardin, Ireton, Germantown, Peterson, Percival, Livermore, Cameron, Bassett, Alpha, McGregor, Craig, Ovens, Olaf, Page, Arnold, Bode, Belmond, Dougherty, Elgin, Hawkeye, Gunder, Adaville, Ion, Ware, Hardy, Cornelia, Holmes, Chapin, Frederika, Sumner, Read, Marcus, Fayette, Milliner, Wren, O'Leary, Alta, Thoa, Dows, Irma, Allison, Oto, Guttenberg, Bremer, Volga, James, Pierson, Varina, Washta, Pilot Grove, Alden, Kesley, Butler, Stanley, Balltown, Holstein, Industry, Clarinda, Early, Judd, Fort Dodge, Eleanor, Holy Cross, Luton, Fern, Gravity, Clio, Arthur, Yetter, Richcards, Roberts, Jewell, Stout, Independence, Keokuk, Cleves, Sloan, Auburn, Rands, Gowrie, Holland, Dike, Raymond, Mystic, Jubilee, Golden, Epworth, Albaton, Kennebec, Ricketts, Leno, Story, Mackey, Zwingle, Hicks, St. Donatus, Castana, Veil, Carroll, Gilbert, Dana, Ames, Beaman, Walker, Paris, Coggan, Cascade, Soldier, Ashgrove, Roselle, Willey, Rippey, Kelley, Traer, Vinton, Amber, Arion, Belfast, Pisgah, Dunlap, Gray, Cooper, Angus, Huxley, Marietta, Marion, Foster, Robins, Sabula, Defiance, Irwin, Ross, Perry, Moran, Spencer, Moravia, Cedar Rapids, Irving, Orson, Panora, Panther, Yale, Loring, Colo, Dale, Enterprise, Baxter, Swisher, Watkins, Miles, Clinton, Persia, Lineville, Exira, Rider, Olive, Des Moines, Farrar, Marsh, Tennant, Hale, Beebeetown, Gates, Hastie, Commerce, Rising Sun, Malcom, Bonaparte, Tuskeego, Rochester, Grable, Clarn, Reels; Loveland, Howe, Casey, Stuart, Tiffin, Killduff, Olin, Davenport, Council Bluffs, Lewis, Winterset, Morning Sun, Summerset, Wick, Swan, Wellman, Sweetland, Quick, Carson, Fisk, Russell, Hebron, Cool, Beech, Lacey, Nira, What Cheer, Mineola, Ambrose, Redding, Elliott, Wales, Grant, Barney, Carl, Jay, Harvey, Harper, Gladwin, Siam, Flagler, Emerson, Carbon, Brooks, Talmage, Shepard, Oskaloosa, Hamburg, Cedar, Valley, Malcher, Crown, Ward, Imogene, Solomon, Lenox, Bussey, LeRoy, Crickett, Ollie, Clay, Olds, Leslie, Givin, Essex, Guss, Selma, Hepburn, Tingley, Dekalb, Sewal, Pulaski, Bethlehem, Douds, Peru, Ivy.

NOW IT'S
DOGGONE EASY
TO CRASH THE MOVIES

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
STUDIOS
CULVER CITY CALIF

When you see KIWI, canine hero of the Pete Smith Specialty,

WANTED—A MASTER

the first amateur film ever to reach the screen—you'll also see how easy it is to

WIN A MOVIE CONTRACT
Plus $1,000 in Cash Prizes
in the
LIBERTY-PETE SMITH
AMATEUR MOVIE
CONTEST

SEE the M-G-M short,
Wanted—A Master
at your LOCAL THEATER

Simple brief details on how to win appeared in Liberty last week. If you mislaid your copy, send three cents in stamps, to cover handling and mailing, for a free reprint of the rules, addressing AMATEUR MOVIE EDITOR, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Love Letters of a Prizefighter and a Hollywood Extra

Hope Goes Up and Comes Down as Ginger Bumps the Bumps in Filmdom—Our Socko Makes the Mike

Words and Picture

by BERT GREEN

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

Hollywood,
Califilmia.

SOCKO O'BRIEN,
Brooklyn Sports and
Homicide Club,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Socko:

Oh, boy, is this Hollywood a heartbreak? Heres the dope: The other night, who gives me a bang on the phone but Izzy Gold—my dizzy agent. "Lissen, Miss Ryan," he tees off, "I want you and your boy friend to hop over to Colossus Pictures, quick! Henri La Verne, the director, is shooting a super eppic. He wants me to send him a pair of nifty hoofers like you, understand? This should make a star out of you, what?"

"Do you really mean we're *both* going to *dance* in the picture?" I asked, hardly believing my ears.

"Certainly!" he exploded. "Else why should I ask it?"

Well, honestly, you could have knocked me over with a gas range I was that excited. Bright and early next morning, Jack and I hopped aboard our 1929 Dearborn and highballed it for the celluloid plant.

"Weve come to do the dance numbers," I told the megger, making him a present of a come-hither smile.

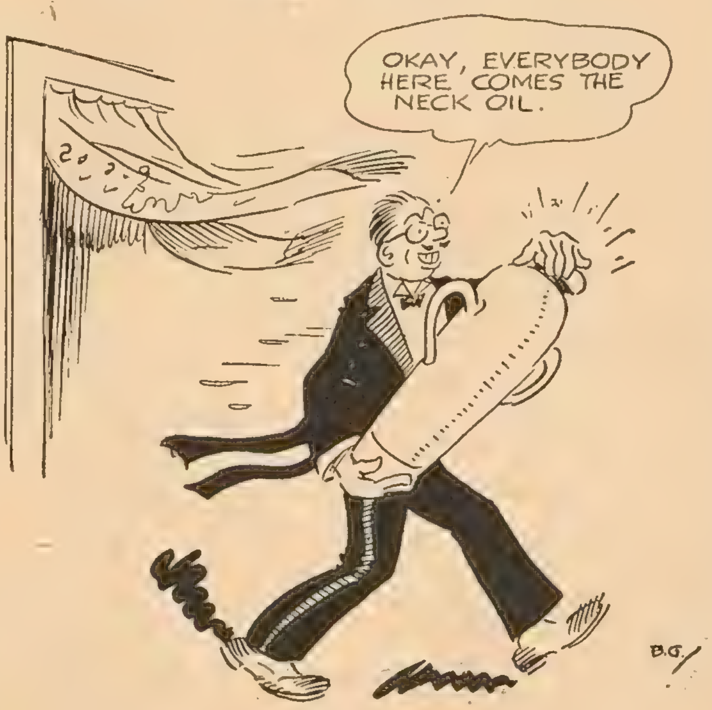
"What dance numbers?" he inquired.

"The dance parts in your picture," Jack cut in.

"Thats a nifty," he exclaimed. "Youre only three days late!"

"Three days late?" I gasped, gulping my enthusiasm. "Do you mean the dances have been *shot?*"

"Shot is right," he tossed back. "Those musicals were washed up last Wednesday."


OKAY, EVERYBODY HERE COMES THE NECK OIL.
B.G.

The host came dashing in with a spirit shaker three feet long.

Seeing there was nothing left to be done, I went to work on Mr. La Verne and told him that Jack was supporting his mother and eight kids. I also told him that I was about to be streeted from my Vine Street flea-bag and anything he might do for us in the way of a job would be appreciated. Well, he kissed us on the payroll as a couple of extras. While I was waiting for the brownie's to be loaded, a little red-headed extra came up to me and started beefing about the way *her* agent had pushed her around. When I mentioned Izzys name I thought she'd blow up. "Thats priceless!" she howled. "Why, do you know who that gazooney *was* before he became an actors agent? The punk used to run a hot mutt factory in the Bronx and they put him in the bastile for using *horse meat.* Yeah, and what do you think he cracked to the judge when the stir-fixer sentenced him? He said, Your Honor, I'm innocent! It wasnt horse meat I used, it was 50-50—*one pig* to *each horse.*"

Now aint that something, Socko?

Well, anyway, just when Jack and I thought we were going to bow ourselves in for a months work, the assistant megger came over at 5 p'em and *fired* us. Yes, it so happened the opry was finished and in the can.

When Jack and I returned home that night, we were as chipper as two guys slated for a stretch in Joliet. As we trapsed up to our rooms, we ran smack into Mrs. Watson—our landlady—and nothing would do but we had to spill the works about loosing our jobs.

"I know just 'ow you feel," she said, shaking her head. "I lost my *wig* once and it drove me 'alf crazy."

She had no more than gotten these words out of her trap than who came barging in the room, but her husband and Mr. Twist, his lawyer. "Hey, Watson," Twist exclaimed, "howd you like to haul hips to a *real* Hollywood party?"

"My dear Mr. Twist," exclaimed Watson, "I wish to inform you that I emphatically refrain from attending *all* Hollywood parties. If you will permit, I shall endeavour to deliniate what transspired at the *last* notable assemblage I attended. Everything ambled along quite amably untill the host came dashing in with a spirit shaker three feet long. Once that container was disspersed among the notables, everyone acted atrociously. Why, one lady by the name of Springwater became so inebriated she attempted to use the Grandfathers clock for a telephone booth. Another gentleman was found sleeping in the furnace, and a third was reclining in the lilly pool. When the gentleman was extracted from the pool they placed him in a darkened room for the night and when he opened his eyes in the morning he yelled bloody murder thinking he was hanging from the ceiling."

"The ceiling?" Twist asked. "What's the gag?"

"Allow me to illucidate," Watson replied. "The room was built *upside down* for such occasions. The idiots had the *rugs* and *furniture bolted to the ceilings.*"

And that, Socko, is a sample of a real Hollywood party. Lissen, I just got a bell from Gordon Baxter. He's the guy whos going to megg Watsons big revusical called "Colisium." He asked me to hop down to the Trocaderro and join him for cocktails. Gosh, thats a funny one! I'm wondering if theres a *catch* in it, or if I'm really going to get a break in pictures?

I'll tip the mitt in my next letter. Toodle-oo!

Your pal,
GINGER.

Dear Ginger:

Hey, lissen! I'm going on the *radio,* no fooling. Yes, I'm just after leaving Jack Downey—my manager. He says he's got it all set for me to bust on the air as a gest artist for the Furlined Casket Company. Them are the sponsers.

They want me to make a speech about my *knockouts* and believe you me, if theys anything I know its fightin'.

I only hope Smelling listens in so he'll loin something.

So long, Kid, I aint got time to beef with you now as I gotta write my speech. I'll tell you all about my radio de-butt in my next letter.

Your ever lovin' pal,
SOCKO.

You'll find more hilarious letters from this piquant pair in an early issue of Liberty.

Vox Pop

Erroneous Statements Made by General Butler?

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Liberty for November 21 contains an article by General Butler which should not, for the sake of the nation as a whole, be allowed to go unchallenged. One who believes all the General has said will be sadly disillusioned if and when the day comes to demonstrate his accuracy.

He calls our navy "modern, straight-shooting, and hard-fighting." I hope it is. It isn't, as a whole, very modern. It isn't doing much bragging about its straight shooting since the last naval war game in the Pacific. And it hasn't had a chance to do much hard fighting since Admiral Schley fought Sampson's battle with the four Spanish ships in July of 1898.

The General refers to our coast artillery: "Huge, powerful guns with a range ten miles greater than that of any on the biggest ships afloat." And the General says our coast defense can stand off any invader.

Well, the guns are beauties—both of them. But the pitifully small number of them in existence makes the General's statement a joke. We don't own enough modern coast-defense guns to protect the shores of Connecticut and Long Island if all were placed at the points of greatest strategic value. The few we have mounted for use are strung out from Honolulu through the Canal to Boston. And the unmounted barrels lying on the ground in storage will be worth not much by the time the carriages for them are ready—if they ever are started.

The General says our aircraft, plus our antiaircraft guns, can protect our shores. I'm glad to hear it. I wish the General had told us how many of these aircraft we have ready for combat use. And whether the army has at last settled the question of what machine gun they should use. They fussed over it for a year after we entered the war, and didn't settle it in time to get *one* into service during the war. Over a thousand million dollars spent on aircraft for our European force, and not a ship saw service (Congressional Record).

He praises our antiaircraft guns. I wish he could have been at an important army post in October of 1935. He might have seen one of our boasted aircraft batteries with a picked crew putting on an exhibition for some of the army big shots. It took them twenty minutes to find the target, and in over a hundred rounds they didn't get a single shot close enough to hurt the pilot's feelings.

And we can't protect our shores. We don't own enough craft and antiaircraft guns to protect the Delaware Bay from an aggressive enemy.

He says we can muster some 502,000 men while an enemy is crossing any ocean. Mr. Bryan had "a million men spring to arms overnight." The trouble was, and is, the arms aren't there for the men to spring to. We couldn't arm them. Nor shoe them. Nor uniform them. Nor give them gas masks, which they wouldn't know how to attach if they had them. Nor give them signal service. Nor medical attention. Nor food. Nor transportation.

We couldn't muster ten thousand men into service in Chicago, and get them equipped for active service, and transport them to Norfolk in time to meet an enemy on its second trip from Europe to the Virginia coast.

If the people of this country are content, *when* they know the facts, all well and good.

It is their party.

But I submit that it is not an act of patriotism for an officer and a gentleman of Smedley Butler's background to go into print with such erroneous statements as are in his article of November 21 Liberty.—*Another Officer.*

CHALLENGES COMMA-ISTS

KNOXVILLE, TENN.—A lot of you Pop Voxers is shore gittin' too all-fired crit'cal fer me hyar lately, crackin' at the bes' darn nickel magazine fer this, that, and t'other thing, like who's rodeo lady Champeen, how rodeo folkses talks, how far a lady may stick her foot in the stirrup, the Stalin princess yarn, and how the crim'nals loves the G-men.

Well, watinell do you expec' anyway? Ain't the name of the ole rag Libbitty? And doan thet mean they can print what they d—— please? And what difference do hit make anyway if they gits a commy misplaced now and then, when hit all makes such whoppin' good readin'? —*Phil Dare.*

MAYBE IT'S SURREAL ART

PARSONS, KAN.—Am I seein' things? It looks to me like the young lady on the December 5 cover of Liberty, by Wistehuff, has her pointin' finger to her chin and has four other fingers (five fingers in all—excluding the thumb) on her right hand.

Now I ask you in all earnestness and honesty, where can you get more for your nickel than in Liberty?—*Clyde Ferguson.*

A THIRD WAY TO CROSS ONE'S LEGS

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—I wish you would get some of the Vox Poppers to turn their intellects on to the problem of finding a third way to cross one's legs. Reason:

1. It looks like we were going to have four more years of sitting. You can put your right leg over the left or the left over the right, but if there was a third way it would help kill time while waiting for the nation to return to sanity.
2. It is as important a problem as many of those which Vox Poppers discuss.
3. A young woman of seeming intelligence was just in my office gathering information to compile a list of all the publications in the United States. She is working for one of the Alphabet Soup divisions of this administration, which hasn't yet learned that there are already a dozen or more directories of all the publications of every class and description there is, published annually. But that is about all one could expect of this administration, at that.

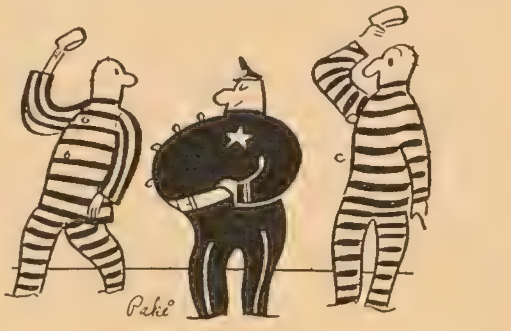
Let's all pull together and find a third way to cross one's legs, and all these bright young people that are working on these projects can then be set at something serious.

What I suggest is, buy each of them a rocking chair and let them go to it on a marathon race of crossing legs. It would at least keep them out of folks' offices so they wouldn't bother the rest of us. —*B. D. Stevenson.*

COPS DEMAND HAT TIPPING

TACOMA, WASH.—Now I notice the movies are glorifying the cops. And in one picture I noticed the cop made all ex-convicts and men on parole tip their hats to him.

Well, I knew most cops were soft, but I didn't know they wanted to advertise it by having ex-convicts and paroles tip their hats to 'em.—*Bartly.*



HOW MANY CATS?

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—For the love of Mike, please publish in some forthcoming Vox Pop the correct answer to Adeline Leonard's mathematical teaser (October 31 Vox Pop), "If 7 cats can kill 7 rats in 7 minutes, how many cats will it take to kill 100 rats in 50 minutes?"—*Warren M.*

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO—To all who have inquired, the correct answer to the cat-and-rat riddle is, Fourteen cats.—*Adeline Leonard.*

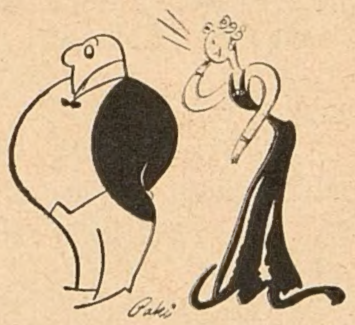
FAT MALE FACES ARE RED

PONTIAC, MICH.—Bully for you! Madame Sylvia's Fat Facts for Fat Men (December 5 Liberty) is certainly a bell-ringer, and is more than one male countenance crimson!

If some one could persuade the men of this country to improve their appearance as the female of the species has done, what a boon it would be to long-suffering femininity!

Large stomachs, double chins, oversize thighs and calves, and prominent posteriors are fully as out of date with men as they are with women (or at least they should be).

You can enroll me as a charter member of the noble crusade for more and better Gables, MacMurrays, and Taylors.—*Bea Meredith.*



THE LAUGH IS ON HIM

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*In re* Question No. 15 in December 5 Liberty, "Which department at Washington supervises patents and copyrights?" the answer was, "The Department of the Interior." This is news to me. The United States Patent Office used to be under the Department of the Interior, but it is my understanding and recollection that since 1917 it has been under the Department of Commerce.

Anyhow, whatever year it was transferred, it is under Commerce Department *now* and has been for nearly twenty years. Are you that far behind the times?

As to "copyrights" being granted by Interior Department, that also surprises me. I thought the Library of Congress had charge of that.

Am I right or am I wrong? Would be glad to hear from you about these things.—*Annie Rachel Hunter.*

[This reader, together with numerous others, is right, and the answer to Question 15, as given in December 5 Twenty Questions, is so obviously wrong that I can't alibi its happening. The laugh is on me—all the more so since it is one of the few questions to which I knew the answer without reference books.—TWENTY QUESTIONS EDITOR.]

HEY, WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "FOX"?

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—I like Vox Pop! It's a jolly old hard-boiled page! Things are shouted here that are merely whispered in the psychopathic ward or the padded cell.

And the dear critics! How they do snort, rave, rip, mutilate, puncture, and devour! Just let some one hint that perhaps "two plus two equal four," or that the sky is blue, and watch the fur fly! Good old Fox Pop!—*E. C. Baird.*

"HEALTH ADVICE SHOULD BE AS FREE AS AIR AND WATER"

BALTIMORE, MD.—Let me extend my heartiest congratulations on Mr. Macfadden's editorial in December 5 Liberty entitled Health Advice Should Be as Free as Air and Water. What this country needs is health clubs such as he describes.

In Havana, Cuba, a similar health club has been in existence for many years and medical racketeering is *unknown there.*

I think it would be a noble achievement for Mr. Macfadden to organize a health club of this type under his personal supervision.—*A Health Hiker.*

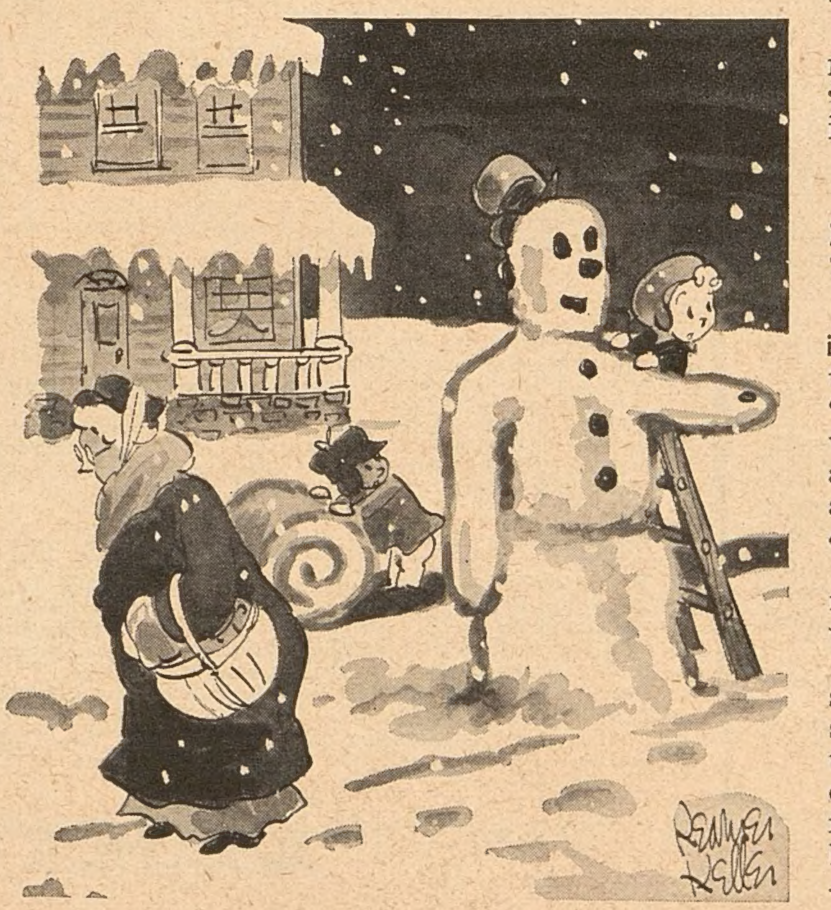
VAN BUREN, ARK.—Mr. Macfadden's editorial, Health Advice Should Be as Free as Air and Water, makes me redder-headed.

All this ballyhoo about doctors being tempted by additional fees to advise an operation or to extend the illness of a patient. Does Mr. Macfadden think for one minute that if we had socialized medicine the characters of doctors of that caliber would be changed?

If a doctor would advise a needless operation for more money, would it not be only sensible to assume that if he were being paid by the government anyway he would be tempted to neglect his patients, knowing that he would make just as much money as he would if he gave them the best of attention?

Just think that over, Mr. Macfadden.—*An M. D.'s Secretary.*

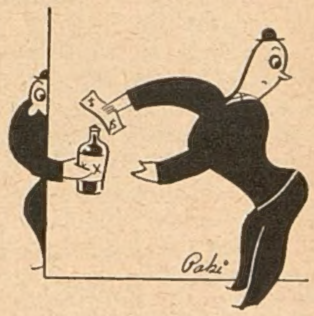
"HARDTACK"



"Gosh, look—she put a nickel in his hand!"

WELL, WHAT IS A DRUMMER?

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—Formerly I was a society bootlegger and, if I do say so, a good one; but, as was the way with most kindhearted old bootleggers, I spent the money as fast as I made it.



Then they made a traveling man out of me. Now, I want to tell you right now that a traveling man is a very peculiar creature. I had been brought up to be a very respectable bootlegger and it was more or less of a shock to me to find out what a drummer really is.—*Surprised Guy.*

OSA AND ARS

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I am wondering if the law would do anything to a man that would horsewhip Ted Shane for some of the definitions that he gives us in his Crossword Puzzles. Some of them are positively indecent and cry to high heaven for punishment.

For instance, where does he get the license to give the definition of OSA as Mrs. Martin Johnson (December 5 Liberty)? Another—the definition for 6 vertical of the same puzzle, "This is long, but vita's short," and then give the word ARS. These are only two that I can recall at once, but they show the utterly depraved being that makes up these puzzles.

Boiling in hot oil would be but a mild punishment for this worm!—*F. F. Stewart.*

[But Ted is 100 per cent right here, Mr. Stewart. "Osa" is Mrs. Martin Johnson's first name; and "Ars" means Art—"Art is long, life short."—VOX POP EDITOR.]

BUT WAIT TILL YOU'RE ONE!

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.—According to Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, a mother-in-law is: "(1) mother of one's husband or wife; (2) a stepmother; (3) old and bitter ale mixed." Personally, I would prefer the last definition.

My revised definition of a mother-in-law would be somewhat as follows:

A mother-in-law is a fly in the soup—break in the movie film—stuck typewriter key—bone in the hamburger—button in the collection plate—broken nail—frizzy permanent—flat note—broken record—necessary evil—bottle of sour milk—

And so on far into the night.—*Mrs. J. R. S.*

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

It Happened In

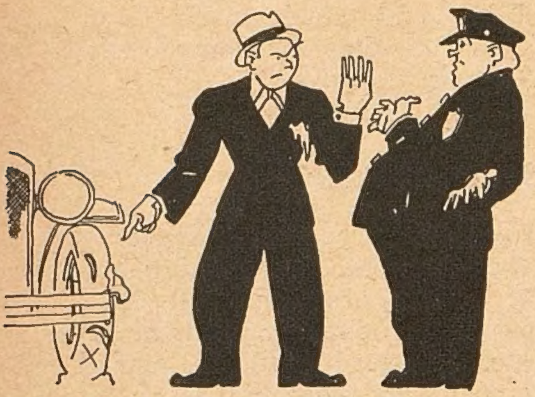
COLUMBUS, OHIO--A prospective recruit walked into the naval recruiting office and asked to join the navy.

"Now you can go in there and undress," Officer L. L. Baker said after routine questioning.

"Oh, dear!" gasped the candidate. "You don't understand. I'm a girl."

The would-be sailor explained she had read where women sometimes slipped into the Russian army unrecognized.

CHICAGO, ILL.—After finding all the tires of his car slashed beyond repair, O. A. Ranbeck complained to police, who consoled him with the explanation that it was all a mistake. "There's a lady living in this building who has had trouble with an ex-suitor, who likes to cut the tires of her new admirers," they said.



SHELBINA, MO.—Farmers in this section sent a hurried call for the deputy game warden when their stock became wild and frightened. The warden discovered one of the farmers had bought a trailer cage from a carnival man who had forgotten to remove his African lion.

RANGOON, BURMA—The postmaster has asked the natives of the north to "please discontinue sending human heads through the mail." He knows the custom of sending trophies of the enemy to relatives, but says the mails cannot be used for that purpose.

COLUMBUS, OHIO—J. R. Poston received a telephone call a few minutes after he reported the theft of his automobile to police. Poston and officers found the caller, an eighteen-year-old youth, standing beside the car, congratulated him, and Poston handed over a reward, asking how he did it.

"It was easy," came the reply. "I heard the police broadcast the number, and as I was walking along I saw the car and recognized it as stolen."

Poston took back the reward, police took the youth to headquarters.

No broadcast had been made.

CHICAGO, ILL.—His search for higher learning caused the arrest of Edward Westman as he was carrying a dictionary from a store. Westman, police said, has a record for shoplifting dating back to 1902. He told police he took the dictionary to look up the meaning of the word larceny.

Answer to Candlelight Puzzle on Page 37

Those candles must have burned for three and three quarters hours. At the end of that time the four-hour candle had one sixteenth of its length left, and the five-hour candle four sixteenths.

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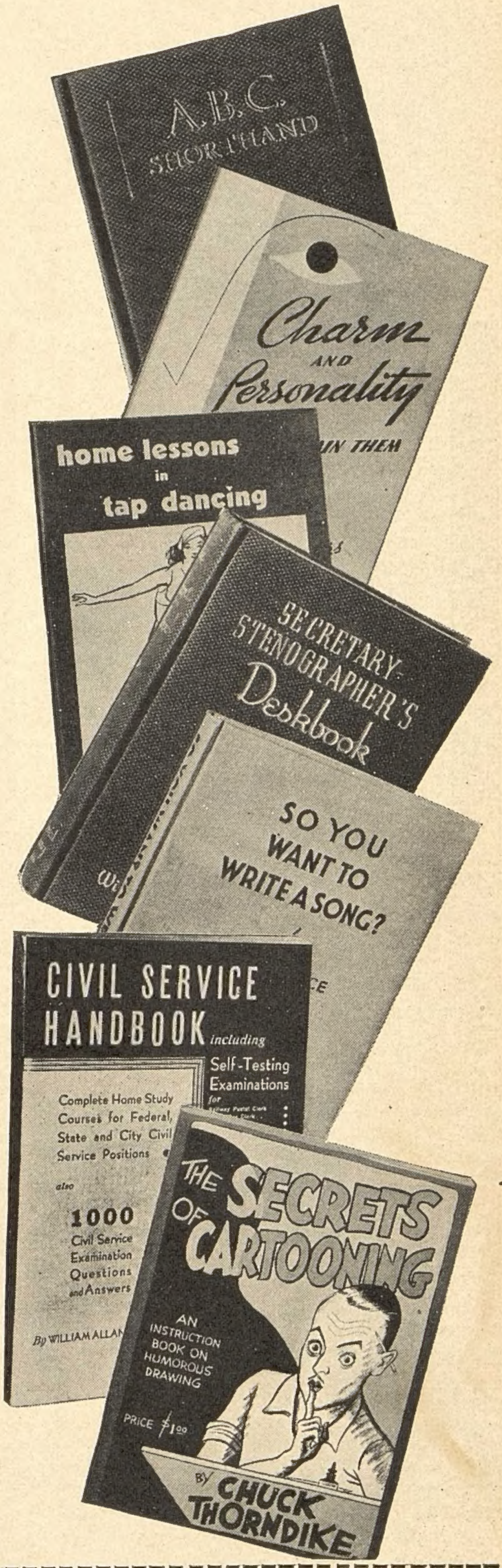
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